F. J. Blaker

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

FOR

Members of the English Church.

EDITED BY THE
AUTHOR OF 'THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE.'

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JANUARY, 1872.

IN THE LAST WATCH OF THE OLD YEAR.

ANOTHER year, another year departed!
Ah God! how good art Thou!
That still through sunny paths I walk, glad-hearted,
With yet unshadowed brow!

Another year, with mercies overflowing,
Hath dawned on me and set;
And still my coming-in and my out-going
My Lord with love hath met!

Alas! for His commands so often broken!
For thoughts and deeds of sin!
For God-less words so soon and lightly spoken,
Leaving dark stains within!

Where is the love that once so brightly burning
Reached child-like hands to Thee?
Where is the youthful zeal, so hotly spurning
The least disloyalty?

Alas! it seems they, like the year, are dying,
And leave me full of fears;
And cold indifference all too soon is drying
My quick repentant tears!

My heart is like a pool that slumbers darkling,
With weeds o'erhung and wrapt,
Whose cold abyss holds gems all rich and sparkling,
In useless darkness lapt.

But, oh bright Sun! pierce *Thou* these weeds so tangled,
And rise *Thou* through my night,
And clear shall shine the depths, and gem-bespangled,
Responsive to Thy light!

FANNY MILLAR.

THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF DANTE.

THE eleventh Canto of the Purgatorio opens with a paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer sung by the spirits confined in the first circle, on behalf of themselves or (in the last petition) of those who yet remain on earth. From this Dante deduces their reciprocal claim on our prayers, that they may the sooner be purged of their stains and become free to rise to Paradise. Then Virgil inquires of the spirits the shortest way to the ladder which leads to the next higher circle, giving it as his reason that his companion is yet hindered by the burden of the flesh, and so incapable of making rapid progress. One of them (but which it is Dante cannot see in consequence of his stooping attitude) directs him to the right, and announces himself to be Omberto Aldobrandeschi, whose arrogance so provoked the people of Siena that they murdered him in Campagnatico. In him we see pride of birth corrected; in Oderisi, vain-glory of intellect; in Provenzano, selfish ambition.

Dante bends down to listen to the voice, and so is just seen by another of the spirits, who recognizes him and calls him by name. Him Dante in turn recognizes as Oderisi of Agobbio, an excellent miniature painter of the school of Cimabue. On Dante's addressing him as 'Agobbio's glory,' he replies, with chastened tone, that the glory was now no longer his, but had descended to Francesco of Bologna, one of his own pupils whom he had thought little of in his life-time. So Cimabue had yielded the palm to Giotto, and perhaps the man was already born who should win it from Giotto. Under this expression it has been supposed that Dante refers to the supremacy of fame which he himself was to win. Such a presumption would seem to be misplaced in this Canto above all others; and considering the difference of the arts in which Dante and Giotto respectively acquired their fame, we cannot be wrong in refusing to admit the supposition, as being both unnecessary to the context and unworthy of the poet. So passes away, says Oderisi, the glory of the world, shifting and veering with all the capriciousness of the wind: and then he points out one groping his way in front, whose glory once sounded through Tuscany, while now his native city Siena scarcely knew his name. Dante thanks Oderisi for his warning and exhortation to humility, and then asks who it is of whom he has just been speaking. The other replies that this is the once ambitious Provenzano, who at the end of his life atoned in some degree for his presumption, by

personally begging money of the people of Siena, in order to ransom a friend whom the fate of war had left a prisoner in the hands of Charles I., king of Apulia. This act of voluntary abasement freed him from the necessity of waiting outside the gate of Purgatory with those crowds of late-repenting spirits whom Dante had passed through on his way up the mountain.

In the twelfth Canto, Virgil calls Dante from the side of Oderisi, in order that he may make more rapid progress. At the same time, he directs his attention to the examples of pride overthrown so pictured on the pavement as to be directly beneath the eyes of the stooping spirits. It will be noticed that Dante, while bending himself first to enter into conversation with Oderisi, then to contemplate these masterpieces of divine art, is in fact himself partly at least undergoing the penance inflicted upon the spirits, and so qualifying himself for admission to the next circle. This he has already hinted at in lines 8 and 9 of the Canto. With regard to lines 64–69, our readers should refer to the beginning of vol. iii. of *Modern Painters*, where Mr. Ruskin calls attention to the fact that the highest praise Dante can give to a painting is that it is an exact fac-simile of the original, such as a mirror might give, ignoring absolutely all idealism or interference of the imagination with the actual historical details of the event.

Then at noon the angel approaches, and after inviting the poets to ascend the ladder, brushes with his wings one of the seven brands from Dante's forehead, to signify that the stain of Pride has been wiped out, and that he is now free to enter the next circle. The lightness felt by Dante in mounting the ladder, signifies that in ridding the soul of Pride, the real root of all the other sins is destroyed, and their influence for evil weakened; and that its effacement goes far of itself to efface the stains of the rest. It is possible that there may be here an allusion to the pride which, as we learn elsewhere, Dante considered as his special besetting sin; but the words of Virgil certainly indicate that the main idea is one bearing general reference to human nature, and not intended to apply solely to Dante's individual case.

The allusions of lines 25–63 will be familiar to our readers. It should be noticed, however, that Dante supposes the imprecation of David in 2 Samuel, i. to have been literally fulfilled. The church of line 101 is that of San Miniato in Florence, on the hill above the bridge built in 1237 by Rubaconte da Mandello, now called the *Ponte alle Grazie;* while the lines immediately following refer to some embezzlements and mutilation of account-books committed by certain custom-house and treasury officials of Florence, with the details of which we need not trouble our readers.

THE PURGATORIO.—CANTO XII.

In pairs as oxen to the yoke are fitted,
With that o'erladen soul my way was taken
Long as my guide and escort sweet permitted.

But when he said, 'Now must he be forsaken;
  Forward, for now 'tis good our bark be strained
  With oar and sail, whate'er we can awaken
Of power;' as one would journey, I regained
  Mine upright stature, but all thought and feeling
  Within me broken and bent down remained.
I followed in response to his appealing, 10
  With steps whose haste their willingness attesteth,
  Both of us new alacrity revealing,
Till he, 'Beneath thee turn thy eyes' requesteth,
  Saying, 'It will be well, the way to lighten,
  Thou view the bed whereon thy footstep resteth.'
As for the memory of their names to brighten,
  The level tomb-stones o'er the buried carry
  Record of that they were before, to heighten
As oft it doth, by grief auxiliary
  Pungent remembrance, and the fond compassion 20
  That nowhere but in loving hearts doth tarry;
So then beheld I, but of nobler fashion,
  Figured according to the artist's power,
  What space the hill juts outward. In succession
I saw him who created was in flower
  Of nobleness, all creatures else outvying,
  Fall down like lightning from the heavenly tower.
On the other quarter I saw Briareus lying
  By the celestial missile penetrated,
  Heavy on earth in icy stiffness dying. 30
I saw Apollo, Pallas, Mars, who waited
  Yet armed around their sire, and gazed in wonder
  Upon the giants' limbs there devastated.
Nimrod I saw, his mighty project under,
  Gaze all distraught at Shinar's throngs employed
  With him in pride that rent their speech asunder.
O Niobe, with what eyelids sorrow-cloyed
  Thy form in picture on the road was given
  'Mid sons and daughters seven and seven destroyed!
O Saul, how thou by thine own weapon riven 40
  Appearedst in Gilboa dead, that rain
  Ne'er felt thereafter nor the dews of heaven!
How sad I viewed thee there, Arachne vain,
  Half spider gone already, on the tatters
  Of thine own loom, that wrought for thee such bane.
Thy form, Roboam, there no menace scatters,
  But on a chariot terror-stricken flieth
  Ere foes o'ertake thee. Nor of other matters

Is the hard pavement mute, but certifieth
  How by Alcmeon's hand his mother rued 50
  Her ill-advised adorning. Then one spieth
How two his sons Sennacherib pursued
  Into the temple, and attacked and killed
  And left him as he lay. And there we viewed
The bloody massacre and ruin willed
  By fierce Tamiris, unto Cyrus crying,
  'Blood thou didst thirst for; now with blood be filled.'
And there was shewn the Assyrian army flying
  On Holofernes' death in rout unstayed,
  And all the tragic sequel of his dying. 60
There saw I Troy in ruin and ashes laid;
  O Ilion, in what deep humiliation
  Shewed thee the image that is there pourtrayed!
What master hand in such delineation
  Those attitudes and shadows had designed,
  Worthy the subtlest workman's admiration?
Live were the living, dead the dead: divined
  The truth no clearer he who was spectator
  Of all I trod on, while I walked inclined
In posture. Swell now, sons of Eve, the greater 70
  Your pride of look, nor bend to earth your faces
  So to discern your evil path the better.
More than half round we now had borne our paces
  With much more yet of the sun's path expended,
  Whereof our rapt mind small account embraces,
When he who all before us apprehended
  As he went on, cried, 'Raise aloft your glances,
  Now 'tis no time to walk with step suspended.
Lo there an angel who with speed advances
  To meet us; from her service lo returning 80
  The sixth handmaid of day. Our countenances
And acts must wear due reverence's adorning,
  That he may please to guide us: think that never
  Again this daylight dawneth.' To his warning
I well was used to give my best endeavour
  To lose no time; so reached me not obscurely
  His meaning, on this subject patent ever.
To us approached the goodly creature, purely
  Arrayed in white, like hue of face displaying
  As star that trembles on the horizon early. 90
His arms and then his wings he opened, saying,
  'Come ye; for hard by is the ladder's station,
  Full easy method of ascent supplying.'

But few there are who reach this invitation;
  O race of men, to soar aloft ordained,
  Why fall ye at a vain blast's agitation?
He led us where the rock was hewn, and fanned
  There with his wings my forehead, ere extending
  Permission to mount upward unrestrained.
As on the right hand for the hill's ascending, 100
  Where sits on high the church that dominateth
  O'er Rubacont the city unoffending,
A slope the steep's impetuous rise abateth,
  Made in a former age, when book and measure
  Were kept secure from fraud; so moderateth
The sheer descent that downwards without leisure
  Falls from the other circle fast, yet bringing
  The rock on either hand in closest pressure.
As we turned thither, we heard voices singing,
  Blest are the poor in spirit, so delightful 110
  That words declare not their melodious ringing.
Those stairs, how different were they from the frightful
  Approach of hell! here with sweet music cheered
  We pass, but there 'mid shrieks of woe despiteful.
When we the sacred ladder's summit neared,
  Some sense of lightness did within me waken
  More than before upon the plain appeared;
Whereat, 'What heavy substance hath been taken,
  Master,' I said, 'from off me; so that newly
  I seem almost of all fatigue forsaken?' 120
And he in answer, 'When the Ps, that truly
  Ev'n now upon thy forehead near are vanished,
  Shall be (as one is) all extinguished duly,
Then from thy feet fatigue shall so be banished,
  That they constrained to good by good volition,
  With joy to rise aloft shall be replenished.'
Then like to them who go without cognition
  Of something on their heads above them placed
  Until the signs of others breed suspicion,
And then the hand for certainty is raised 130
  And seeks and finds, its service so expending
  On that which cannot by the sight be traced:
So I, the fingers of my hand extending,
  Found only six the letters he had piled
  Upon my brow who bore the keys; attending
Whereto the Master, as he marked me, smiled.

(*To be continued.*)

SONGS OF OTHER CHURCHES.

BY LOUIS COUTIER BIGGS, M.A.

XII.

BOHEMIAN HYMNS.

For the following account of Bohemian Hymnology, and for the translations interspersed in it, I am indebted to the Rev. A. H. Wratislaw, Head Master of the Grammar School, Bury St. Edmunds.

Few nations have passed through so chequered a destiny, have exhibited such amazing energy, have been so completely crushed, and have risen again with such determined self-assertion, as the *Czechs*, the Slavonic race inhabiting Bohemia, Moravia, and a portion of the north of Hungary. The greatest struggle ever maintained by a nation without allies, and entirely surrounded either by enemies or friends whose hands were tied by prejudice, is the long war sustained by Bohemia alone against the whole power of Roman Catholic Europe with the exception of Poland, and that for no meaner cause than her determination to assert the rights of the human soul, of conscience and inquiry, against the mere dicta of ecclesiastical authority. One war, and one only, can claim to stand in comparison with the Hussite wars—*viz.* that maintained by the Seven United Provinces against the wealth and resources of Spain; yet it must be remembered that they were aided sparingly by the Government, but effectively by the people of England.

The hymns of this extraordinary people bear the impress of their history. Converted by Greek missionaries, and thrown subsequently by political emergencies under the dominion of the See of Rome, it was only gradually that a liturgy in the native language was supplanted by the all-usurping Latin. The first and oldest hymn, which is, like the other early poetry of the nation, without rhyme, is purely and simply Christian, containing no address to Saint or Virgin, and is said on fair ancient authority to have been chanted by the populace at the consecration of Dietmar, the first Archbishop of Prague, in the year of grace, 973. It runs as follows:—

'Lord, have mercy on us,
Jesus Christ, have mercy on us!
Saviour of all the world,
Save us, and hear,
O Lord, our cry.
Grant to us all, O Lord,
Plenty and peace on earth!
Krles, Krles, Krles!'

[The word 'Krles' is merely a corruption of 'Kyrie eleïson.']

The next set of hymns that we come to are Roman rather than Catholic, and are framed to magnify the local saints, and to exhibit the doctrine which was subsequently crystalized into the modern dogma of transubstantiation. S. Wenceslas, the Royal Martyr, who was murdered by his own brother Boleslaw in 936, became the principal saint of the country, supplanting S. Vitus, to whom the present cathedral at Prague is dedicated, but who was neither more nor less than an ingenious adaptation of the old Slavonic heathen god, '*Svatovit*' or '*Svantovit*,' a name which was easily converted into '*Svaty Vit*,' 'Holy Vitus.' The modern saint, John Nepomucen, who has since the destruction of the liberties of Bohemia to a great extent supplanted the ancient saints and heroes of the nation, has been conclusively proved to be a gross imposture of the Jesuits, and to be indeed neither more nor less than a fusion of a minor historical personage with the celebrated John Huss, in defiance of both history and chronology.

These hymns are not so worthy of notice as those immediately succeeding them, which have left their impress on later generations. In the fourteenth century we find hymns of great merit, which with trifling omissions would be suited for use in the Church of England at the present day. One of these is alluded to by Huss himself in his Sermon on Palm Sunday, and is also one of four hymns which alone were permitted to be sung during divine service—all others being strictly forbidden—by a synodical Canon of the Arch-diocese of Prague in 1408. It runs as follows, four stanzas containing addresses to the Virgin being omitted:—

HYMN TO THE MOST HOLY SACRAMENT.

O bounteous Priest, Christ Jesu, Son
With Father and with Spirit One,
Our all Thy bounty is alone.
Kyrie eleison.

Thou now before us dost appear;
By all Thy wounds and torments drear,
Have mercy, Maker, on us here.
Kyrie eleison.

Thy Blood for us did freely stream,
From endless death did us redeem;
Let bright forgiveness on us beam.
Kyrie eleison.

Angels, with chant and hymn, before
Their Maker kneeling low, adore
And give Him praise for evermore.
Kyrie eleison.

* * * * *

Unto the LORD now let us cry,
Our guilt to pardon graciously,
And grant us heritage on high.
Kyrie eleison.

His Will alone our life doth give,
Then let us deeds of darkness leave,
And Him no more to anger grieve.
Kyrie eleison.

O FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
Cast not our souls among the lost,
Complete the tenth choir of Thy host.[1]
Kyrie eleison.

Of soul, of body, SAVIOUR free,
From deeds of ill our Guardian be,
And grant the soul Thyself to see.
Kyrie eleison.

* * * * *

O Maker, feel not wrath severe,
For sorrows of Thy Mother dear,
For all Thy pain and tortures here.
Kyrie eleison.

We know that Thou wast wounded sore,
Hands, feet, and side, their anguish bore,
The scourge Thy holy Body tore.
Kyrie eleison.

Thy Blood and Body, of Thy Grace,
As tokens of Thy sacred Face,
Thou here hast left us in Thy place.
Kyrie eleison.

* * * * *

GOD is before us; let us go,
And be His friends on earth below,
That He from Heaven may mercy shew.
Kyrie eleison.

* * * * *

Who chant this hymn in mean estate,
Upon GOD's tortures meditate,
And duly them commemorate.
Kyrie eleison.

Let all the blessing here to-day
Receive, our sins to drive away,
Our sinful souls to save for aye.
Kyrie eleison.

Seek we that fount unclosed for men,
That endless flames may spare us then;
Now answer one and all Amen.
Amen, Amen.

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[1] The allusion is here to the Parable of the Lost Piece of Silver. According to the mediæval interpretation, the nine pieces which were not lost represented the nine orders of angels; the tenth piece lost and recovered was the human race.—L. C. B.

This hymn was discovered in the binding of an old book, on the back of a bond or promissory note, which had been made use of by the binder. The date of the bond is 1390, and the discovery was made by Wenceslas Hanka in the Library of S. Vitus at Prague.

The next hymn requires little more than the omission of a single stanza to fit it for general use. It exists in a manuscript in the archives of Trebon or Wittingau, which have furnished most valuable materials for Bohemian history in many respects. It is entitled 'Of the Body of God,' and runs as follows:—

O Father, God Omnipotent,
Who to us hast in mercy sent
Thine only Son, Christ Jesus dear,
To save us sinful wanderers here.

For us He did from Heaven descend,
Freed us from death that knows no end;
For us His Blood He caused to flow,
Left us His Body here below.

O Glorious Body of the Lord,
The faithful souls' unfailing hoard,
Comfort of them that righteous be,
And shield of those who hope in Thee:

Deign Thou to visit us this day,
Our souls to enlighten with Thy ray,
To grant Thy Spirit here below,
That we Thyself may learn to know;

That of our sins we may repent,
And guard against them penitent;
And what we have misdone before,
May with repentance true deplore.

And when it shall be ours to part,
Good conscience grant unto the heart,
Fearless of Satan's threats to prove;—
Lord God, this grant us in Thy love!

* * * * *

Praise we the Father, high in Heaven,
Praise to the Son alike be given,
Like praise to God the Spirit be,
In undivided Deity;
As it hath ever been before,
So be it now and evermore.
Amen.

John Huss himself was an admirable prose writer, but by no means a skilful poet; and the hymns ascribed to him in the Hymn-book of the Bohemian Brethren, printed at Kralitz in the year 1576, appear to belong to a much later date, both in sentiment and in style. The first of these, however, in Erben's collection of his Bohemian works, is

undoubtedly an adaptation of a hymn which he expressly mentions, although only the first stanza is identical with that discovered by Hanka, and translated above. It probably passed through several phases of adaptation and alteration before it assumed its present form, as follows:—

O bounteous Priest, CHRIST JESUS, SON
With FATHER and with SPIRIT One,
Our all Thy bounty is alone
Of Thy great grace.

On earth Thou long with us didst stay;
For us, poor sinners gone astray,
Thy Body was to blows a prey,
Of Thy great grace.

O goodness unto us divine!
What love and mercy, LORD, are Thine!
To us vast wealth Thou dost assign
Of Thy great grace.

Thou didst permit Thy Blood to flow,
And give it as our drink below,
And will that we new life should know,
Of Thy great grace.

Thyself Thou givest us indeed,
Towards us the flame of love dost feed,
Holding us dear, Thy chosen seed,
Of Thy great grace.

Thou didst unite Thyself to us,
And give Thy Life, by dying thus,
O'er Death to prove victorious,
Of Thy great grace.

Our purchase cost Thee dear, we know,
For us Thy soul did fleeting go;
True service Thine to men below,
Of Thy great grace.

To us how great Thy mercy's might;
Woe to the man who doth Thee slight,
Who, blinded, elsewhere seeks for light
Than from Thy grace.

From error, Christians, let us rise,
The proffer'd good to recognize,
The SON of GOD to praise and prize
For His great grace.

O JESU! O GOD's martyred SON!
For us despised and spat upon,
Thy servants aye with Love look on,
Of Thy great grace!

O praise we JESUS, ever dear,
For us Who was condemned here!
Eternal Life to us is near,
Of His great grace.

Through Him we shall from ill be freed,
Sown in our hearts is virtue's seed;
Eternal Life becomes our meed,
Of His great grace.

Praise to the FATHER render we,
Praise to the SON, and praise to Thee,
SPIRIT of aid and counsel, be,
For that great grace!

As 'twas in endless time before,
Henceforth so be it evermore;
While we in painless bliss adore,
Through that great grace.

If the last hymn is interesting on account of its ascription to John Huss, and its relation to one actually in use during and before his day, the following, also ascribed to the same author, and doubtless in some way or other actually connected with him, can claim insertion in this collection on the ground of merit.

VIVUS PANIS ANGELORUM.

Thou living Bread,
Our gracious Head,
Who, being for us crucified,
For the elect didst life provide.

O'er all the same
Dread hunger came,
When Adam did GOD's Law transgress,
And caused the loss of righteousness.

Avail could naught,
Nowhere was aught
That might so great a ransom bring,
Sin's plague had spotted everything.

Till GOD All-wise
The need espies,
Sees man himself can never cure,
Looks down Almighty and All-pure.

This was the meed
Of Adam's seed,
The fall of man such woe hath wrought,
That aid from Heaven must needs be brought.

When came the fall,
Death pass'd o'er all,
And straightway our Humanity
Had need of the DIVINITY.

GOD must descend
And with it blend,
In it temptation undergo,
And lay the might of Satan low.

A servant's guise
To wondering eyes
He took, our woeful state to cure,
Though He was holy, sinless, pure.

In misery
From youth was He,
And poverty did Him oppress
All in His holy guiltlessness.

From toil ne'er free,
No home had He,
Hunger and thirst oppress'd Him still,
Winning His lost ones to His Will.

To God in mind
He was resigned,
A worthy Sacrifice indeed,
A Pastor pure to Israel's seed.

'Twas His to know
The depth of woe,
When, clad in robes of mortal clay,
He did our debt of misery pay.

If thus the grain
In death remain,
A blessing great it soon doth bring
From that its precious suffering.

A room prepared,
As first declared,
He found, where with the Twelve He sate,
His Sacrament to consecrate.

His Body Bread,
The Cup, He said,
Should evermore with Blood o'erflow,
A feast for His true saints below.

O Father dear,
Who mad'st us here,
Thy Son Thou gav'st to save our race,
Oh, satisfy us with Thy grace!

That Bread of Heaven,
Which Thou hast given
On earth our nourishment to be,
Grant us to enjoy unceasingly!
Amen.

During the Hussite wars, we find spirited ballads and war-songs, and abundance of prose literature, but nothing worthy of notice in the form of hymns—unless indeed, as is very probable, considerable fragments of Hussite hymnody are imbedded in the later hymn-books of the Brethren. The Hussites split into two considerable sects: the Utraquists, or Calixtines, who approached the Roman Church, differing from it especially by administering the Communion to the laity *sub utrâque*

specie, in both kinds, bread and wine; and the Taborites, who were the prototypes of the stricter Protestant bodies of the future. The Taborites were suppressed by King George of Podiebrad, in 1452, but not before they had produced prose writings of considerable merit and value, which Palacký shews to have given both impulse and direction to the Waldensian literature, which has usually been supposed truly original. After the suppression of the Taborites, rose the Bohemian Brethren, the ancestors of the present 'Moravian' Church, who rejected all appeal to the sword, and promulgated their doctrines, like the early Christians, by the mere power of love and the example of patient endurance and suffering. No Christian body of similar standing can shew such a series of documents as their Confessions, or so beautiful a symbol as that which was finally elaborated, and has lately been reprinted, and proposed as the basis of union among the present Protestants in Bohemia and Moravia. From their 'Kantzional,' or Hymn-book—first published at Prague in 1505, under the title, 'Songs of God's Praises,' ('Pisne Chval Bozich,') then in 1520, under that of 'Evangelical Songs,' and frequently reprinted afterwards—I extract a hymn, which I look upon as the gem of the collection, and which may challenge a comparison with the best hymns of any nation. I only wish I were better able to do justice to its grand simplicity in the translation.[1]

Come, cheerful voices raise
In God the Father's praise;
His only Son He gave,
Mankind to seek and save,
To ransom of His grace
The sinful human race.

Christ's coming four times o'er
We learn in Scripture lore:
In Body first came He,
Souls next His Presence see;
He each at death doth meet,
Then at the Judgement-seat.

Why first on earth He came,
Born here in human frame,
The Gospels teach us true:
To preach repentance due,
Devils with grief to smite,
The blind restore to sight.

Then furthermore said He:
'Ensample take from Me;
As here I did on earth,
Fulfilled the Law from birth,
So likewise do ye still,
Fulfil the Father's Will.'

He told the Father's Will,
Sinners to save from ill,
No prophecy made vain;
For He must suffer pain,
Thereby to ransom well
Mankind, and harry[2] hell.

Next, we His coming find
Within the human mind;
There through His Word finds place
The influence of His grace;
There at the door He stands,
Which opes at His commands.

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[1] The reader must remember that we are transcribing the Rev. A. H. Wratislaw's comment on his own version.—L. C. B.

[2] This idea is embodied in the doctrine of the first edition of the Thirty-nine Articles. It has gone out of modern theology; but 'He Who harried hell' was a favourite mediæval periphrasis for Christ. The descent into hell was supposed to be partly for the purpose of despoiling the devils, and as such it is alluded to here. See Spenser's Sixty-eighth Sonnet, and Chaucer's 'Miller's Tale.'—A. H. W.

'Wherever two or three
In My Name gathered be,
Among them there am I,
Abiding faithfully
From day to day, until
The world its times fulfil.'

Thirdly, He draweth nigh
When each is near to die;
Therefore He bids us wake,
And watchful care to take,
For no man knows the hour
Death o'er him will have power.

Then let us watchful be,
Nor load with gluttony
Our hearts, nor drink's excess,
Nor this world's carefulness,
But to CHRIST's counsel bend
Hearts that on Him attend.

His coming fourth will be,
When the last day we see;
A dreadful day is it:
The dead their graves shall quit;
Then many will desire
To hide them from GOD's ire.

With Him, mankind to doom,
Will all the angels come;
His mighty voice will make
The heavens themselves to quake,
And signs and wonders we
On that last day shall see.

Right sudden, full of gloom
Will come the day of doom,
A great and dreadful day,
When wrath and vengeance sway,
When judgement shall compel
All sinners into hell.

Then let us all prepare,
Of wickedness beware,
In holy life and pure,
In penitence endure,
Early in prayer and late,
And thus the LORD await.
Amen.

The Bohemian Brethren were subjected to more or less of persecution during nearly the whole of their existence in Bohemia, although they were far more active and diligent in literature than the Established Utraquists, who produced statesmen and warriors, but whose intellectual poverty in a literary point of view is their great reproach. Just at the conclusion of the age of freedom in Bohemia, the Brethren were formally accepted by the Bohemian Parliament as one of the recognized religious bodies of the country; but in 1620, religion and freedom were alike overthrown at the disastrous battle of the White Mountain, when Frederick, the Elector Palatine, the husband of the sister of our Charles I., and father of Prince Rupert, was driven from the throne that he had occupied for a single winter. The conclusion of the Thirty Years War saw Roman Catholicism re-established in the nation of Huss by the favourite methods of persecution and extermination, thirty-six thousand *noble* families having left the country, and its population having been reduced from four millions to eight hundred thousand. A crusade was commenced under the auspices of the Jesuits against everything in the shape of Bohemian literature, the mere fact of a book being in the national language being sufficient to convict it of heresy. This crusade continued in full virulence for nearly two centuries; and even now some valuable document or other disappears, and is supposed to have been destroyed by the ruthless hands of an Ultramontane bigot.

In 1781, the reforming Emperor Joseph II. issued his celebrated Patent of Toleration, which, however, only recognized the two German Protestant bodies known as the 'Lutherans' and the 'Reformed;' four-and-twenty blows with a stick being the reward of all who declared

themselves followers of the old Bohemian Brethren. In 1861, religious equality became the law of the land; and there is now nothing but the educational and theological prejudices of the 'Reformed' clergy that hinders the acceptance of the Bohemian Confession as the basis of an united Protestant Church, which would in all human probability at once affect the great heart of the Czeskish nation, which has as yet been little touched by the off-shoots of German Protestantism, at present legally recognized in the country. Still the hymns of the Brethren now resound again, where they were not long ago proscribed; the works of Huss are studied by both Catholics and Protestants; and the eyes of many are directed towards England, in wonder that the land of Wiclif takes so little interest in the fortunes of the descendants of his greatest disciple, Huss.

(*To be continued.*)

THE NEW LECTIONARY AND THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

The subject of the new Lectionary lately compiled for the Services of the Church, is one which cannot but be deeply interesting to all English Churchmen. In common with all other subjects of public interest, it has been much discussed, and the general opinion appears to be in its favour; very often, however, in the course of conversation, we hear some such remark as this: 'No doubt this new Table of Lessons may be a great improvement on the old one, but to me it appears to be a great loss that the Lessons will not be connected any longer with the hymn for the day in the Christian Year. I have read them together for so many years, and the hymn has always seemed to be quite a part of the Service.' Something of this nature is, we think, the feeling of a very large proportion of Churchmen. We propose in this paper to inquire how far it is justified by the facts of the case; and we think we shall be able to shew that the loss is by no means so great as has been imagined.

In the first place, on examining the subjects of the hymns in the Christian Year, by means of the texts placed before them, we find that in forty-seven instances—*i. e.* in rather more than one half of the entire number of hymns for Sundays and Holy-days (those for morning and evening, and for the special Services, do not enter into our examination)—the connection is not with the Lesson, but with the Epistle or the Gospel for the day; and therefore more than one half of the hymns are not in any wise affected by the introduction of the new Lectionary.

These are the hymns for

Advent Sunday
Second Sunday in Advent
Third „ „
St. Stephen's Day
St. John's Day
Holy Innocents' Day
Epiphany
Second Sunday after Epiphany
Third „ „
Fourth „ „
Sixth „ „
Ash Wednesday
Third Sunday in Lent
Monday before Easter
Tuesday „ „
Wednesday „ „
Monday in Easter Week
Third Sunday after Easter
Fourth „ „
Ascension Day
Sunday after Ascension Day
Whit Sunday
Tuesday in Whitsun Week
Trinity Sunday
Second Sunday after Trinity
Third „ „
Fourth „ „
Fifth „ „
Seventh „ „
Tenth „ „
Twelfth „ „
Thirteenth „ „
Fourteenth „ „
Fifteenth „ „
Sixteenth „ „
Twenty-second „ „
Twenty-third „ „
Sunday next before Advent
St. Thomas's Day
The Conversion of St. Paul
St. Matthias's Day
The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary
St. Philip and St. James's Day
St. Peter's Day
St. James's Day
St. Luke's Day
All Saints' Day

With these forty-seven hymns we have no further concern.

Out of the remaining forty-five, there are sixteen which, although written on the Lessons for the day, are not affected by the change in the Lectionary, as the Lessons for those days either remain the same, or are only transferred from one Service to the other on the same day.

These are

Fourth Sunday in Advent
Christmas Day
First Sunday after Christmas
Circumcision
Sexagesima
Quinquagesima
First Sunday in Lent
Second „ „
Fourth Sunday in Lent
Fifth „ „
Good Friday
Easter Eve
First Sunday after Easter
Fifth „ „
Monday in Whitsun Week
Sixth Sunday after Trinity

Four other hymns, those for

Palm Sunday
St. Andrew's Day
St. Barnabas' Day
St. John the Baptist's Day

which formerly were not specially connected with any of the chapters read in the Services of the day to which they belong, find the texts

which indicate their subjects in the Lessons appointed for those days in the new Table.

In these four instances, therefore, we have a clear gain.

Besides all these, there are nine hymns—belonging, with two exceptions, not to Sundays, but to other Holy-days—written on verses of Scripture which have never formed part of the Church Lessons for the day, although the subject was, and still is, only a different portion of the history of the person or event commemorated.

These are the hymns for

Septuagesima
Easter Day
Tuesday in Easter Week
The Purification
St. Mark's Day
St. Bartholomew's Day
St. Matthew's Day
St. Michael's Day
St. Simon and St. Jude's Day.

Having now disposed of these, there only remain for consideration sixteen hymns, which are all that have lost their connection with the Services by the introduction of the new Lectionary; we hope to be able to shew that in some at least of these cases the severance is more apparent than real, and that in all of them some slight thread of connection may be traced.

The disconnected hymns are for

Second Sunday after Christmas
First Sunday after Epiphany
Fifth " "
Thursday before Easter
Second Sunday after Easter
First Sunday after Trinity
Eighth " "
Ninth " "
Eleventh " "
Seventeenth " "
Eighteenth " "
Nineteenth " "
Twentieth " "
Twenty-first " "
Twenty-fourth " "
Twenty-fifth " "

We propose to examine these sixteen hymns with reference to the texts now standing before them in the Christian Year, and the Lessons appointed for the days in the new Table.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

'When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them.'—*Isaiah*, xli. 17.

NEW LESSONS.—*Isaiah*, xlii.; xliii.; xliv.

This poem, called The Pilgrim's Song, connects itself easily with the 20th verse of the forty-third chapter of Isaiah, appointed for the Evening Lesson.—'The beast of the field shall honour Me, the dragons and the owls; because I give waters in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert, to give drink to My people, My chosen.' We gain, too, a connection in the first part of this verse, with the sixth verse of the poem, which shews how man is not the only creature who derives benefit from this great gift of waters in the wilderness.

'The scent of water far away
Upon the breeze is flung;
The desert pelican to-day
Securely leaves her young.'

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

'They shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water-courses.'—*Isaiah*, xliv. 4.

NEW LESSONS.—*Isaiah*, li.; lii. *v.* 13, liii.; liv.

The fourth verse of this poem has special reference to the words from the old Lesson for the day; but the rest of the poem accords perfectly well with the 3rd verse of chapter fifty-one.—'He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody.' The return of Spring does indeed turn the barren ground into a garden, and the voice of melody is heard when

'Every leaf in every nook,
Every wave in every brook,
Chanting with a solemn voice,
Minds us of our better choice.'

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

'Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither is His ear heavy, that it cannot hear: but your iniquities have separated between you and your God.'—*Isaiah*, lix. 1, 2.

NEW LESSONS.—*Proverbs*, i.; iii.; viii.

We must grieve to lose the magnificent harmony between this verse from the former Lesson for the day, and the opening verse of the poem.

'Wake, Arm Divine! awake,
Eye of the Only Wise!
Now for Thy glory's sake,
Saviour and God, arise!
And may Thine Ear, that sealèd seems,
In pity mark our mournful themes.'

Still, a connection is not far to seek between this poem and the new Lessons. The subject of the poem is described in the index to the Christian Year thus—'Cure sin, and you cure sorrow.' The subject of the Lessons is wisdom, the true Wisdom, to whom whosoever 'hearkeneth shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil.' (Prov. i. 33.) Compare the words,

'Yes—mark him well, ye cold and proud,
Bewildered in a heartless crowd,

Starting and turning pale
At Rumour's angry din—
No storm can now assail
The charm he wears within,
Rejoicing still, and doing good,
And with the thought of God imbu'd,'—

with the text quoted above, and with this—'Be not afraid of sudden fear, neither with the desolation of the wicked when it cometh. For the Lord shall be thy confidence, and shall keep thy foot from being taken.' (Prov. iii. 25, 26.) After the comparison, we shall find that in this instance we have gained as much as we have lost by the change.

THURSDAY BEFORE EASTER.

'At the beginning of thy supplications the commandment came forth, and I am come to shew thee; for thou art greatly beloved: therefore understand the matter, and consider the vision.'—*Daniel*, ix. 23.

New Lessons.—*Hosea*, xiii. to *v.* 15; xiv.; *St. John*, xvii.; xiii. to *v.* 36.

This hymn is so interwoven with the history of Daniel, that it is difficult to make it attach itself to any other text than that originally joined with it; but surely, if the example of Daniel's prayer, when the 'future' 'frown'd dark' on him, is to serve as an encouragement for us, much more the prayer of our blessed Lord for His Church in even darker days should make us

'Kneel on to Him, who loves to bless
The prayer that waits for Him; and trembling strive
To keep the ling'ring flame in (our) own breast alive.'

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

'He hath said, which heard the words of God, and knew the knowledge of the Most High, which saw the vision of the Almighty, falling into a trance, but having his eyes open; I shall see Him, but not now: I shall behold Him, but not

nigh: there shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel, and shall smite the corners of Moab, and destroy all the children of Sheth.'—*Numbers*, xxiv. 16, 17.

NEW LESSONS.—*Numbers*, xx.; xxi.

The Lesson which was formerly read on this Sunday has now passed on to the next, and we would fain let the hymn pass on with it; yet we can trace a connection with the Lesson of the day, between the star, of which the poem says,

'To him it glared afar,
A token of wild war,
The banner of his Lord's victorious wrath;
But close to us it gleams,
Its soothing lustre streams
Around our home's green walls, and on our church-way path;'

and the fiery serpent on a pole, the image of the instrument of death, which became so transformed to the eye of faith that 'any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, lived.' (Numbers, xxi. 9.)

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

'So Joshua smote all the country . . . and all their kings: he left none remaining.' —*Joshua*, x. 40.

NEW LESSONS.—*Joshua*, iii. 7 to iv. 15; v. 13 to vi. 21; xxiv.

The two descriptions of Canaan in the new Lessons for this day accord well with the thoughts of the hymn. The 'clouds' on the 'path' of the Israelites shew first their wars and difficulties—'He will without fail drive out before you the Canaanites, and the Hittites, and the Hivites, and the Perizzites, and the Girgashites, and the Amorites, and the Jebusites.' (Joshua, iii. 10.)

'blood and fire have run in mingled stream;
Like oaks and cedars all around
The giant corses strew the ground;
And haughty Jericho's cloud-piercing wall
Lies where it sank at Joshua's trumpet call.

These are not scenes for pastoral dance at even;'

but after all these are past, we find

'The promise of our God, our fancy's theme'

hold good—'I have given you a land for which ye did not labour, and cities which ye built not, and ye dwell in them; of the vineyards and oliveyards which ye planted not do ye eat.' (Joshua, xxiv. 13.)

EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

'It is the man of God who was disobedient unto the word of the Lord.'—1 *Kings*, xiii. 26.

NEW LESSONS.—1 *Chron.* xxix. 9 to 29; 2 *Chron.* i.; 1 *Kings*, iii.

The Lesson formerly appointed for this day is now read on the Tenth Sunday after Trinity, and once more we are inclined to let the hymn pass on with it; yet we may with profit pause a moment to reflect how Solomon, whose good beginning is recorded in the new Lessons, *did* let

'idol pleasures court
(His) heedless soul astray,'

finding it too hard

'to hurry by
Where maidens to the Queen of Heaven
Wove the gay dance round oak or palm,
Or breath'd their vows at even
In hymns as soft as balm.'

NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

'And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice.'—1 *Kings*, xix. 12.

NEW LESSONS.—1 *Kings*, x. to *v.* 25; xi. to *v.* 15; xi. from *v.* 26.

These Lessons continue the history of Solomon, and shew the beginning of that introduction of idolatry which later caused such strong despair in the spirit of Elijah. They indicate also, in the dealings with Solomon, and the words to Jeroboam, (1 Kings, xi. 34, 38, 39.) how

'By soft, meek, tender ways, He loves to draw
The sinner, startled by His ways of awe.'

ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

'Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and oliveyards, and vineyards, and sheep, and oxen, and menservants, and maidservants?'—2 *Kings*, v. 26.

NEW LESSONS.—1 *Kings*, xviii.; xix.; xxi.

The picture of the conduct of Ahab and Jezebel, the rulers of Israel, is well calculated to make us ask,

'Is this a time to plant and build,
Add house to house, and field to field?
When round our walls the battle lowers,
When mines are hid beneath our towers,
And watchful foes are stealing round,
To search and spoil the holy ground.'

The inheritance of his fathers was in a sense holy ground to Naboth, (Numbers, xxxvi. 7.) and his foes were indeed close round his walls.

SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

'Every man of the house of Israel that setteth up his idols in his heart, and putteth the stumbling-block of his iniquity before his face, and cometh to the prophet; I the Lord will answer him that cometh according to the multitude of his idols.'—*Ezekiel*, xiv. 4.

NEW LESSONS.—*Jeremiah*, v.; xxii.; xxxv.

The idolatries of the Church deplored in this hymn, are portrayed as clearly in Jeremiah v. 7–31, as in the chapter from Ezekiel formerly read on this day.

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

'I will bring you into the wilderness of the people, and there will I plead with you face to face. Like as I pleaded with your fathers in the wilderness of the Land of Egypt, so will I plead with you, saith the Lord God.'—*Ezekiel*, xx. 35, 36.

NEW LESSONS.—*Jeremiah*, xxxvi.; *Ezekiel*, ii.; xiii. to *v.* 17.

The subject of the backsliding of the Church is continued in this next poem, and also in the new Lessons for the day. The

'desert, where iniquity
And knowledge both abound,'

is described in Ezekiel ii. 5—'And they, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear, (for they are a rebellious house,) yet shall know that there hath been a prophet among them.' They cannot escape from this knowledge,

'And with the heathen be,
To worship every monstrous shape,
In fancied darkness free.

Vain thought, that shall not be at all!
Refuse we or obey,
Our ears have heard th' Almighty's call,
We cannot be as they.'

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

'Then Nebuchadnezzar the king was astonied, and rose up in haste, and spake, and said unto his counsellors, Did not we cast three men bound into the midst of the fire? They answered and said unto the king, True, O king. He answered and said, Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God.'—*Daniel*, iii. 24, 25.

NEW LESSONS.—*Ezekiel*, xiv.; xviii.; xxiv. *v.* 15.

In the words from Ezekiel, xxiv. 16, 24—'Son of man, behold, I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke: yet neither shalt thou mourn nor weep, neither shall thy tears run down.' 'And when

this cometh, ye shall know that I am the Lord,'—we are reminded (though this is not perhaps the primary signification of the passage) of the latter verses of the poem for this day, and the words

> 'What wondrous helper have they found,
> To screen them from the scorching blast?'

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

'Hear ye, O mountains, the Lord's controversy, and ye strong foundations of the earth.'—*Micah*, vi. 2.

NEW LESSONS.—*Ezekiel*, xxxiv.; xxxvii.; *Daniel*, i.

This poem on

> 'the voice of God within,
> Pleading with care and sin,'

may be connected with the vision of the dry bones in the valley, which, when the breath of the Lord came upon them, 'lived and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army.' (Ezekiel, xxxvii. 10.)

TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

'The vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come, it will not tarry.'—*Habakkuk*, ii. 3.

NEW LESSONS.—*Daniel*, iii.; iv.; v.

The description of the 'thoughtful seer' and

> 'watchman true,
> Waiting to see what God will do,
> As o'er the Church the gath'ring twilight falls,'

is no inapt picture of Daniel prophesying unmoved among the great events agitating his times; and our thoughts must be carried on to the end of his career, and the promise given him—(though the passage is not read on this day)—'thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days.' (Daniel, xii. 13.)

TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

'The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy.'—*Proverbs*, xiv. 10.

NEW LESSONS.—*Amos*, iii.; v.; ix.

The subject of this poem is 'the imperfection of human sympathy;' and it shews how impossible perfect sympathy is between different natures, each possessing its own share of sin and imperfection, leading

to misunderstanding and consequent separation. We have chosen as its representative text, 'Can two walk together, except they be agreed?' (Amos, iii. 3.)

TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

'The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.'—*Proverbs*, xvi. 31.

NEW LESSONS.—*Micah*, iv., v. to *v.* 8; vi.; vii.

The thoughts that encircle the pillows of good men taken home in a ripe old age, accord well with those that accompany the gathering in of the harvest, and remind us of the words, 'He shall gather them as the sheaves into the floor.' (Micah, iv. 12.)

E. M. J.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CVIII.

THE TWO ANNES.

1483–1492.

AT the same time as Henry VII. was rising upon the ruin of the old English Baronage, the Crown of France was steadily gaining on the old feudal princes.

Louis XI. had died in 1483, shortly after the coronation of Richard III. He had left a son of thirteen and a half, Charles VIII., a delicate sickly boy, with a large head and thin legs; who had been reared with so much difficulty, that study had been forbidden him; the old king saying, with his favourite sneer, that the monarch knew Latin enough who understood the proverb, '*Qui nescit dissimulare, nescit regnare;*' 'He who knows not how to dissimulate, knows not how to reign.' However, Charles made up for the want of Latin by reading chivalrous romances, which were then in their full prime and glory; and though he had many faults, his father's deliberate treachery was not one of them.

Queens regent have made a great figure in the history of France; but Charlotte of Savoy was not to be one of them. She seems to have been a sickly helpless woman, cowed from the first by her husband, and entirely disregarded. Louis gave her no share in the council; but bequeathed the chief care of his son to his eldest daughter, Anne de France, as she signed herself, the wife of Pierre, Baron de Beaujeu, the younger brother of the Duke of Bourbon. She was twenty-two years of age; and with much of her father's ability, resolution, and astuteness, though without his cruelty—a *maitresse femme*, as she was well

called; and he had entrusted all his plans to her: but this could only be done under cover of her husband's name; and though of royal blood, he was a great way from the throne. The House of Bourbon, to which he belonged, had branched off from the royal line as far back as the time of St. Louis; and he was only a younger son. His brother, the Duke, was however childless, and was almost always in bed with gout.

Much nearer to the throne were, however, the two princes of the House of Orleans. The first duke, Louis—Charles VII.'s brother, who was murdered by Jean Sans-peur of Burgundy—had left two sons. The younger was the Count of Angoulême, and was now represented by his son; the elder was Charles, the poetical duke, who married and bewailed our little Queen Isabel, once the child widow of Richard II., and who spent the best years of his life in captivity after the battle of Agincourt. After his liberation, he had married Marie of Cleves; but died after a very few years, in 1461, leaving two daughters, and a son of two years old, Louis, who was already betrothed to Jeanne, the infant daughter of Louis XI. There had been one attempt to marry her to poor Edward of Lancaster; and her father was furious with her for praying, instead of rejoicing, at the first note of his short-lived prosperity. She always longed for a convent life; but he was continually forcing her from her prayers, and jeering at her want of beauty and grace, driving her back to the world, yet making it dreadful to her.

The poor girl grew up, sweet, pious, and gentle, but sickly and crooked; and so much disliked by her father, that when she was forced to appear in his presence, she used to creep behind her sister or her governess to avoid his cruel mockery of her ugliness. She was no less detested by her young betrothed, a graceful, handsome, pleasure-loving lad, who strove in vain to avoid the marriage, but of course was powerless in the hands of Louis XI., and was obliged to submit to be wedded to her in 1476, at the same time as her more favoured sister Anne was married to Pierre de Beaujeu. The young Charles was also betrothed to Marguerite, the daughter of Maximilian of Austria and Marie of Burgundy.

There was, however, a young lady whose claims were so great, that half the princes in Europe, whether married or unmarried, were wishing not so much to have her for a wife, as to obtain her great inheritance—the old Keltic dukedom of Brittany, the last of the huge old fiefs that once had overshadowed the throne. Normandy and Aquitaine had been conquered; Burgundy, Berri, and Anjou, had by the failure of male heirs lapsed to the crown; and Provence, the fief of the empire, had, by the will of old King René, reverted to the king, instead of passing with the semi-German inheritance of Lorraine to his daughter's son, René, the victor of Nancy, and the founder of a house destined to play no small part in the affairs of France in the ensuing century.

Brittany alone remained independent; but the reigning duke, François II., a man exhausted by dissipation, was in failing health, and by his

second wife, Marguerite de Foix, was father only of two daughters, Anne and Isabeau; the younger so frail, that there was no chance of her living to divide the inheritance. The great Keltic dukedom had gone in the female line in the case of Constance, the mother of Arthur, and of her daughter; but the House of Montfort, now approaching extinction, had forced aside the heiress of the Penthièvre branch, and ruled as male heirs, so that there was every opening for a disputed succession. Meanwhile, Duke François, and his minister Landais, were determined, since no son existed, to make as much profit as possible out of the various suitors for the hand of the young daughter.

This Landais was a tailor, who had become the Duke's servant, and thence had risen to be his chief counsellor. A congenial spirit with Olivier le Dain, he had carried on a correspondence with him, and followed out his policy. These were the days when princes were forced to depend on advisers of their own choice, who were—whether bad or good, low or high born—uniformly hateful to the proud nobility; and in the case of the tailor the dislike seems to have been richly deserved. He overthrew, imprisoned, and starved to death Chauvin, the Duke's honest and upright chancellor, and thus earned for himself the implacable enmity of the Estates of Brittany; so that the duchy was split into two parties; the Duke and Landais on the one side, and on the other all the chief nobles, who were bent on overthrowing the favourite; but their forces were too equally balanced for either to succeed without external aid, and each made the reversion of the duchy the lure to attract partizans. On the death of Louis and the fall of Olivier the barber, Jean de Chalons, Prince of Orange, (whose mother was a sister of Duke François,) the Marshal de Rieux, the Sire de Rohan, and others of the nobles, had captured the Duke in his favourite Chateau de l'Hermine, and made close search for the favourite, but he had escaped by secret paths through the park; and the citizens of Nantes had risen, rescued the Duke, and restored to him Landais. And now an invitation was sent to the gay young Duke of Orleans to visit the court of Brittany, with a view to obtaining the annullment of his marriage with poor deformed Jeanne, and granting him the hand of the young Anne of Brittany, who was then a lively spirited girl of eight.

Enough attention was paid to her by the gallant and graceful Duke, to make her view him with a preference that lasted through life; but to allow the first prince of the blood to acquire such a fief as Brittany would have been impolicy impossible to the daughter of Louis XI., even if she had no womanly indignation at the treatment of her sister; and she quickly recalled him to court, to assist at the young King's coronation at Rheims, and the state entry into Paris. The Breton lords, on the other hand, endeavoured to secure the aid of the Dame de Beaujeu by a compact, promising to treat their duchy as a male fief, and allow it to revert to the king on the death of François, excluding his daughters altogether.

This was as impolitic and unpopular an arrangement as they could possibly have made in a province fiercely independent, and hating the Frank only less than it hated the Saxon; and it gave the party of Landais for the time a great ascendancy. In the meantime, the rivalry at court, between Anne de Beaujeu and Louis of Orleans, was becoming serious. She quietly and effectively transacted business, and held her young brother entirely in her power. Louis hated application, but was ashamed of the ascendancy of a woman; so he thwarted her on every occasion, and tried to gain influence over the King, winning him, as a youth of three-and-twenty, with all the licence of early manhood, can but too easily win a lad of fourteen, chafing against restraint. François de Dunois, Count de Longueville, the son of the great Dunois, had more definite ambition for his kinsman than he had for himself, and was constantly stirring him up to assume his rightful place.

Anne of Beaujeu sought the support of René, Duke of Lorraine, probably the ablest man among the princes, and this increased the ill-humour of Orleans. At last there was a quarrel at a game of tennis between Orleans and Lorraine; and Madame de Beaujeu being appointed umpire, she decided in favour of René, thus so affronting Louis, that he exclaimed that if a man had made such a decision he should have given him the lie.

This brought matters to a crisis. The council decided that Orleans ought to be put under arrest; and he received tidings just in time to throw himself on his horse, and escape with Dunois. After all, he found himself unable to hold out against the power of Madame de Beaujeu, and was soon obliged to submit, and dismiss Dunois as the price of forgiveness. His hope had been all this time that Richard III., who had shewn so much warlike temper, might invade France, and overthrow Anne's government. But in the meantime Henry of Richmond escaped from Vannes, just as Landais would have delivered him up to Richard, reached Anjou in safety, and obtained from Madame de Beaujeu the succours with which he invaded England, and fought the battle of Bosworth.

This was a shock to the whole scheme of Orleans and of Landais; and the alliance of England so confirmed Anne's power, that she was able to insist on her unwilling brother-in-law giving in writing his assurance that he did not intend to seek a marriage with the young maiden of Brittany. On the other hand, the Breton barons were accused of wanting to deliver up their country to the French; and Landais assembled an army, which he placed under the command of the Marshal de Coëtquen, to seize their castles. He began with Ancenis upon the Loire, which belonged to the Marshal de Rieux: but no sooner did the barons advance, than the kinsmen in each army greeted one another; and entering into conversation, found that they really had no quarrel with one another, but that they all equally hated Landais; and thereupon they joined company, and marched upon Nantes.

The citizens were no longer inclined to succour the Duke, if they must also maintain the favourite. Backed by the two armies, they burst furiously on the chateau, demanding that Landais should be delivered up to them. The wretched man took refuge in the Duke's private room; and the Count, and Cardinal de Foix, the Duchess's brothers, were sent out to endeavour to appease them; but they soon came back, breathless, and almost crushed. 'By my faith, my Lord,' said the Count, 'I had rather meet a thousand wild boars than those people! You must satisfy them, or we shall all perish.'

Just then the doors were burst open, and the chancellor, François Chrétien, was carried in on the shoulders of the ring-leaders, and set down in the midst of the room, amid furious cries from without. He was the bearer of a message, that the crowd would not move from the castle until the treasurer Landais should be surrendered as a prisoner.

'What harm has he done them?' asked the Duke.

'Give him up, let him be tried, and they may be patient. Imprisonment is not condemnation,' was the Chancellor's argument.

And François had no choice but to yield. 'Assure me that he shall be treated with justice,' he said.

'God forbid that aught else should befall, my Lord; or that I should take part in any council where it is done otherwise.'

François took his sobbing trembling favourite by the hand, and made him over to the Chancellor. 'I give him to you, forbidding, on your life, that any wrong or injury be done to him under pretext of justice, or otherwise. You owe him your fortune and dignity. Remember this in his time of need.'

Landais was led out between the Chancellor and another noble, who could hardly save him from being torn to pieces on his way to the Tower of St. Nicholas. Commissioners were named, and acts of accusation drawn up. The murder of Chauvin was the chief; but there were many other persons of less mark who had been put out of the way by his means; and he was also found to have received large sums from Richard III., to deliver Henry Tudor up to him. The crimes were considered to be fully proved; and he was condemned by the States-general to die. The sentence naturally required confirmation by the Duke; but as all knew that he would never give it, it was not sought; nay, a watch was set all round the castle, to prevent anyone from entering who might inform him of the judgement, lest he should send a pardon. He was in feeble health, and saw few persons, which made the task easier; and the Count de Comminges was sent to keep him amused while the execution was actually going on. François asked about the trial; and on hearing that there were heavy charges against Landais, said, 'Let him have done what he will, I shall pardon him. I will not have him die!'

When he heard the next day that his friend had actually been hung

in agonies of despair at that very time, his anger against Comminges was very bitter, and his grief great; but it was shared by no one. Cardinal de Foix remarked, on hearing of the execution, *Bestia quæ tetigerit montem, lapidabitur*, 'If a beast touch the mountain, it shall be stoned:' meaning that low birth aspired to high place at its peril—a fit proverb for the haughty feudal nobility.

The feeble Duke fell into the hands of his nobles; the Prince of Orange became the lieutenant general, jointly with the Marshal de Rieux, and their party abandoned the idea of giving up Brittany to France on his death; but all made oath to accept the little Anne, or failing her, her sister Isabelle; and the question became still more pressing who should be the husband of the little heiress, more especially as her father had become subject to violent attacks of illness. Her father preferred the Duke of Orleans; the Prince of Orange favoured Maximilian of Austria, the widower of Marie of Burgundy; and the States of Brittany, who did not want to be swamped in any larger dominion, would have had her marry either Jean, son of the Sieur de Rohan, who was descended from the old dukes, or else the Gascon Count Alain d'Albrêt, whose mother had been a Breton princess. Of one thing Anne herself was clear—that whoever she married, it should not be Alain d'Albrêt, who was old enough to be her grandfather, a widower with twelve children; and was not only grey-haired, but rugged and harsh-looking, and whose courtship consisted in swearing at the Duke, and bidding him give his daughter to the man who could best defend her. His half-sister, Madame de Laval, was Anne's governess, and continually pressed his claims on her; but this did not conduce to the young lady liking him any the better.

Another quarrel with the Dame de Beaujeu sent Orleans again from the court of France. Indeed, he and Dunois had tried to persuade the King to fly with them, and shake off his subjection to his sister; and Charles might not have been unwilling, but the plot was discovered, and he was obliged again to repair to Brittany, where further hostilities on the part of Madame de Beaujeu led to the conviction that she intended Brittany to be claimed as a male fief, lapsing to the Crown.

This united all the disputants in one league against her, and arms were taken up on either side; Alain d'Albrêt brought four thousand Gascons, and there was a general muster of troops. In the midst, the Duchess of Brittany died; and the poor young girls, twelve and ten years old, were left still more to the mercy of circumstance. Another death at the same time made Pierre de Beaujeu head of the ducal House of Bourbon, and the next prince of the blood-royal to Orleans. The high-spirited Anne, now a duchess, was advancing with her brother's army to Tours; but she did not entrust the command to any of the princes, placing at the head of it the young Loys de la Trimoille, in whom she had great confidence. He advanced into Brittany with twelve thousand men, and took Chateaubriand, Ancenis, and Fougères;

and was advancing to the Castle of St. Aubin du Cormière when he came upon the Breton army.

This was only in part Breton; it was also in great part composed of French under Orleans, and Gascons under D'Albret; and all three bodies were excessively jealous of one another. There were also a thousand lanzknechts sent by Maximilian, and seven hundred English archers, under Edward Woodville, Lord Scales, whom Henry VII. had granted to his former host; and in order to make it appear that their numbers were larger, seventeen hundred Bretons assumed the Red Cross of St. George, instead of their own black one. Dunois, the only able man, was not among them. He was too fat for war; and was negociating with the King, and in his absence the commanders had all been quarrelling. Orleans and D'Albrêt each pretended to the chief command, upon which the Council decided that it should be given to the Marshal de Rieux, as the rightful leader of the troops of Brittany; but though Orleans submitted readily, D'Albrêt spread a report that the Prince intended to go over to the enemy in the middle of the battle; and even persuaded de Rieux to separate him and his horsemen from the rest of the army, and forbid their advance. The French, in rage and vexation, entreated to resign their horses to the Bretons, and fight on foot among the English archers; and this arrangement naturally proved fatal.

The first shock of the two foremost lines was tolerably equal; but the Neapolitan condottiere Galeotti, in the French service, turned the flank of the allied army, and made short work of the Bretons on French horses; after which there was nothing to do but to cut down the foot-soldiers, especially the Germans and English. Lord Scales was killed. The Prince of Orange tore off his red cross, and lay down among the bodies, but was recognized; and the Duke of Orleans was found among the Germans, and discovered by means of the craw-fish, the badge upon his armour. A Swiss halberdier dragged him out; and there was a fierce brawl among the soldiery for the possession of him and his ransom.

Louis de l'Hopital, the captain of the division, could not control the men; and only the arrival of La Trimoille secured the Prince from insult. That night, the prisoners all were sitting at supper in La Trimoille's tent, when in came two Franciscan friars, prepared to hear confessions. Everyone knew what that meant.

'My Lords,' said La Trimoille to Orleans and Orange, 'I have no power over you. You are reserved for the King.—But as to you, ye knights, who have broken your oaths and been guilty of treason, you must die.'

Entreaties were of no avail. All were beheaded that very night. Albrêt, Rohan, Rieux, and some others, had escaped; but much of the noblest blood of Brittany flowed on that fatal night of the 25th of July, 1488, which the patriotic Bretons regard as having been the death-blow to their independence.

When the tidings reached Angers, where the Court was awaiting them, the Duchess of Bourbon resolved that no influence should work on her brother in favour of the Duke of Orleans; and finding that he had sent his own guard to escort his brother-in-law to him, she sent off her husband to take charge of the prisoner, and carry him by slow stages to Bourges, where one of the iron cages of Louis XI. awaited him. His forgiving wife, Jeanne—though his whole object in fighting had been to displace her—was so anxious to plead for him, that her sister would not allow her to approach her brother's presence. But the unhappy man's own mother was virulent against him. 'Take courage, Madame,' she wrote to the Duchess. 'Shew yourself valorous. Punish those who act against the King more sharply than you have yet done!'

Madame was indeed bent on doing so effectually in Brittany. Trimoille was advancing; and the sick and miserable Duke had no army to oppose to him, and could only sue for peace. Anne of Bourbon would have refused, and trampled Brittany under foot; but for the first time Charles, now eighteen, openly opposed her. His chancellor, Guy de Rochefort, an excellent man, represented to him that the Crown had no rights over Brittany, bidding him remember that an unjust conqueror is nothing but a robber. Charles was a man on whom a grand idea had an immense effect. Like the Duke Philippe le Bon, like his own ancestor Jean, and unlike the two kings immediately before him, he would do anything that impressed his imagination. He insisted that Brittany should receive fair terms; and a peace was signed at Sablé, on the 20th of August, by which the Duke engaged to send away all the strangers who had stirred him up against the King, and not to marry his daughters without the royal consent. François was in fact too much enfeebled to think much about the matter; he was only fifty-three, but so infirm, that on the 9th of September he dropped off his horse, and the next day was so ill, that he signed his will, leaving Rieux and Comminges as guardians to his daughters, bidding Madame de Laval be retained as governess, and that nothing should be done without the advice of Dunois. He died the next day, September the 11th, 1488; and there stood Anne of Brittany, not yet thirteen, duchess in her own right, a mark for all the ambitious, and without a disinterested friend!

'La petite Brette,' as the court called her, was a girl of no ordinary spirit and capacity. She was not regularly beautiful; but had a clear fresh set of features, of a princely and commanding mould, with fine chestnut hair, and dark piercing eyes. Her personal charms were of no importance, indeed, in the contest for her hand; but they reckoned for a good deal in her own power and influence over her guardians, upon which turned the decision of her fate. She was no puppet to be tamely disposed of as they pleased; and when Marshal de Rieux set forth his favourite project of marrying her to Alain d'Albrêt, she stood forth, and not only expressed her strong repugnance, but reminded him of D'Albrêt's large promises and very insufficient performances, and

declared that if such a horrible match were forced on her, she should at once go into a convent and take the veil.

Her chancellor, Montauban, supported her, and assisted her in sending off a trusty servant of her father with a letter to Henry VII., entreating his assistance; but at the same time the vice-chancellor had forged a request to the Pope for a dispensation for a marriage between Anne and Alain, who were within the prohibited degrees. However, Montauban undertook, on the part of the young lady, to intimate her refusal to her unwelcome suitor; and did it so effectually, that he and his friend Rieux broke out in a fury, and said, 'if he spoke further, they would make him a bloody head!' the Marshal even drawing his sword.

Meantime, the French troops had never retired since the battle of St. Aubin, but quietly took place after place; and Charles VII. sent to claim the two young sisters as his wards, intimating that he should bestow them on the two sons of the Vicomte de Rohan, who had gone over to the French party, and were so hated by the patriotic of their countrymen, that the proverb arose, 'to eat at the manger like a Rohan,' the manger being the table of the King of France. Plans for giving the two girls up to the French were continually being detected; and they had to wander like hunted hares from city to city. Orleans was in his cage at Bourges; and the last resource was the Archduke Maximilian of Austria.

The only son of the Emperor Friedrich V. was a shrewd clever man, who, beginning as heir to a mere fragment of the Archduchy of Austria, had assumed for his device the five vowels, a e i o u, which was interpreted to mean, *Austria est imperare orbi universo*, 'Austria is to rule the whole world,' or 'Austria's empire is over (the) universe.' Gradually inheritance brought Austria into his hands, and election the German Empire. Craft and perseverance made him far more really the master than any Kaisar before him; and his long reign (from 1440 to 1493) enabled him to consolidate his power, so that the empire became in a manner hereditary in his family. He was exceedingly avaricious, and much averse both to war and to positive engagements; so that he was said only to have sworn two oaths in his life—one when he was crowned King of the Romans at Aachen, and the other when he was crowned emperor at Rome. But he was not in the habit of keeping his promises; and was so cold and unfeeling, that he was universally disliked. His wife, Leonor of Portugal, must have transmitted to her son something of the noble nature of the House of Avis, for there were few greater contrasts than that between the father and son.

Maximilian—whose name was invented by his father, as a compromise between Fabius Maximus and Scipio Æmilianus, his two favourite heroes—was educated to the full extent of the learning of his day, and made researches into all the more recondite paths and new inventions; not only studying alchemy, astrology, and even necromancy, but delighting in the more reasonable pursuits of printing, wood-engraving, painting, and the inventions that sprang up in gunnery. Daring to the

last extent, he was always meeting with hairs-breadth escapes—now visiting lions in their cage, and having to beat them off with a fire-shovel; now going so near a water-mill, that the point of his long shoe was torn off in the wheel; now barely escaping the bursting of a cannon; now climbing to the topmost pinnacle of the still uncompleted spire of Ulm Cathedral; always in direful peril; and never more so than in his favourite sport of chamois-hunting on the mountains of Tirol. There, bears, avalanches, mountain winds, and downfalls of stones, seemed to lie in wait for his life; and on one special occasion, on the Martinswand, a Tirolean precipice, he was for fifty hours on a cleft in the rock, unable to get up or down, though in the sight of the whole population of the village, who were incapable of helping him, except that the priest brought out the Host for him to adore, fully believing that he must ere long expire from starvation, or become giddy and fall into the abyss. At last a shepherd-boy, by some unknown means, reached him, and helped him to regain a place of safety. A sculpture of Maximilian and a crucifix still mark the spot; but strange to say, the shepherd never re-appeared, and was even thought by many to have been an angel sent to his relief. All these, and many other wonderful adventures, he afterwards put together in two books, called, one 'Theurdank,' and the other 'Der Weise König,' with a strange half allegorical history of himself, always tending towards his ladye-love, the crown of his labours.

His beloved Marie of Burgundy was always the lady he meant, though his marriage with her, in his nineteenth year, had only lasted three years. His love for her was still devoted; but her Flemings would by no means accept him for regent for his infant son Philippe, whom they made over to the widow of the last duke, Margaret of York; while his little daughter Marguerite had, as before mentioned, been sent off to France, as the bride of young Charles VIII.

Since that time, Maximilian had been crowned King of the Romans, in 1487, so that he was the first prince as well as the most brilliant knight in Europe: and Anne recollected how he had before been the champion of a distressed heiress; but then he had been a youth, and already loved the damsel, whereas now it was a matter of policy. Unluckily he was more impulsive, and therefore less sparing of oaths, than his father; but he fully meant to keep those that he made. He sent off his friend, Wolfgang of Polheim, to espouse 'la petite Brette;' and only waited himself to raise a body of five thousand Germans, with whom he proceeded to march through Flanders. But as nothing would have been more inconvenient to France than to have Brittany united with Austria, Anne of Beaujeu and her ministers stirred up the jealousy of the citizens of Ghent and Bruges to resent his coming into the Netherlands with an armed force. On his entering Bruges with a small suite, the citizens rose in a great tumult; and while Maximilian took refuge in an apothecary's shop, several of his friends were seized and beheaded. After a day spent among the drugs, he was taken to

the castle, and kept a prisoner for ten months, during which Anne called herself Queen of the Romans, and waited in vain.

The English parliament had been touched by the orphan girl's appeal, and made a grant of seventy-five thousand pounds for the maintenance of the war on her behalf, which the wily king meant to use for his own advantage. It was so harshly levied in the north, that the people rose in tumult, and murdered the King's lieutenant, Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland. Several gentlemen joined the rebellion; but it was put down by the Earl of Surrey. Sir John Egremont, who had hoped to make this a Yorkist demonstration, fled to the Duchess of Burgundy; and one John à Chambre, the ringleader, was hung at York, on a square gallows, as a 'traitor paramount.' After all, only twenty-five thousand pounds was obtained from the people.

Threats from the Pope, Emperor, and States-general, had forced the citizens of Bruges to release Maximilian; and joining his Germans, who had kept the field, he besieged St. Omer. Dixmude, a faithful Flemish town, was attacked by the French and Flemings; and Lords Daubeny and Morley, with two thousand archers, joined the German force, and fell on them in their camp, though it was defended by heavy guns. The bold English archers announced themselves by a volley of arrows, then lay down while the cannon were fired, rose up, shot their arrows once more, and then rushed into the camp, driving all before them, but with the loss of the brave young Lord Morley. An archer, named John Pearson, of Coventry, whose leg was taken off by a cannon, continued to shoot his arrows kneeling; and when the Frenchmen fled, called out to one of his comrades, 'Have thou these six arrows that I have left, and follow thou the chase, for I may not!' There was a terrible carnage, eight thousand being killed.

Meantime, six thousand archers were sent, under Sir Robert Willoughby, to serve in Brittany for six months; but on condition that two fortresses should be surrendered to Henry as guarantees that the expense should be repaid; and while he intimated to the French court that he had forbidden his troops to attack them, Anne suspected them of intending to give her up to Alain; and they only increased her distress, though they did actually prevent the French from pushing their conquests further.

To her great comfort too, Dunois, whom she trusted more than all, made his escape from the French court, and brought his stout person to her support. He had not much hope of gaining her for Louis of Orleans, who was lying sick in the Grosse Tour de Bourges. The faithful Jeanne's tears had wrung from her sister permission to visit her husband; and she travelled to Bourges, where, at sight of the tower, she burst into a fit of weeping, and came trembling into his prison. 'Ah, Monsieur,' she cried, 'in what a state do I see you!'

But Louis turned his face away, saying, 'Madame, you have reason to hate me; but let me alone.'

She entreated him to believe in her affection; but he would not be convinced that she had not been sent by her sister to rejoice over him. He saw in this gentle forgiving woman only the daughter of Louis XI., the sister of Anne of Bourbon, the pale phantom to whom he was bound, baffling all his schemes of ambition. He absolutely hated her. And though she three times returned to him, beseeching to be allowed to remain and nurse him, he treated her with the same sullen contempt; but still she would not leave Bourges, and remained in the town, lodging in a convent, and selling her jewels to procure him the comforts that her sister denied him.

The Duchess of Brittany had at least won the enthusiastic love of her own people, who held out her castles against the French to the last extremity. But still the enemy advanced; and in the spring of 1489, Anne, who was at Rhedon, found herself obliged to repair to Nantes. She sent to Rieux and Comminges to escort her thither, but they did not come; and she found that they had themselves gone to Nantes, and had met D'Albrêt there, doubtless to prejudice the people against her. The brave girl at once set forth with her little sister and Montauban, only guarded by ten Bretons; and on the way was joined by Dunois with his troops. At Nantes, however, when she called on the town to open the gates, she was told that she might enter alone, but that her guards would not be admitted; and she well knew that this meant that she should soon find herself married to grim old Alain. Indeed, the horsemen of her two guardians actually sallied forth to capture the refractory little ward; but she, crying, '*A moi, Dunois!*' lightly perched herself *en croupe* behind her chancellor, while Dunois and his men spurred against her assailants. They did not venture to couch lance against their lady, and re-entered the town, whence they sent word to her that they would let her in by the postern gate, but still alone.

Not she! 'I will go into my good town by the great gates,' quoth she, 'as Princess and Duchess of Brittany!'

And settling herself in the suburbs, she sent a message to the burghers to come and meet her there; but the regents hindered them from passing out; though they, on the other hand, were able to hinder the regents from trying to dislodge or capture the young ladies. After a fortnight's waiting, she received a courteous invitation from the city of Rennes, whither she started; but Rieux immediately sallied forth in pursuit, and came up with her near Vannes. But as soon as she saw him, Anne turned her horse, rode straight up to him, and with a bold voice rebuked him as a disloyal and traitorous knight, and ordered him back to the place from whence he came. He was so much daunted, that he actually went back without more ado.

Anne was received at Rennes with great state; and many presents were offered her by the citizens, most welcome in her impoverished condition. There she breathed a little; but by way of complicating matters, the Duchess of Bourbon released the Prince of Orange, and a band of

Spanish soldiers arrived to offer their services to the unhappy duchy. English, French, Spanish, and Breton, were all fighting. The French were trying to subdue the duchy, the Bretons to defend it; but then, on the one hand, Anne, aided by one Breton party, and by the Spaniards, was maintaining her freedom of choice; and on the other, Rieux, with the rest of the Bretons and the English, was striving to force her into the marriage with Alain d'Albrêt; while Dunois was secretly determined that if he could not marry the young duchess to his near kinsman, the Duke of Orleans, he would marry her to his more distant one, the King of France.

Meantime Henry VII. distressed the poor little duchess, his *bonne fille*, as he called her, by sending his physician, Dr. Ashbrook, to assure her of his friendship, and advise her to make her peace with her guardians. It was Henry's interest that Anne should marry a petty noble, so as to prevent her dukedom from being added to either France or Austria, so his views were for D'Albrêt; and he tried to frighten the poor girl into yielding to Rieux by fear of poison.

Anne found him out, and upbraided him with his treachery; and tried further to secure herself by going through the marriage ceremony with Maximilian's proxy, the Count of Nassau. But this was of little use, for the King of the Romans had been called off to a desperate war in Hungary, and could get neither men nor money from his father; and it only had the effect of enraging Alain d'Albrêt to such a degree, that he betrayed the city of Nantes into the hands of the French, on the stipulation that Anne should be given to him, if possible, and if not, the compensation of a large pension.

This had at least the benefit of opening De Rieux's eyes. He saw how foolish he had been in his desire to preserve the independence of his country, in linking it to a man so justly detestable to a young girl, and he eagerly entreated the Duchess to believe that he had no part in the treason; but he was still too proud to allow that he stood in need of pardon, and insisted that the Duchess should give him letters expressive of her approval of all his doings since her father's death. She granted them, glad to recover an old friend just when she was left more forlorn than ever by the death of her little sister, Isabeau.

The reconciliation had come too late to repulse the French. Charles VIII. was actually in Nantes in person, with an army meant for conquest; but he was alone, without his sister, and twenty-one years of age—resolved to act for himself. There was one person to whom this gave hopes—the loving and forgiving Jeanne. She hastened to Nantes; but the city was full; no lodging had been appointed for her; and she with her suite remained in the street till an officer of the King's guard gave up his quarters to her. Even then she could not see her brother; but after some weeks, at last the Comte de Myollans obtained admission for her to his presence. She threw herself at his feet, weeping. 'Alas! my foolish Jeanne,' he said, lifting her up, 'you ask

what is against your own interest. Heaven grant you may never repent of having gained your petition!'

Charles sent on his army with La Trimoille, to threaten Anne of Brittany in Rennes, and went back to Plessis les Tours to collect reinforcements. Meantime Dunois had come as a negociator to both Charles and Madame de Bourbon, representing to them that the surest way out of all their difficulties would be to break off the King's betrothal with Marguerite of Austria, and let him marry 'la petite Brette' himself. Madame, who hated Brittany and all belonging to it, would hardly listen; but when at last she was convinced that conquest would never win the rugged people to her brother's crown, she consented; and Dunois then undertook to bring the Bretons and their lady to agree, on one condition, namely, the release of the Duke of Orleans.

This was very bitter to Anne of Bourbon; but she allowed Dunois to visit his cousin, and obtain from him a pledge that he would not disturb the project. It was wrung from him with difficulty. All her patience and sweetness had failed to win a particle of love for poor Jeanne; and it was only Dunois' representations that it was hopeless that the Duchess of Brittany should ever wed him, and that it would be better for them all for their own king to have her instead of the King of the Romans, that he yielded. Still Madame would not utter a word to her brother about releasing him; and finally Charles resolved to do it himself.

He set out from Plessis, as if to hunt, gallopped on with a few attendants; and after two days, reaching the neighbourhood of Bourges, sent a gentleman on to desire the governor to deliver up to him the Duke of Orleans. The cousins met with warmth, shared the same chamber and table, and shewed the affection for each other that Charles at least really felt.

Meantime, Dunois went to Brittany to fulfil his difficult task. The states of the duchy were unwilling enough. They knew it was the loss of their proud cherished independence; but they were utterly desolated by a nine years war, and saw no help. Anne herself was unpersuadable. She stood forth resolutely against all entreaties. She was Maximilian's wife; and if he could not come to her, she would go to him. Still she persisted, even when her last city, Rennes, was besieged by the French. She would only consent to any surrender, on condition that her rights, and those of the Crown, should be settled by arbitration; while she should be escorted to embark at St. Malo, to go to her affianced husband in Germany.

It was agreed to. But an evening or two later, a young gentleman, with a very few attendants, passed into the city of Rennes, and saw the Duchess alone. He went back to the French camp the same night; and the troops were withdrawn from Brittany. A fortnight later, Duchess Anne was missing. After some inquiry, it was found that she

was gone to the Chateau de Langeuis, over the French border, under the escort of her chancellor, Montauban. There she was met by the King, with the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, the Counts of Foix and Angoulême, and others of his chief nobility; the dispensation was ready, and she was married to him on the 13th or 16th of December, it is uncertain which, of 1491.

The stolen personal interview had gained her heart. Charles was big-headed, pale-faced, under-sized; but he was full of the sentiment of generous romance, and a chivalrous gentleman in his manners; and he was twenty-one. The sorely perplexed girl of seventeen had tried to wait for the graceful vision of Louis of Orleans; she had striven and struggled in vain for the last of the knights, Maximilian: but he came not; her dukedom was desolation; every creature against her; and when she saw that Charles was no D'Albrêt, but a kind and courteous youth, she had yielded at last. And so Marguerite of Austria was sent home to her father, the disappointed Maximilian; and the rugged old dukedom of Brittany became annexed to the Crown.

(To be continued.)

THE PILLARS OF THE HOUSE;

OR,

UNDER WODE, UNDER RODE.

CHAPTER XXV.

DON GIOVANNI.

'Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men.
* * * * *
And ever against eating cares
Lap me in soft Lydian airs.
* * * *
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running.'

Milton.

The Monday brought business instead of sentiment. Not only was the Pursuivant to be provided for, but Felix had on his mind the year's accounts. No one had ever had Froggatt and Underwood's Christmas bill later than the second week in January—and no one should. Besides, he was very anxious to balance his books this critical year, and was unwilling to employ a professional accountant for what, as far as head went, he could do perfectly well. His willing helpers began to perceive what they had never realized before—his practised power of quickness

and accuracy. The Pursuivant was quite work enough for Cherry, even if she could have borne the strain of application to accounts; Lancelot was needed in the shop; and Wilmet and Clement found themselves whirled on beyond their power of speed. Robina proved the most efficient helper; for arithmetic had been so well taught by Miss Fennimore, that she understood with less trouble to herself and Felix than any of the rest. They laughed to find that five had been about what he usually did singly; and that he had all the time been the main-spring of them all—referee to Lance and Cherry, arranging for the others in pencil with his left hand, breaking off to direct one, verify for another, explain to the third, and often distracting them by whistling to Theodore, amusing Stella, or gossiping with Edgar—all with ease and without hurry, as if it came naturally to him. 'Julius Cæsar was nothing to him!' laughed Geraldine, as she perceived the ability and power that she had never ascribed to him before, because he had not Edgar's brilliance. As to Edgar, though he had been trained for a merchant's clerk, he professed to have forgotten all his training: he would only proffer help to the editorial business, and there put out Cherry's arrangements more than he helped her; and finding everyone much too busy to loiter, he took his departure early on Tuesday morning, leaving an unsatisfactory sense that he had not been comforted nor made welcome enough—a sense of regret and yet of relief.

The result of the balance was that the Pursuivant was a less profitable investment than hitherto, but by no means a loss; while the Tribune seemed to have reached a present level of circulation, where it might rest till some further excitement. There would henceforth be a hand-to-hand struggle; but the Pursuivant still held its own. And as to the private budget, the household *had* pulled through without exceeding their income, when all the demands of the year were answered. Moreover, Fulbert had been appointed to a well-paid office, and had sent home twenty-five pounds, begging that Lance might have the preference in the disposal; and the whole family were very proud of this, the first substantial help that had been sent in by any of the brothers—Lance proudest of all, perhaps, though he declared that it was no good to him, and begged that it might clear Bernard's first year.

Lance had said nothing all this time of Edgar's invitations, and no one was sure whether that unscrupulous person had made them to him in person or not, till one dismal foggy afternoon at the end of the week. Felix, though still helpless as to his hand and arm, had resumed his place down-stairs; and Cherry was sitting in the window, to get light to pursue her work of unpicking a dove-coloured French merino dress, a legacy of Alda's, which was to be dyed and made up again for Angela. It was a business that she disliked—it always seemed to bring the sense of grinding to her mind—and this particular dress seemed to carry in every fold the remembrance of some jar between the wearer and herself; nor was she exhilarated by the accompaniment, for Robina

was dutifully puzzling out on the worn old piano a long difficult sonatina—a sort of holiday task, which lay heavy on the child's mind, and seemed to Cherry a mere labyrinth of confused sounds. The dull day, the dull work, the weary clash up to the place where Robina never failed to stumble, and then go back to the beginning with no better success, wore Cherry's spirits. She began to feel as if this were like her life—all mist, all toil, all din, everything fair and lovely closed up from her, nothing left but the yearning knowledge that it existed, and that everybody could enjoy it except herself—she, who felt such capacity for making the most of it. The sense of imprisoned tedium grew so strong at last, that she was ready to cry out to stop the only thing she could stop, when she was sensible that a very different hand was on the keys—no confused or uncertain touch, but the harmony was being read off, and the stammering spelling work was exchanged for clear, true, feeling discourse. She needed not to look round to know that Lance was standing behind Robina; but presently he came to a dull discordant note, and broke off with a growl of disgust, 'What, another gone!'

'Didn't you know that?'

'No; I can't bear to touch the wretched old thing, it makes me sick!'

'I wish we could learn to tune it.'

'Poulter did shew me once, but it's no good. It is just as makeshift and disgusting as all the rest of it!'

'You've got a head-ache, Lance.'

'No, I haven't. Felix has been at me, too.'

'What! he sent you up?'

'Ay;' and as Robina sat down on a low stool, he threw himself on the floor, with his head on her lap, delivering himself of a howling yawn.

'Why did he send you up?' as she stroked his hair back from his temples.

'Oh, it has been an intolerable bother! All the samples of writing-paper have somehow been and gone and got into the wrong drawers, and Mr. Underwood has been in no end of a state of mind—quite ferocious; and Lamb and I have been sorting and struggling to get 'em right, till at last I didn't know fancy pink from widow's deepest affliction; and Felix, by way of the most cutting thing he could do to me, orders me up-stairs!'

'I am so sorry!' It must have been Lamb's doing.'

'No; he's much too sober-sided. It was mine, I'm sure, one day when I was hating it all a little worse than usual.'

'Hating it all! O Lance! I thought you got on so well!'

'A nice sort of getting on! I know when it was. There were those two Miss Bayneses—out at Upham—came in with some fad about note-paper, made a monstrous fuss; but they are very pretty—something like that girl at Stoneborough. So I wrote up to Scott's—took no end of trouble. Scott had to cut it on purpose—wouldn't do less than a ream

—and after all, when it came down, my young ladies just take one quire of it, turn everything over again, never say one word of thanks, but stand chattering away to an ape of a cousin that came in with them. I was in such a wax, that I believe I jumbled up the paper when they'd gone, and tumbled it all over again; and it has never got the better of it, though I always meant to set it to rights.'

'Well, I think it served you right, if you only did it because they were pretty!'

'It wasn't altogether that; but I knew they would say nothing was to be had when Mr. Underwood wasn't there. That's the way of it; one's just a bit of a machine for getting them things!'

'You knew that before, when you took the work.'

'Yes; but somehow I did not know it would be so disgusting. I don't suppose that girl at Stoneborough would look at me over the counter now. No, and I don't know that she ought, either; only people might have a civil "Thank you" to throw at one. I'm an ass, that's all! Only one hates having no one to speak to!'

'It is different from the Harewoods.'

'Don't talk about that!'

'But, Lance, I thought you liked it all. You said you did when I came home; and when Felix was laid up, you were everything, and did so well. I thought you would have been pleased.'

'Yes; I saw the whole stupidity and botheration of the thing. It has got to be work instead of play—I suppose that's it.'

'But, Lance, does it follow that you must go on with it all your life, because you are helping Felix through this winter?'

'While the accounts look like this, I don't see how he is to pay a stuck-up shopman. No, it is all stuff and nonsense! I didn't think Edgar's talk would have upset me like this.'

'What? his talk about operas, and concerts, and pictures—?'

'And the spirit and the fun that is always going there. That must be life! One's eyes and ears do seem given one for something there! Do you know, Bob, he wants me to come up and live with him, and get an engagement as a pianist, and learn the violin?'

'O Lance! but Felix and Wilmet would never consent!'

'No, and they didn't ought to. No, I could never,' and he spoke low, but Cherry heard his clear voice distinctly, 'give the stage what was taught me for that other purpose. If I can't be what I want, I must do this common work for my living, and not make a market of my music. I can *give* that freely to the Church—that is, if I ever get my voice again.'

'That's right, dear Lancey,' said Robina, looking down at the face on her knees; 'you could not really like that odd life Edgar leads.'

'Like it? Much you know about it, Bob. It does make everything else seem as dull as ditch-water!'

'Not always.'

'Not when I can get it out of my head. Only I do wish things wouldn't be so stupid here. It's just like a horse in a mill seeing a fine thorough-bred come and kick up his heels at him in a meadow. I say, Bob, let's go and get a turn at the organ—you can blow for me; it will get the maggots out of my brain best.'

'Oh yes, dear Lance, only—'

'Only what?'

'If you didn't much mind those horrible notes, could you just shew me the sense of that thing? I must learn it before I go back to school; and Angel hates it so, I did it when she was out.'

Lance made an ineffable grimace; but having undertaken to act music-master, he first played the piece as exquisitely as the cracked piano would allow, and then scolded poor Robin within an inch of her life at every blunder, for her utter lack of taste, vituperating the stupidity of those who threw good music away upon her.

She took it all as an honour and a kindness, though she cried out for a respite long before she had come up to his rather unreasonable requirements; and reminding him that it would soon be too dark for his designs on the church organ, she went to get ready; and the two were not seen again till after dark, when the patient Robin came in very cold, but there was a bright peacefulness on Lance's face, as if he had played away his repinings.

Felix explained the having sent him away by saying that the strain of the days when he had been in charge had told on him, for he had grown so confused and distressed in the endeavour to remedy the mistakes that had been made, that it had been needful for every reason to send him away from the scene of action. No doubt the responsibility, and the resistance to Edgar's invitations, had been a considerable pressure on his mind; but whatever his longings might be, he said no more about them, and continued to be the sunshine of the house—so bright, frank, and open, that no one would have guessed at the deep reserves within.

It was about a month later that one evening he darted into the room, exclaiming, 'I *say*, who do you think is here? Why, Renville, Edgar's boss!'

'Nothing the matter, I hope?' cried Cherry.

'Oh no, nothing; only Tom Underwood has sent him down to see about some picture at Centry, and so he dropped in, and Felix has asked him to spend the evening.'

'The evening!' Wilmet started up.

'Hark! there they are on the stairs!'

The introduction was deferred, for Felix shut him into Mr. Froggatt's room, and then came himself to say, 'I couldn't but ask him; I hope it is not *very* troublesome?'

'N—no—oh, no,' said Wilmet. 'Only—Lance, should you mind just running down to Prothero's to get some rashers; and let me see—eggs, if he has any he can recommend, and not above sixpence for seven?'

'Little Lightfoot is there,' said Felix, who even in his shoe-cleaning days would not have liked such a commission.

'He has no sense, returned Wilmet; 'and I can't spare one of the maids. You don't mind, Lance?'

'Not a whistle. Only how is my sense to act, if Prothero's conscience won't warrant his eggs?'

Wilmet's answer was lost in the clank of coppers, as she left the room with her willing *aide-de-camp*, and neither of them was seen again for the next half hour, during which time Felix had introduced the neat dapper little Mr. Renville to his sister Geraldine and little Stella; and a conversation had begun which entertained Cherry extremely—it was so like a breath from that wonderful world of art in which Edgar lived; and meantime the painter's quick eye was evidently taking stock of the drawings on the walls, and feasting on little Stella's childish beauty, though he was too polite to make remarks. There had been only just time for Felix and Cherry to look at each other, wondering what their house-keeper designed, when the door between the rooms was opened by Lance, with a face as red as a boiled lobster; and behind the tea-tray appeared Wilmet's head, likewise considerably heightened in complexion, though not so unbecomingly. Nor had they roasted themselves for nothing. Lance looked and winked with conscious pride at the poached eggs, frizzled contorted rashers, and crisp toast, wherein he had had his share of glory; and Wilmet's pile of scones in their snowy napkin divided the honours of the feast with the rissoles, previously provided for the brothers, who, since Felix's health had become matter of thought, had come to make their principal meal in the leisure of the evening, when that notable housewife of theirs could provide for them.

Certainly, Mr. Renville's own Nuremburg haus-frau could not have turned out a neater little impromptu supper than Wilmet had done; though she had decidedly objected to Lance's concealment of the uncouth forms of the butter with fern-leaves from the garden, and had flatly refused to let him station either a pot of jonquils or a glass of snowdrops in the middle of the table. 'Eating was eating, and flowers were flowers,' she said; which sentiment somehow tickled Lance so much, that choking added to the redness of his visage, as, while buttering the muffins, he tried to exercise some sculpture on the ill-shaped lump.

To a Londoner, however, all country fare was fresh, pure, and delicious, more especially when dispensed by one who, for all her disdain of the poetry of life, could not but be in herself a satisfaction to the artist's eye. He could not help a little start of amazement; and as he paused while Cherry made her slow way into the other room, he could not refrain from whispering to Felix that he had always thought the portraits Edgar brought from home a little too ideal, but that he perceived that they did not do justice to the reality; and Felix, with a little curl of his mouth, and rub of his hands, asked whether Mr. Renville had seen his other twin sister. 'Yes; she was extremely

handsome, but somehow her style did not explain that classical beauty in the same manner.'

To look at Wilmet and Stella, and to talk to Felix and Geraldine, was no despicable pleasure. Felix's powers of conversation were a good deal cultivated by the clients of the reading-room, who had always gossipped with Mr. Froggatt as now with him; and Geraldine had native wit and liveliness, that were sure to flash out whenever the first chill of shyness was taken off, as it easily was when her brother was there to take the lead.

But Cherry was not prepared for that proposal of Felix's that she should shew her drawings to the guest. Poor man, he must be so much used to the sight of young-lady drawings; and of late Cherry had been in the depths of despair about hers, with all their defects, that she knew not how to remedy, glaring full upon her. She would have protested, but Lance had handed out the portfolio; and fluttering, nervous, eager, she must conquer her silly sense of being 'all in a twitter.'

Those two or three fanciful groups—his 'Ah, very pretty!' was just courteous and almost weary. But then came an endeavour to produce Lance as the faithful little acolyte in the Silver Store. Mr. Renville looked at that much more attentively, smiled as he nodded at her model, and praised the accuracy of the drawing of the hand. From that moment his manner of looking was altogether different. He criticised so hard that Wilmet was in pain, and thought poor Cherry would be annihilated; but Cherry, on the other hand, was drinking in every word, asking questions, explaining difficulties, and Mr. Renville evidently extremely interested, seeing and hearing nothing but the sketches and the lame girl.

'Who had been her teacher?'

'Edgar.'

'No one else? Only your brother?' in great surprise. 'I don't know when I have seen such accuracy even in the school of art.'

'Edgar is so particular about that.'

'Well, if I could only get him to learn his own lesson!'

'I have so little to copy,' said Cherry. 'I have nothing to distract me.'

It was little enough; a few second-hand studies of his; a cast that Felix had given her off an Italian boy's board, which came opportunely on her birth-day; and her living models when she could catch them, generally surreptitiously. But upon her small materials she had worked perseveringly, going back to the same subject whenever she gained a new light, profiting by every hint, till the result was an evident amazement to the artist; and as he emphatically said, pointing to an outline caught from John Harewood as he was reading last summer, 'This is not talent, it is genius! You ought to give yourself advantages, Miss Underwood.'

Cherry smiled rather sadly. 'It is quite enough that Edgar should have them,' she said.

'Ah! if he would only take half the pains with his drawing that he seems to have inculcated upon you!'

It was a disappointment. She had much rather have heard Edgar's genius praised than her own, which, be it what it might, she had come to believe must, for want of cultivation, be limited to the supply of Christmas cards and unsatisfactory illuminations.

But when the sisters had gone to bed, Mr. Renville had much more to say. He had sought Felix out a good deal for the purpose of talking over Edgar. He said that the young man's talent was of a graceful, fantastic, ingenious description, such as with application would be available for prosperity if not for eminence; but application Edgar had never perseveringly given, since he had first found himself surpassed in the higher efforts of art. His powers were too versatile for his own good, and he dabbled in everything that was *not* his proper occupation—concerts, amateur theatricals, periodical literature and journalism, comic sketches. His doings were not all wholly unremunerative; but though he viewed them as mines of wealth, they were really lures into a shifty uncertain life, and distractions from steady consistent labour. His fine voice, his brilliant wit, and engaging manner, made him a star in the lively society on the outskirts of art; and he was expensive, careless, and irregular in his hours to a degree that sorely tried the good man, a precisian in his domestic customs. He and his little German wife, however, loved the lad, as everybody did love him who came under the influence of his sunshiny grace and sweetness of temper—the unselfish manner inherited from one whose unselfishness was real; and used as they were to the freedom of artist life, their allowances were liberal; but of late there had been a recklessness and want of purpose about his ways which both grieved and alarmed them: he was more unsettled than ever, seemed to have lost all interest in his studies at the Academy, was getting into a set that had degenerated from permissible eccentricity into something very like lawlessness, and even while an undesirable inmate, had vexed his kind friend and master by proposing to remove from under his roof, and set up with a chosen comrade of his own.

Committed to his charge, as Edgar Underwood had been by the elder brother, the kind little artist felt it his duty not to let him go without an intimation to his family, though well aware that a father could have little control in such a case, how much less a brother only by two years the elder?

All that Felix could hope was, that since this state of dreary recklessness was so evidently the effect of disappointment, it might pass with the force of the shock. He himself had experiences of the irksomeness of the dull round of ordinary occupation when the heart was rent by a sudden shock; and though he had forced himself on under the load that had so nearly crushed him, he could perfectly understand the less chastened, more impetuous, nature, under less pressure of necessity, breaking into aberrations under a far more astounding blow of desertion.

So he hoped. But what could he do? He knew but too well the cool manner in which Edgar turned over his remonstrances as those of the would-be heavy father. He could only thank Mr. Renville, promise to write to Edgar, and entreat him not to remove from the roof which was so great a safeguard against the worst forms of temptation, advise him perhaps to study abroad for a time to pacify the restlessness of his disappointment—at any rate, if he could do nothing else, not let the brother whom he still loved best of all drift away without feeling that there were those who grieved and strove for him.

It was not only of Edgar that Mr. Renville spoke, however. He was so much impressed with Geraldine's drawings, that he urged that she should have a quarter's study in the South Kensington Museum, undertaking, as one of the masters, to facilitate her coming and going, so that she should not be involved in any scrambles, and declaring that she only needed a few opportunities of study to render her talent really excellent and profitable.

Felix declared her going to be simply impossible; but either Mr. Renville or Edgar did not let the matter rest there, for a warm invitation arrived from the family in Kensington Palace Gardens, backed by many promises of tender care from Marilda. It seemed to be absolutely throwing away opportunities for Cherry to refuse to avail herself of such an opening; and though she was in exceeding trepidation, she had enough of the sacred fire to long to perfect her art, justified by the wish to render it substantially beneficial. And then Felix could not help thinking that the presence of his favourite sister might be a wholesome check to Edgar in one direction, and incentive in another, at this critical time, and this was no small weight in his balance. While Cherry, on the one hand, dreaded going out into the world with the nervous dismay of an invalid, who had never been anywhere but to St. Faith's; and on the other, felt this opportunity for herself almost an injustice to Lance, with all his yearnings.

She was to go immediately after Easter; and whether by Edgar's suggestion or not, Marilda imperiously begged that Lance might bring her up to London, and stay as long as he could be spared. It was impossible to give him longer than from Saturday till the last train on Monday, for Felix had reporting business on hand, and must be out on Tuesday, and did not perhaps regret that things had so settled themselves.

Lance's overflowing enjoyment somewhat solaced Geraldine's alarm on the way up; he was so careful of her, and so proud of the charge; and after his wistful glance at Minsterham, the novelty was so delightful to him. His journey with John Harewood reckoned for nothing, for he had then been far too unwell to look about, and it had besides been on a different line; but now everything was wonderful, and his exclamations almost embarrassed Cherry, she thought they must so astonish their fellow-travellers. Even the hideousness of the suburbs seemed to fascinate him—there was something in the sense of the multitude that

filled him with excitement. 'It is getting to the heart, Cherry,' he said, 'where the circulation is quickest.'

'Into the world—the vortex, I should call it,' returned Cherry, thinking of drops being attracted by the eddy, and sucked into the whirlpool; but Lance was gone wild at the glimpse of a huge gasometer, and did not heed.

Edgar's dainty beard and moustache were the first things that met their eyes upon the platform; his strong arms helped Cherry out, and in a wonderfully short time seated her beside Alda in a great luxurious carriage.

To her disappointment, however, the two back seats remained vacant.

'No, no,' said Edgar, his white teeth gleaming in a smile; 'we must make the most of our time, Lancey boy. What do you say to walking by Westminster—then we'll get something to eat—and you shall know what Don Giovanni is like before you are many hours older, my boy?'

Cherry's last view of Lance was with a look of dancing ecstacy all over his person.

'Don Giovanni is the opera, isn't it?' she said in bewilderment.

'Of course; what did you think?'

'But I thought that was dreadfully dear.'

'Oh! Edgar can always get tickets for anything. You must not bring out Wilmet's frugalities here, Cherry. Dear old Wilmet, how does she bear this long waiting?'

Alda was really interested in home tidings, and pleased to point out matters of interest, so that Cherry was fairly happy, till the awe of the great handsome house, alone in its gravelled garden, fell on her.

But when once up the stately stone steps, she was kindly, solicitously, welcomed by Marilda and her mother. The reception-rooms (as Mrs. Underwood called them) were all on the ground floor; and Cherry had only to mount one easy flight of broad steps to reach the former school-room, with two little bed-rooms opening into it—one assigned to her, the other to Marilda's old nurse, who had been kept on with little or nothing to do, and was delighted to devote herself to the lame young lady.

She took charge of Geraldine's toilette for the late dinner, so tremendous to the imagination used to the little back-room at home, but which turned out after all more tedious than formidable. In truth, Cherry was very tired, and Alda quite kindly advised her to go to bed. She wanted to sit up and wait for her brothers, but was laughed at, and finally was deposited in her very pretty pink bed, where, however, the strangeness of all things allowed her very little sleep. Quiet as the place was, she thought something seemed to be going on all night; and at some semi-light hour in the morning she bounded up as if at a shot, for there really was a step, and a knock, and her door opening.

'Cherry, are you awake?'

'O Lance! what is the matter?'

'Matter! nothing—only I'm going out to look about me, and I thought I'd leave word with you, and see how you were.'

'Out! Why, didn't I hear the clock strike five?'

'Ay. Have you been awake?'

'A good deal. Have you?'

'As if anybody could sleep after that! I've gone it all over and over. I see there's a piano in this outer room. I'll just shew you.'

'O Lance!—*now*—and Sunday!'

'Sunday!—I forgot. But it is so awful, Cherry: it made one feel more than a hundred sermons;' and the far-away look came into his eyes, as in rapid words he sketched the story, described the scenes, dwelt with a passionate fervour on the music, all with an intensity of feeling resulting in a great sense of awe. His excitement seemed to her so great, that she begged him to go back to bed for the hours that yet remained before breakfast.

'I couldn't, I tell you, Cherry.'

'But you'll have *such* a head-ache.'

'Time enough for that when I get home. I don't know what to do with myself, I tell you; I must get into a church somewhere, or I can't bear it.'

'You'll lose your way.'

'I've got the map of London. If I can I shall get to St. Matthew's; and so I thought I'd better tell you, in case I wasn't back to breakfast. Edgar shewed me your room.'

'Is Edgar sleeping here?'

'No; he went to Renville's when he'd put me in. I'll be back anyway by the time Robin and Angel come, but I can't stay quiet. Nobody ever gave me any notion what this place is. It makes one feel I don't know how, only just to see the people—streaming, streaming, streaming, just like a river! And then that wonderful—most wonderful music!'

The boy was gone, and Cherry felt as if his fate were sealed—the drop gone to join the other drops, and to swirl away!

Edgar was rather amazed and disconcerted, when on coming in about ten o'clock he found that he had vanished. He had meant to take him to any ecclesiastical wonder that he wished; but he laughed at Cherry's fears of the boy losing himself. 'He is a born gamin,' he said—'takes to London streets as a native element. But Felix is right, he must not have too much of it. I was heartily glad when it was over last night, and durst not keep him for the ballet, though I much wanted to see what he would say to it; but he was worked up to such a pitch I didn't know what would come next, and I'm sure his remarks taught me more about Don Giovanni than ever I saw before. He was in such a state when he came out that I hardly knew what to do with him. I should have given him a glass of ale, but he wouldn't hear of that, so I could only let him have his will—a great cup of coffee—and send him to bed. I knew he wouldn't sleep.'

Lance *did* appear at the moment of luncheon, when Robina and Angela arrived to spend the rest of the day. He had not reached St. Matthew's; but he had found a church open early for a grand choral Celebration, and this not being customary at Minsterham, had been almost overwhelming to a nature like his. It had lasted so long, that the bell rang for matins before the congregation had left the church; and Lance had stayed on, and heard a service far exceeding in warmth and splendour that of his sober old cathedral, and such a soul-stirring sermon as was utterly unlike the steady-going discourses of his canons.

He had never even missed his breakfast, and yet seemed not to care for the meal before him, though he ate what was put on his plate; and he had that look of being all brow, eyes, and nose, that had often recurred ever since his illness; but he would not allow that he was tired; and so far from being able to sit still, wanted his little sisters to walk with him in Kensington Gardens, and Robina being a discreet person, and knowing her way, there was no reason against this; and off they went, all three supremely happy, and Cherry feeling a certain hopefulness that Robina's steady good sense would be a counterpoise to other influences and excitements. But Lance had not come to any state for sober sense. Under the trees of Kensington Gardens, the influence of the brilliant spring beauty, and the gay cheerful vivacity of the holiday crowd, still acted on his eager self; and he used his sisters as audience for all his impressions as to Don Giovanni, till he had driven Angela almost as wild as himself with his vivid descriptions—and to be sure, he treated it as a sort of religious exercise. Indeed, the sensation he seemed chiefly to have carried off with him, was that London had been maligned; he had always supposed it to be a Vanity Fair, where one's religion would be in extreme peril; and behold, he had found religion there like everything else—more quickening, more inspiriting, more exquisitely beautiful and satisfying in its ministrations, than anything that he could have conceived! Nor did the late Evening Service with which his day finished—with all its accessories of lights and music, and another sermon from a celebrated preacher—lessen this impression, which made St. Oswald's by comparison so utterly flat, dead, and unprofitable.

Robina could not help saying to Cherry, with that old-womanish air of wisdom that belonged to her sometimes, 'I do wish we hadn't taken Lance to such a nice church. He knows less what London really is now than he did before.'

Dear little Robin! as if she knew what London *really* was! And Cherry was too anxious an elder sister to give her much comfort, except by saying, 'It is fair that he should know the truth of what is to be found there, Bobbie. You see he is only getting good out of it in his own mind.'

'Yes, that's true; only he will make himself ill.'

This had come to be Edgar's fear as well as Cherry's, when they found that Lance had slept quite as little the second night as the first,

though he brought down those great lustrous blue eyes of his quite as wide open and full of zest in the morning. It made Edgar cautious in his choice of sights for the Monday; but one so long habituated to London, and regarding with contempt its stock lions, could not estimate what they were to a lad at once so susceptible and so unsophisticated, and his diversion at Lance's raptures passed into anxiety, not unmingled with tedium, and almost disdain, at anything so very countrified; but his real care and good nature never flagged till he had safely, and to his positive relief, seen his little brother off for Bexley by the five o'clock train, to work off his intoxication at home, among his proper guardians.

'I am sure,' he said to Geraldine, 'if I had had any notion that his brain had continued so ticklish, I would never have had him on my hands. The difference between lionizing him and old Blunderbore! why it was—not exactly fire and water, but Ariel and Gonzalo. Shut the two up in the same shop! It is ridiculous! No, no, Lance must vegetate down there till his brains have cooled down from that unlucky stroke; but after that, you'll see, nothing will keep him down in Felix's hole; 'tisn't in the nature of things that he should be buried there. I've given him the violin I got at Liège, so he won't be quite wasting his time.'

There was rest—at least, for the present—in Edgar's acquiescence in Lance's vegetation, except so far as it gave food for present anxiety, by shewing how the boy's excitability had alarmed him; and Cherry anxiously watched for reports from home. Felix and she herself were the chief letter-writers in the family, and he kept her daily supplied with tidings. His first account—written at intervals at the reporters' table at Minsterham—bore that Lance had come home all right, and seemed to have enjoyed himself much. So he had kept up for one day; but on the third came the inevitable tidings, 'Poor Lance is in bed, with headache in its worst shape. Wilmet has been obliged to stay at home to attend to him. It must have been coming on yesterday, for he seems to have talked more than enough, and made more blunders than can be remedied in a day. I suppose Edgar would have laughed if I had cautioned him; but I would about as soon have put the boy to stand on the Equator as have taken him to that opera.'

The days of pleasure seemed to have a heavy price; it was not till Saturday that Felix reported Lance as in his place as usual, but still looking ill, quiet, and subdued. 'I am afraid,' proceeded the letter, 'that it has been a very fascinating glimpse he has had of Edgar's way of life, and that F. and U.'s house is more against the grain to him. I doubt whether it be suited to him; but the other course seems over-perilous. I wonder whether fathers have the power of insight and judgement that I need so much. However, for the present, health speaks plainly that home is the only place for him; and I can with a free conscience enjoy his bright face and service of good will. To have you and him both out of the way *was* severe; but if it were not for his good, it is for yours.'

Yes, Geraldine trusted it was for her good. When Thomas Underwood went to the City in the morning she was always set down at the Renvilles', whence the transit to the Museum was so short, that she could make it either with her brother's arm or the master's. It was not thought fit for her to work all day, so Mrs. Sturt (the old nurse) always came to meet and take her home to luncheon; after which she either went out with Mrs. Underwood and Marilda, or was carried about by her brother, in which case her conveyance was always defrayed at the door with so little knowledge on her part, that Edgar accused her of supposing Cousin Thomas to keep innumerable very seedy equipages always in waiting on her steps.

It was great enjoyment—real instruction of the best sort in that which was most congenial to her, putting the crown on her long lonely perseverance, and giving a daily sense of progress and achievement, was delightful. She had no notion of rivalry; but when she perceived that she was excelling, that commendation almost always attended her attempts, and that in any competition she always came near the mark and was sometimes foremost, she was conscious of a startling sense of triumph; and Edgar was full of exultation. If his own studies at the Royal Academy had been fulfilling all his golden dreams, he could not have been half so uplifted as he was by Cherry's chances of a medal; while, if he had only acted on a quarter of the sensible advice he gave her, he would already have been far advanced in his profession.

If he had been imprudent in Lancelot's case, he shewed much tender good judgement in his selection on Cherry's behalf of exhibitions and rehearsals—never overdoing her, and using all his grace and dexterity to obviate her fatigue and prevent embarrassments from her lameness, till she began to take courage and feel at ease.

Alda never went with them. She said Cherry's pace would be the death of her, and she knew it all by heart. Yet, go where they would, there generally appeared, soon after four o'clock, a tall, handsome, black-moustached figure, seldom uttering more than 'Good-morning!' and 'All well at home?' and then content to stalk beside them, perfectly indifferent to their object, but always ready to give an arm to Cherry, or to find a cab.

'Dogged by Montezuma's ghost!' Edgar would mutter when the inevitable black head came towering into view; and even Cherry sometimes felt the silent haunting rather a bore. Edgar and Ferdinand were both good company alone, but together she knew not what to do with them; since her sole common subject of interest to Ferdinand, church details, provoked Edgar's sarcasm; and though Edgar had enough to say on a thousand other points, Fernan was totally silent on all, except horses, of which on her side she knew nothing. Nevertheless, for very pity, he was always allowed to know their designs; and Cherry delivered messages between him and Alda, and marvelled at her never finding it possible to avail herself of such chances of meeting.

Indeed, it puzzled Cherry why Ferdinand should be banished from the house, since Marilda took pains to mark her friendly feeling towards him as Alda's betrothed; and the resentment of her parents appeared to be inactive; but Alda declared that any advance on his side would provoke great wrath, and that open intercourse was impossible; and it could only be supposed that she was the best judge.

However, to Cherry herself, Alda was far kinder than at home—perhaps because her own ground was too secure to leave room for jealousy; and she viewed her sister as guest rather than rival. During the first shyness and awe, she was a kind helper, full of tact, which parried the rather obtrusive patronage of her so-called aunt; she provided books, quietly ameliorated matters of dress, and threw in judicious hints and encouragements, so that Cherry's warm heart beat gratefully, and she thought she had never known how nice Alda could be in her proper element.

As to Marilda, she was thoroughly good-natured, perhaps rather teazing, and tyrannical as to what she thought for Cherry's good, and very careful that she should not be neglected; but there did not seem to be much in common between them, they never could get on in a *tête-à-tête;* and Cherry, who had heard vast statements from her brothers about Marilda's original forms of goodness, was disappointed to find her life so entirely that of a common-place young lady. She was clumsy, over-dressed, and of a coarse complexion; and though she sometimes said odd things, they were remarkable not for wit but for frankness. It seemed as though the world had been too much for Marilda's better self, and as if she were becoming the purse-proud heiress who fancied wealth could atone for want of refinement or of delicacy towards people's feelings.

It was with the master of the house that Cherry got on best. At first he treated her like a frail china cup that a touch might break, but gradually he discovered in her resemblances to all manner of past Underwoods, talked to her about her parents in their youth, expressed endless wonder how 'that lad Felix made it out,' and by-and-by found that a few questions about the day's doings would draw forth a delightfully fresh, simple, and amusing narrative, given with animated lips, and eyes that charmed him. He became very fond of little Geraldine, and accepted her as his special evening companion when his wife took the other two girls into society. She could talk, read the paper, or play at cribbage; and was so much pleased to be of use, that she became as much at ease and therefore as amusing as with old Froggy himself.

She had been assured of exemption from parties, but she found that the sumptuous luncheon was a popular institution, and that radiant ladies, lounging men, riding parties brought home by Alda, and stout matrons on a cruise of morning calls, were always dropping in. It was diverting to sit quietly by and listen to the characteristic confidences of the city dames, to the dashing nonsense of the girls, and the languid

affectations of the young men; and capital material was furnished for the long letters that amused the breakfast-table at home—journals, half full of beautiful description, half of fun and drollery. Those gay dames and demoiselles little thought what a pair of keen grey eyes were watching them, as they passed, almost unheeded, the little sober-hued person whom they never fairly understood to be the sister of the beautiful Alda.

Of the school establishment at Brompton Cherry saw something. She was invited to drink tea there, for the sake of talking over Angela; the two heads of the establishment being very glad to get an elder sister to discuss that puzzling personage with. Of Robina, since the catastrophe eighteen months ago, they had nothing but good to say; she had really lived it down, so far as to have proved that if she had erred, it was only in judgement; but with Angela they still knew not what to do.

She had come back subdued and with better impulses, and these had carried her on up to Easter, giving such satisfaction to the Vicar, that he had sanctioned her Confirmation; but immediately after the holidays, the wild spirit had broken out again. She neither learnt nor tried to learn, attended to nothing but music, and shewed up exercises and dictation flagrantly ill-spelt, and not unfrequently making fun of the whole subject. As a reward for her weeks of propriety, she had been promoted to the German class; but she had openly declared that she hated German, and saw no use in it, and she would not attempt anything but an occasional caricature of pronunciation. Everybody liked her—even those whom she most disrespectfully provoked; and she was like a kind of tame monkey to the school, turning her very punishments into absurdity. She would lighten solitary confinement by fantastically decorating the chairs and tables. If shut up in the dark, her clear shrill voice would convulse all the household with Lance's whole repertory of comic songs, the favourite being Thackeray's 'Little Billee,' which she always sang as if she expected to be rescued by the sight of 'Admiral Nelson, K. C. B.,' if not made 'Captain of a Seventy-three!' and even impositions she always managed to make ludicrous, by comments, translations, or illustrations, bringing them up with a certain irresistible innocence and simplicity of countenance. What was to be done? No, they did not want her to be taken away; she was a bright dear girl, with a great deal of good in her—very warm-hearted, and certainly devout; and Miss Fennimore confessed that she should be very sorry to part with her, or to confess herself beaten in the struggle. 'Your name is Geraldine?' she asked suddenly; 'are you Irish?'

'My grandmother was.'

'That accounts for it!'

'She must have absorbed all the Irish nature in the family, then,' said Cherry, laughing.

'Perhaps. But it throws a light on it. I don't know which is the most curious subject, national or family character.'

Of course Cherry was set to talk to Angela—an operation that she

hated almost as much as Felix did; and the result of which attempt was this, 'Now don't—don't, Cherry!'—hugging her round the neck; 'you never were made for scolding, and it is no use spoiling your own pleasure and mine! Leave it to Wilmet; she does it with dignity, you know!'

'But, Angel, I do really want to understand why you are so set against German?'

'It's a nasty crack-jaw language, that all the infidels write their books in.'

'I only wish they did!' murmured Cherry.

'And it's the Protestant language, too; and that's *worse*,' persisted Angela. 'No, I won't learn it on principle.'

'I thought principle was to do what one was told.'

'That depends. Now, German will never be of use to me; I'm not going to be a governess, and I sha'n't qualify myself for it!'

'Yes, Angel, I know what you mean; but isn't obedience the qualification you must learn—if you are to come to the other thing?'

'I shall learn it fast enough when the time comes. Don't you know, Cherry, a republic is much better preparation for despotism than one of your shilly-shally rational limited monarchies?'

'That may be true,' said Cherry; 'but you know I think the rational loyalty the most wholesome training.'

'Yes, I know. Family life suits you; but I must have the—the real religious life or none. I don't like secularity.'

'O Angel, you are much worse with these fine words that deceive you, when you are really and truly only a naughty idle child!'

'That's true, Cherry; and yet it is not true,' said Angela thoughtfully. I am a naughty idle child, and yet I am more.'

'How is it—after this Confirmation and all?'

'Ah!' said Angel frankly. 'I thought it would have done me good and made me different; but instead there's just one anticipation gone, and nothing to look to.'

'Not your own possible future?' (Cherry knew of it, though not Wilmet.)

'That's such a dreadful way off! No, if you all *will* keep me in the world, I must have my fun! Come, Cherry, don't look so horribly vexed! I'll tell you what, if you'll cheer up, I won't have another flare-up with old Fen as long as you are here to be bullied about it!'

And she kept her word so faithfully, that the two ladies thought that charming little elder sister had had a great effect upon their troublesome charge.

(*To be continued.*)

DOMINIE FREYLINGHAUSEN.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was rather an anxious uneasy congregation which gathered in the Dutch chapel on the following Sunday. A rumour had gone forth that the Dominie, being unable to stop the performance of what he considered an immoral play, had determined to make one last effort to prevent his flock from attending it; and as many of the young people had set their heart upon the sight, and many of the old lacked the firmness to forbid their doing so, it was with far from a quiet conscience that they prepared themselves to listen to the Dominie's harangue. The metrical psalm which preceded the sermon was sung with quavering voices, and much wandering of mind; but when the discourse began the attention was breathless, and the pastor could not at least complain of having to preach to deaf ears. *Dull* ears perhaps they were, though, some of them, for his bursts of fervid eloquence seemed to meet with little response, and scarcely any expression could be read on the greater part of the faces upturned to him, but one of uneasy apprehension or sullen dissent.

Several of the older people, however, wore an air of grave satisfaction, as though they were mentally saying, 'Ah, very true!' 'Just what I have always thought!' especially when he dwelt on the hollowness and the fleeting nature of all worldly pleasure; and when from this he turned to speak of the joys with which God recompenses the souls that keep themselves unspotted from the world—the pleasures which are at His right hand for evermore, not a few, even among the younger people, were visibly moved; and some good parents, such as M. and Madame Ryckman, looked at each other as much as to say, 'We love our children too well to let them risk the loss of these higher things by indulgence in the lower.'

Evert listened with an air of half saucy defiance, Jan was stolidly attentive, the little boys were absorbed in watching the unusual vehemence of the Dominie's gesticulations; Franzje's face was set in its gentlest, gravest, most dreamy expression, and all through the sermon she never once looked up. Ah! how the old problem, which had haunted her so often before, would recur now; how she wondered whether there were indeed such a sharp line drawn between this and that amusement, this and that object of interest, as the pastor seemed to say—whether all up to a certain point were indeed so innocent, all beyond it so hopelessly wicked! It was not a mere question of pleasure with her now; it went beyond that. She was not hankering after the play—nay, so far from intending to go and see it, she was nourishing a little secret triumphant hope, that now Mr. Vyvian was quite her own,

she should be able to prevail with him to give up his part in it—perhaps to keep away from it altogether, unless he could assure her that there were no such passages in it as had jarred upon even her inattentive ear in the performance of the 'Beaux' Stratagem.' The question was, would they *let* him be her own? would her parents give her in marriage to the Englishman? or would they—acting under the Dominie's influence—insist on dividing her from him for ever, and so take all the brightness and romance out of her young life? Not worldly amusements only, but worldly intercourse, the Dominie was inveighing against, as she sat thinking; not places and things only, but people, were to be shunned, if they interfered with that strictness of life which he represented as indispensable; the charity of prayers was the utmost that his system accorded to worldlings; as for bestowing friendship or love upon them! he spoke of it with shuddering, as a *crime*. It was not so much in the theory, as in its application, though, that Franzje found herself unavoidably differing from him. She had been long enough under his teaching to be used to strict and stern views of things; but she lacked courage to apply them to the actual case before her. If Mr. Vyvian were indeed a worldling, then it was no doubt her duty to sever herself from him; but *was* he a worldling? The Dominie would have unhesitatingly said 'Yes.' Franzje's innocent, trusting, hopeful heart cried out 'No' with all its might. Hers was not the mistake—the sad, but not uncommon mistake—of thinking that she could make a wild man steady, or convert a sceptic into a faithful believer; she had no such confidence as regarded herself, no such discernment as regarded him. She was simply blind in some degree to the faults she saw, incredulous about the graver faults of which she only heard. To her thinking, Russell Vyvian was different, but not inferior, to the young men she had known from her childhood; less quiet and guarded and respectful, perhaps—but then, on the other hand, much more clever and interesting and fascinating; and the deficiency in his standard of right, compared with her own, she attributed to the fact of his having been differently trained—of his never having been taught by the Dominie, for instance. Aunt Schuyler had said that there were great allowances to be made for him; and Franzje was ready to make all manner of allowance. There was so much for him to forgive in *her*—such ignorance, such rusticity, such a heap of real faults which he had not found out, but which were patent to herself—why should she not be content to forgive something in *him*?

Poor little girl! spite of the maturity of her beauty, she had but the immature judgement of not-yet-seventeen to fall back upon; and moreover she was too dazzled just now to be able to judge clearly at all. No fear of her future fate, if she were allowed to marry Russell Vyvian, troubled her; she was only half sickened by the pangs of doubt as to whether that fate were ever to be hers.

Two nights before—the memorable night of her drive with Mr.

Vyvian—her mother had begged her with tears to say nothing to anyone of what had passed between her and him, and even to forget it herself if possible. Since then she had not seen him, nor had any word been said to her about him. Were they keeping him from her purposely? had he offered himself as her suitor, and had her father declined to receive him as such? She could not tell. One thing, however, she was sure of, namely, that if M. Ryckman had been indisposed to listen to his suit before, he would be ten times more so after this sermon of the Dominie's. She knew well what the pastor's influence on her parents was; and without seeing the glances that passed between them, she guessed as truly what feelings and resolves were rising in their minds, as if those minds had been spread out before her like an open book.

Quietly as she sat there, with her dark-fringed eye-lids lowered, and her perfect lips set in an expression of thoughtful repose, all sorts of painful and pleasurable emotions were busy in her heart by turns. She was going to belong to Mr. Vyvian somehow or other—that was the predominant feeling at first; there would be difficulties, no doubt, but they must be got over; there would be opposition, of course, but it was born of narrow prejudice, and could not in the nature of things be really invincible. Yes, she did in a certain sense belong to him already, and was not going to commit herself—even mentally—to any line of argument which would lead to the conclusion that it was her duty to give him up. She was tolerably comfortable while this feeling lasted, spite of instinctive fears, spite of the stern denunciations thundered over-head. But all at once there flashed in upon her a new thought, a new dread, a new conviction that seemed unbearable, but which none the less took possession of her, and asserted its supremacy. What if after all she were setting her will not against her father's and the Dominie's, but against God's? What if, in permitting their prejudice to form a barrier between her and the thing she coveted, He were shewing her that the thing was not for her, calling her to renunciation and submission? What if, without making pleasure and brightness and novelty wrong *in themselves*, He had made them wrong for *her* by the circumstances of her position? What if He Himself had made it impossible for her to have the joys she longed for here, and yet also 'the pleasures at His right Hand for evermore'?

A pang seized her, so keen that she could almost have cried out with anguish; but she only clasped her hands tightly together under her cloak, and set herself steadily to consider this new view, which she had not sought for, but which some invisible influence had brought before her mind. The truth which she had missed that day in the Dominie's study, when she had listened to arguments with which she *could* not agree, had flashed upon her now. Ah! how much depended on whether she were willing to embrace it, or were minded to put it from her because of the sacrifice it involved!

The flaxen head drooped lower in the earnestness of these thoughts, the sweet suggestion of a dimple about the mouth died away, and the lips moved slightly and then closed one on the other with a sort of sorrowful firmness. When the sermon was over, and they all left the chapel, she moved with even a more stately grace than usual, as in the dignity of a new resolve; but yet there was a crushed bewildered look in the eyes that were wont to be so serene.

'Franzje,' said Evert, pulling her by the arm, and drawing her a little behind the others, 'if *you* can bear all this tyranny any longer, *I* cannot. I mean to go to the play, and I mean to tell Father so to his face; and if he has me up before the Dominie for undutifulness, why, I shall tell the Dominie so too. It is monstrous, as Gardiner says, that a man should be priest-ridden all his days. I declare I wont go to the catechising this afternoon—nothing shall make me! I am a great deal too old for it!'

Franzje woke up from her dream, and looked anxiously and fondly at the boy at her side, who was strutting along with that air of sulky independence which a lad of fifteen is so apt to assume when he once begins to think himself a man.

'Dear Evert,' she said, with a smile, 'you are not so very much older than you were last Sunday, and how well you answered then! Mother was quite pleased.'

'I was in a good humour then,' said he; 'I had the sleighing-party to look forward to; and I wasn't sure but what Father would let me go to the play if I pleased him by my behaviour. He let me off going to New York, you know, though he vowed he would send me there in January.'

'Evert, I don't feel as if we ought to think about the play, since Father and Mother are so set against it.'

'Franzje!' said Evert, standing still in the street, and staring at her as if confounded by the desertion of his expected ally. 'I know what it is,' he added more composedly; 'it's all the Dominie, and the fire and brimstone he has been consigning us all to in his sermon. Dirk Wessels says the Dominie's sermons are just made for frightening women and children. They sha'n't frighten me, though!' and then out came a fashionable English oath, which he had learnt from the officers, and which shocked his sister beyond description.

She was just beginning a very gentle and earnest remonstrance with him—a remonstrance which from her, loving her as he did, he might have borne—when her father called to her rather sharply not to loiter, and so obviously waited for her, that she was obliged to go on and join him.

Evert ran off—probably to find Dirk Wessels, a good-for-nothing youngster a little older than himself, and have out his grumble with him—while Franzje walked home demurely between her father and mother, and *felt* rather than saw that Mr. Vyvian was one of a group

of officers which was assembled outside the Bankers' house. Amid all the talk and laughter and jingle of swords, she thought she could distinguish the tones of his voice, and his glance seemed to follow her as she went on her way, though she never so much as turned her head in his direction.

Evert came in late for dinner; and when it was time to go to the catechising, mumbled something about not being ready for it, and not meaning to go, but was peremptorily ordered there by his father, and went off obediently, though with a very bad grace. Franzje, when she was getting ready to accompany him, was told, to her great surprise, that she had better stay at home and take care of Arij, who was suffering from inflammation of the eyes, and was obliged to be kept in a darkened room; and though it was in some ways a relief to her, she could not help being a little uneasy as to the motive of the command. Was the Dominie's anger against her so pronounced, that her mother, with instinctive motherly tenderness, wanted to shield her from it? Some such suspicion occurred to her, as she saw the nervous haste with which Madame Ryckman helped her off with her cloak and hood; and she could not refrain from saying, 'Mother, you have not told the Dominie anything about me and Mr. Vyvian, have you?'

Madame Ryckman occupied herself in folding up the cloak, and turned away to put it in the drawer, as she replied ambiguously, 'It is not a thing that needs much telling; when you went off with him in the sledge, it was pretty plain what matters were coming to; but never mind, child, I did not come up to scold you, but only to tell you to go to Arij. I have given Jettje a holiday this afternoon.'

She bustled off directly she had said this; and Franzje prepared to go to her little brother, but first went to the casement and opened it, feeling as if she must have one fresh draught of air and sunshine before shutting herself up in the darkened nursery.

The south wind had come, and under its soft breath the snow was fast vanishing from the streets, and spring-like influences were beginning to be felt. As Franzje leaned her head out, the warm breeze that had come straight from the burning sands of Florida and Georgia seemed to caress her cheek; and all the hard brilliance of the frost had disappeared, and given place to a soft balmy brightness, which soothed her for the moment into a dreamy feeling of vague delight. Just for a minute or two she yielded to the enjoyment; then there came back suddenly the remembrance of the day when she had stood at that window to watch the entrance of the regiment into the town, and as the gay pageant rose before her, so there rose also the dark picturesque figure of the pastor and his disapproving glance; and once more she drew her head in, and went back to home duties, feeling as if his shadow had fallen between her and the brightness of the day. Was it a picture of her life? Was duty, as represented by this stern disciple of a rigid school, always to

scare her away from pleasure? Must the light that had come upon her in the chapel that morning burn on till it had scorched up all her folly and frivolity, all her vain dreams of happiness, all her romantic longings? Must she submit to suffer and be weary, and lapse into the dullness which was almost inseparable from her idea of goodness, and would the day indeed ever come, when she should look back tranquilly on her present feelings, and philosophize about them with the calm contentment of her Uncle Jan?

Decidedly the day was yet far off; for now she could scarcely still herself sufficiently to bear with patience the dreary afternoon, passed in artificial twilight, and in ministering to the fretful wants of poor little Arij, who was not by any means content to sit on her lap and be sung to as she had hoped, but who insisted on groping about and dragging her after him, asking meanwhile for all possible and impossible things, beginning with hickory nuts, and ending with 'a long dangling sword, to come down from my waist and knock my heels as I walk—like Mr. Vyvian's, you know, Franzje.'

The mother was the first to return, very much put out with Evert's bad behaviour at the catechising; then, when she was gone to take off her things, in came Evert himself, very much excited, and full of some plan, which he hinted at mysteriously but would not reveal. He teazed Arij till he made him unbearably cross, and then went away; but when Franzje was going down-stairs to tea, he rushed out of his room after her, and said abruptly, 'I want a bit of waste-paper to wrap something up in; may I take one of your old exercises, Franzje?'

'Oh yes; you will find them all on the middle shelf of my cupboard,' she answered, with ready good-nature; 'but are you not coming down to tea? Maaike says it is all ready; and Father must have come in, for I hear his voice in the parlour.'

'You might have heard it all over the house five minutes ago,' returned Evert indignantly, 'he was in a fine rage with me. I have told him I shall go to the play, and he says if I do he will give me a thrashing. Fancy that to *me*, Franzje, who have never been beaten in all my life!' and the lad drew up his handsome head with an air of such bitterly-insulted dignity, that his sister scarcely knew what to say, fearing to make matters worse by any attempt at preaching submission.

'I don't think Father can quite have meant that, he is so kind,' she murmured; 'but indeed, Evert, his wishes ought to be enough for us; we ought not to provoke him to threats.'

Even the sweet pleading voice did not suffice to make the remonstrance palatable. Evert gave a snort of defiance, and with the angry exclamation, 'Yes, talk away! When we've got rid of the Dominie, we'll give you his pulpit, and you shall hold forth to your heart's content!' dashed off to his own room.

He did not make his appearance at the tea-table; and Franzje had sisterly compunctions about having irritated him, instead of having

soothed and persuaded him to come down to tea with her, till she heard from Maaike that he had carried off a lot of cakes to his den with the express intention of avoiding the family meal, and had announced his intention of going out again before the others had finished.

He was gone by the time she got up-stairs, and she found some reason to repent of her permission to him to search in her cupboard; for her papers were all tossed and tumbled about, the French exercises turned over in one careless heap, as if for some reason or other they had not suited his purpose, and some answers to questions in theology, which she had written for the Dominie the year before, strewn hither and thither, as if he had chosen to select his wrapping-sheet from among *them*. She was vexed; but as these answers were written on better and larger pieces of paper than the French—for which she had made use of any scraps that she could beg from her father—she concluded that was his motive for the selection, and did not disquiet herself about it. She did not see her brother again that night, for he came in very late, and went straight to bed without saying a word to anybody; and her sleep was broken by restless dreams, in which his image and that of Mr. Vyvian recurred perpetually. Once, and only once, she dreamt of the Dominie. She thought that he came and put his hand on her head while she was asleep, just as he had done that January afternoon, and that no sooner did she wake to feel the touch than he was gone. She ran after him, but he vanished from her in a sort of long subterranean passage; and as she stood looking down it, there came a strange noise like the roaring of the sea in her ears, and then she awoke—*really* awoke this time, and the fantastic dream was over.

The Dominie himself, meanwhile, was neither sleeping soundly nor dreaming; he was passing one of those long miserable intensely wakeful nights, which of late had become frequent with him. Anyone but he would have complained of them, and sought medical advice, and would have told also of the strange morbid delirious fancies which were apt to haunt him at such times; but the Dominie breathed not a word to anyone, and simply set himself to bear them with the stoical endurance in which the stronger part of his nature asserted itself, as against that weaker side which left him a prey to the torments of wounded feeling, and the subtle miseries of injured self-love. He was ready to suffer—nay, to a certain extent, he even *liked* suffering, though not so much from the tender yearning, so characteristic of Catholic saints, to be made like unto the Lord by having a portion in His cross, as from a sort of natural heroism, and contempt for all personal inconveniences which might assail him while toiling in his Master's cause. He would have been content to suffer martyrdom itself without a groan, could he thereby have secured that a single one of the thoughtless young people who were grieving him should go to Heaven in his track—in that straight narrow path which he had marked out for himself and others, and in which alone, according to his thinking, salvation could be found.

He was hard and narrow and bigoted, and his mind was warped by the heretical teaching of his school, but he was true to what he thought the truth, he was thoroughly, even fiercely in earnest. He had that one vast superiority to his adversaries, that he was fighting for what he believed of the highest possible moment, while they were simply battling for the enjoyment of a few passing hours; and he loved them after his fashion, and would have died to save their souls, while they were grumbling about his harshness and his meddlesomeness, and far from longing to do anything for him, were in some instances meditating how they could 'pay him off' for having interfered between them and their amusements.

As the sleepless hours rolled by, his thoughts went back to the earlier years of his ministry at Albany, and he recalled the enthusiasm with which he had entered on his charge, the success which had seemed to crown his efforts, and the popularity which he had soon acquired, and had enjoyed almost undiminished till the coming of the English regiment into the city. It was true that those families who had settled in Albany since the commencement of the war scarcely looked upon him with the same veneration as the primitive inhabitants of the place, and had introduced some new and heterodox notions which he had felt obliged to combat; but still on the whole his influence had been supreme, and till bitter experience had convinced him of the contrary, he had supposed it to be *permanent* also. He did not distinguish (which of us would have, in his place?) exactly how much of his present regret was due to the waning of his own popularity, and how much to the belief that those who were deserting him were deserting their Heavenly Master also. He had so identified himself with his cause, that he felt as if they must stand or fall together, as if any triumphs won over him were necessarily the triumphs of irreligion, as if he 'did well to be angry even unto death' at the destruction of what had been his solace through all the burden and heat of the day. No consciousness of just retribution in the snapping of the bow which he had bent too tight, came upon him even for a moment; he was not aware of having exercised any tyranny over the consciences of his flock. Those who talk of 'priest-craft' as an instinct confined to Catholicism must ill have studied the history of Protestant sects. A rule all the more absolute because it was mainly the rule of the individual and not of the Church, seems to have prevailed in almost all the first Protestant communities, and to have been submitted to by the majority with a docility which now seems incredible. Presbyterians in Scotland, Calvinists in Holland and Switzerland, Puritan sectaries of all sorts in America, burdened themselves with sumptuary laws and minute social regulations—imposed sometimes by the consistory rather than by a single minister, but generally at the instance of some one person more remarkable for zeal than his fellows—such as the Catholic Church has at no time laid upon the great body of the faithful. And ministers who were no longer 'priests,' and who never even *cared* to claim the priestly

power of ministering to burdened consciences and speaking the 'word of reconciliation' to penitent souls, committed themselves to a system of direction at which Catholic directors, whether Roman, Greek, or Anglican, would stand aghast. Those lights of the Kirk who forbade mothers to kiss their children on Sunday surely out-did anything that has ever been attributed to the most despotic of spiritual rulers within the fold of the Church.

Is it not that priest-craft is one of those *exaggerations* of a thing right and good in itself—nay, directly ordained by God—which are incidental to human nature, whether orthodox or heterodox, and that those who think it is to be done away with by effacing the sacerdotal character of the ministry, are simply thinking to perfect the human element by getting rid of the divine, and leaving completely untouched the real root of the evil? It is not the dignity of Apostolic succession, nor the grace of the Divine Anointing, which puffs men up, and makes them sometimes act as 'lords over God's heritage;' it is that human pride, that disposition to make their own will law, which is the snare of hundreds who are not in the ministry at all, and which remains (unsuspected perhaps) even in some of those whom God has called to that ineffable honour. They who feel the honour most, who most prize the supernatural powers conferred on them, are just those who think least of themselves, who, far from usurping undue personal authority, are content to be our '*servants* for Jesus' sake.'

From the days of his popularity the Dominie's thoughts soon returned to the time being, the constant mortifications and the loss of influence which he felt only too keenly, and the doubt whether he was doing any good in striving against the tide, whether anything but disappointment to himself and irritation to them would come out of his efforts to force back his straying sheep into the straight path. And then again they wandered to the old days in Holland, the old calm studious days, the delightful period of learned leisure which succeeded his early university triumphs; and almost he wished that there had never come upon him that sudden longing for Christian enterprise, that zeal for souls, which had sent him forth across the wide Atlantic to preach God's truth in a distant land.

Why not return? Why not re-visit, if only for a little while, his native country and the scenes of his youth? Why not leave his post for a short spell of rest, and come back to it after a time re-invigorated, and with fresh spirit to encounter opposition and revolt? A Dutch ship on its homeward way was even now at New York, for he had received an intimation from a friend there that an opportunity, which he had long been wanting, for sending some precious manuscripts to Holland, had suddenly arisen. Why not take them instead of sending them, and himself see to the publication of his cherished work—a work on which he had expended whole years of anxious thought, and which perhaps was destined to rival that 'True Religion Delineated' of Dr. Bellamy of

Connecticut, which was just now the favourite reading in New England homes? There was some attraction in the thought, and something soothing too in the notion of returning to Albany by-and-by, with all the prestige of a successful author added to his other titles to respect; but he put it from him as a temptation, and even said to himself that badly as his flock were behaving, it would be too heavy a punishment to deprive them of his ministrations altogether. 'Even the worst of them do not absolutely wish to get rid of me, I think,' said the Dominie to himself, with that sort of saving clause which self-esteem puts in after the first shock of finding oneself less regarded than one thought has been got over.

The idea afforded some slight balm to his wounded spirit, and he rose at his usual early hour, and braced himself for a fresh day's work, trying with all his might to shake off the lassitude engendered by his total want of rest. When he opened his chamber door to go forth to his study, something fell to the ground with a loud noise. In the dim light of the passage he could scarcely see what it was, but he felt for it with his hand, and in doing so touched one or two other objects which seemed to be ranged in order on the mat. He threw back the door so as to gain the full light from his chamber window, and there lying before him beheld, to his amazement, a club, a pair of old shoes, a crust of black bread, and something wrapped in paper which upon examination proved to be a dollar.

It was very enigmatical, but the Dominie's proud sensitive nature rushed at once upon the true purport of this emblematic message. He did not pause to call for Dinah and ask by whose instrumentality the things had come there; he did not say to himself that at worst it was only a boyish insult, unauthorized by any of the elder members of his congregation; he simply read by heart as it were the meaning of each article—the stick to push him away, the shoes to wear on the road, the bread and money as provision for the journey—and then he went back into the room he had just left, and sat himself down to face the hard truth that his people *did* want to get rid of him, that what he had been thinking of as a punishment they would regard in the light of a *deliverance*. If ever anyone had a 'mauvais quart d'heure,' the Dominie had it then with a vengeance! One drop was yet wanting in the bitterness of his cup. It came when beginning half absently to scrutinize the crumpled piece of paper in which the dollar had been wrapped, he saw that there was writing upon it, writing which he would easily have recognized as Franzje Ryckman's, even if her signature had not been the first thing that he lighted on, written in fair clear delicate characters such as harmonized well with what he had once supposed to be the quality of her mind.

It was not a letter—she had not had the audacity to write to him—but it was what conveyed to him almost as definite a meaning as pointed words of insult might have done, for it was part of a theological exercise

which she had written for him in the old happy times when he was her honoured teacher, and she the willing grateful pupil in whose abilities he felt a fatherly pride. There were his own marks of correction on it, correction which she had received with, oh! such loveable docility—and it was one of a certain set which he had bidden her always to keep, as he thought they might form a kind of text-book to help her in her future progress. It was bad enough that those dissipated Englishmen had turned against him the giddy lads and lasses, such as Dirk Wessels and Anna Gronow, who left to themselves might have attained to better things in time; but that they should have stolen from him the very purest and sweetest of all the band, the one heart that had seemed to beat in truest accord with his own, was a cruel and unbearable wrong, against which his whole spirit revolted.

Must *she* indeed go to perdition—that fair gentle girl with her virgin grace, and the noble candid aspiring nature, which seemed meant for the appreciation of divine realities? Would they be satisfied with nothing short of that? and had they already brought her to such a reckless state as made her wish to drive from her the one person who was ready to interpose unhesitatingly between her and ruin?

The Dominie sat there defeated; he had identified *his* cause with God's, and he thought that they were lost together; all that was human in him rose up and tempted him to despair, and he mistook the voice of his own soul for the whispers of a Divine leading.

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH LINKS OF FOREIGN FORGING;

OR,

'THE LADY WITH THE LONG NOSE.'

(A TALE OF CONTINENTAL TRAVEL.)

BY A. F. FRERE,

AUTHOR OF 'WONDER-CASTLE;' 'THE THREE SONS-IN-LAW,' ETC.

CHAPTER X.

For the sake of brevity it will be well to condense in some degree the narrative to which Hugh and Ida listened next morning, the latter with an interest scarcely less keen than her brother's. It was to this effect:

Sir Stephen Langton, the narrator's father, was the representative of the main branch of that ancient house and name to which one of the earliest English baronetcies had added lustre. His only daughter had married, ten years before, Mr. Comyn, also the descendant of an old

and distinguished family, but induced by reverses of fortune to settle in Australia, where passed the first calm and happy years of their married life. A sudden calamity, the death of Mrs. Comyn's only and unmarried brother, brought, in addition to the grief of such a loss, a change in her position which involved results totally unexpected. She was now the sole heir, in Sir Stephen's line, of his name, and in part of his large estates. A considerable portion were entailed, and reverted with the title to a very distant kinsman, whose branch of the family had sunk to a somewhat inferior position, and was to the old baronet almost entirely unknown. Hence arose a desire on his part, that his daughter and her husband should assume her maiden name in exchange for their own—a wish not perhaps unreasonable, but which so painfully jarred on the peculiar hereditary sentiments of a high-born Scotchman, that a correspondence ensued, most vexatious and unsatisfactory in its result; and after a time it appeared to be the best means of concord that Mrs. Comyn should go to England and endeavour to bring about some adjustment between her father's and her husband's views. She left Australia, taking her little boy, whom Sir Stephen greatly desired to see, and fully expecting to return in a few months. But events took a course far different to any she could have imagined! She found her father suffering—as he often did—from suppressed gout; exceedingly irritable, and so peculiarly sore on the subject of the family name, that it needed time and patience to make any negociation possible. By degrees his daughter hoped to bring him to consent to the compromise of "Langton-Comyn," or her husband to the slightly different form of "Comyn-Langton;" but her efforts had to overcome a strong family feeling in both parties, to neither of whom could she herself deny a certain reasonable ground for their tenacity.

The child also—and this was a feature too intensely painful to be more than glanced at in his mother's story—innocently fomented his grandfather's irritation; proud of his sonorous many-syllabled "Alexander Maxwell Comyn," and too young to be taught reticence, he was continually sounding the obnoxious name in Sir Stephen's ears; and when a slight stroke, added to previous infirmities, gave to the old baronet's mind that distorted activity which is worse than torpor, there ensued a time of bitter suffering and perplexity for his daughter, torn by opposite interests, and far removed from the support and love of a husband, whose sole weakness was on the unhappy point in dispute. Langton Chase, the house in which Sir Stephen lived, was a part of the property that would descend to her by his will; he could not endure the idea of any but a Langton reigning there, and in his present mood to mention the name of Comyn before him was like agitating a red cloth in the eyes of an infuriated bull. One day, excited by an Australian letter—which, as is the uncompromising nature of letters, put forth certain truths with that harsh irrelevance to the circumstances of the moment, of which verbal communication is rarely guilty—he flamed

into a fierce passion, and gave orders that henceforth 'that name' should never be used in his house. Mrs. Comyn and her son should be Langton and Langton only.

'What could I do?' said she in telling the story. 'Peace—peace to a sick and grief-stricken old man, to a noble though diseased mind—to a father I loved most dearly, and whose only child and comfort I now was—could only be purchased by yielding what, after all, seemed so trivial in comparison of family union and kindly feeling! I resisted no longer. The will was prepared, and I wrote to my husband to explain the necessity of the step I had ventured to take. The next mail—long before an answer could have come—brought me the news of his almost sudden death!

'You can believe,' she continued, after a pause, when her hearers looked rather than spoke their sympathy—'you can believe that in the terrible gloom and almost unconsciousness of outer things which followed those tidings, I knew and cared little about any but the one absorbing subject. It was only after a period that a regret, even for my husband's name, found vigour to spring up. Then it was too late to urge for it any plea of tenderness; and at least I could feel thankful that the point yielded had so far softened my father's mind that his sympathy for my grief had no longer to contend with any hostile sentiment. It is not necessary to dwell on this time; such a sorrow must always be lonely; but there was alleviation in the entire love he shewed me, and the consciousness I felt of my presence soothing his decline. He, however, lived nearly four years; it was at the end of the second from my widowhood that I lost my little boy—drowned in the moat.'

Ida burst into tears. 'Oh! was it really so? I thought it once. But how dreadful to happen *then!*'

Hugh had covered his eyes with a very tremulous hand. Mrs. Langton, with the calmness of one to whom grief is nothing new, went on:—

'Yes, it mattered little then whether he had been called Comyn or Langton. That thought used at times to ring in my ears in bitter words; but a softer more resigned feeling came in when I saw the effect on my father of this new grief. It took a very strong hold upon his mind—you would have said the loss of his son, merged before to a great extent in those miserable contentions which followed upon it, was now revived and realized in the other calamity, though he had always shewn affection for my little Alick; and this double sorrow expressed itself with a truth and clearness one scarcely expected from his previous state. He seemed as if the blow had straightened, as it were, the warped condition of his mind. In the depth even of that affliction, there was much to comfort me—much to thank God for, especially in the turn which after a time my father's thoughts took, sad though the cause was which prompted them! He now looked upon everything in life with a subdued resignation, and a sense of previous over-devotedness to certain human aims and glories, among them that clinging to the ancestral name which had swayed him so

powerfully. It was painful, for there came the idea of retribution—the idea that my child had been taken because— Well, I cannot dwell on that subject. The feeling lost its poignancy, aided by the softening effect of age, and by the influence of our dear old Rector, my father's early college friend, and through many of those dark days my only present help and counsellor. But one result of it was, that the concession I no longer dared to ask was given to me (at least in prospect) willingly. My father made a codicil to his will, permitting me to assume at the end of a year after his death the name of Langton-Comyn. By an old stately custom still kept up in some families, the household was to remain for twelve months unaltered; and he owned, with touching gentleness, to a desire that no new feature should be introduced into Langton Chase till that term had expired. I need not say much more of those last months of his life. There was a calm and gradual sinking; and when the end came—a few months ago only—I had for the first time to form plans for myself, to face outer life after a long period of entire seclusion and absorption in certain ties, the last of which was now broken. That is a terrible moment for a woman.'

'I can well conceive it,' said Hugh. 'As a twining plant that loses its support would lie helplessly on the ground, it would be very hard to find a fresh direction for oneself. Were you advised to travel?'

'Yes, for my health was much broken down, and it seemed to me, on reflection, the best way to spend this year that must intervene before I fully take possession of the property. I do not know if you can at all enter into the feeling I had with regard to my name. Having lived so hidden for years, I shrank very much from emerging into any sort of notice at home, till the change should be made, and all explanations become needless. A stay abroad would, I thought, remove me from comment or inquiry. But a kind of nervous timidity, I believe, has clung to me on that point, and I have not perhaps made sufficient efforts to overcome it.'

'An idea,' asked Hugh, 'that ordinary acquaintance might find out that you were not bearing your husband's name, and might wonder why?'

'Something of that kind. It may be unreasonable, I think it is; but one result of great trials, Mr. Neville, one very painful result, is that in the reaction of weakness, physical and moral, which is apt to follow upon a protracted strain, you may *know* and say to yourself, "This is folly or delusion," but you cannot fight and conquer it. You must bear with your own infirmity, and hope others will do the same.'

'But you *have* been better for coming abroad?' said Ida tenderly. 'You have found interest in many things, have you not?'

'Indeed I have, and am thankful for it. At first there was an effort needed, and then by degrees—at times with a sort of contrast that is painful—the vigour of life seemed to shoot up again, with a power of *caring* and of liking, or even *dis*liking, things and places and people—all

part, I suppose, of that wonderful principle of growth which human as well as vegetable life retains through periods of apparent deadness. I do not scruple to be thus far egotistical in speaking of myself; for it seems to me that it must be difficult—exceedingly difficult—for young, fresh, whole-hearted people to make allowances for others under such influences. Would it not be much easier to you, Miss Neville, to account for a settled gloom, a constant and visible expression of sadness, than for a state in which scenery, music, conversation, may at times be keenly enjoyed, and yet such intervals be succeeded and paid for (I may say) by long hours when solitude is absolutely needed, and when trouble and sorrow come down like heavy clouds to shut out all the prospect around? It is no doubt a state of more or less moral sickness; but it might give many the idea of caprice.'

'Oh! not with you,' exclaimed Ida; 'you who seem always trying to help or advise or enliven the people about you! It is quite wonderful to me, that after all that has happened you can so throw yourself into their interests.'

'"I will not shut me from my kind
Until I stiffen into stone,"'

said Mrs. Langton. 'Those lines—and many others in that most beautiful book—have taken a great hold upon my mind of late, and I am sure their lesson is a very wholesome and necessary one. Had it not been for my health, and the peculiar circumstances I have mentioned, and also for a friend whom at one time I was to have taken abroad, I should have preferred to stay in England and set myself to some work that could really be useful. But I hope *that* is to come, and meanwhile this loitering and vegetating life is as much as I am good for.'

'Those are also true lines of Tennyson's,' said Hugh;—

'"Wait! my faith is large in Time,
And that which shapes it to a perfect end."

He is a wonderful philosopher about sorrow; but I should suppose one must have known it intimately oneself to enter fully into *In Memoriäm*.'

'I think so,' replied Mrs. Langton. 'But is it not a most impressive thought, what a fountain of deep sympathy has sprung up for the world of bereaved people out of the great sorrow of one poet's life?'

While the conversation had thus taken a more general turn, the friends had left the avenue for the quieter path by the lake side, and were now resting on a broad flight of steps under the great gilt Cs of the Villa Carlotta.

Hugh, after an interval of silence and thought, said, 'There is one thing I want to suggest, if you will let me. I think you should thoroughly rid yourself of the idea that troubles you, about possible comments on your change of name. Surely there can be no ground for such an apprehension. Nothing is more usual than to make such

a change on inheriting property; and though in your own neighbourhood there might be gossip, from a partial knowledge of the circumstances, I feel certain that casual acquaintances made abroad could never have the faintest suspicion of anything unpleasant in connection with the matter. You would be happier and more at ease if you could persuade yourself so.'

Mrs. Langton reflected a few moments, and then answered, 'I believe you are right. It is a great benefit sometimes to get impressions from another person's point of view. For me, bound up as the question has been with so much that I could not bear should meet the world's eye, it was difficult to distinguish probabilities clearly enough for resistance to a natural sore feeling. With a few exceptions—as Mrs. Fulham, whom from the first I trusted as quite free from idle curiosity—I have shrunk from any degree of intimacy that could bring names and history into question. I even preferred "smiling a little" to be the "lady with the long nose," for my ordinary travelling associates. But I fully see now that the fancy was an absurd one, and I thank you much, Mr. Neville, for pointing it out. I had no one in a position to advise; and it is truly a relief to meet with some to whom I can talk openly.'

'I am glad,' said Hugh. 'Would you mind telling me—if I may venture to return to so painful a subject—whether Mr. Comyn ever knew of your compelled acquiescence in Sir Stephen's wishes?'

'No; a comparison of dates made that clear; and though I never doubted his entire confidence in and justifying of my conduct, I was happy to think he had been at least spared the knowledge of what must have given him pain.'

'Then, in fact, it was you alone who suffered by it. Forgive me for touching on so tender a point, but I should think the difference would be incalculable between the two feelings, as recollections, when the period of actual trouble was past.'

'That is true,' said she, 'and perhaps I have not recognized it enough. It is difficult to shake off the impression of that miserable time of struggle and perplexity and self-reproach, even when following what appeared best.'

'And you never thought—' began Ida, stopping short till encouraged to go on. 'It seems a strange thing to say, but you never thought of giving up the fortune rather than the name? One has heard of people doing that—at least in books,' she added, blushing a little.

'You are probably thinking of Miss Burney's Cecilia,' said Mrs. Langton, with a smile. 'But the circumstances were not the same; and if they were, a supposed case can never be put beside a real one. Fiction, however *vraisemblable*, is weak and unsubstantial when confronted with the intense truth and force of one's own trials.'

'I should think so,' said Hugh; 'the one rests on appeals to the imagination, the other must exclude it.'

'Except as a heightener to the bitterness of the reality in some minds. But to answer you more distinctly, Miss Neville—No; such an idea could never have been entertained in my case. The fortune was in itself very

immaterial—we had enough for our needs; but it, or rather the estates, formed a natural link between my father and myself, which could not have been severed without wounding him in his tenderest feelings, and breaking an order of things which Providence seems to have decreed. Circumstances gave this even unusual force. He had married twice—the first time without children, the second late in life, and his feelings towards the heir of his name and lands had all the tenacity which age adds to natural inclination. To whom should he have left his property, except to his own child? Charities, perhaps; missions, hospitals, many excellent works; but I cannot imagine that such bequests, connected with family dissension and sore feelings towards one's nearest relations, can ever be acceptable in God's sight. It has always been a principle with me—and one I have had to hold fast by, almost when groping in the dark—to follow the course Providence seems to point out, not invent for oneself a system of perhaps Quixotic self-sacrifice in some way opposed to natural laws.'

'It is the principle of truth,' observed Hugh; 'just what the French are devoid of, whose admirable heroines generally outrage some simple manifest duty to perform a stupendous act of devotion for the benefit of somebody—who, after all, didn't ask them to! But, to speak gravely, I am sure your view was most right and just. It seems even a presumption to say so; but you have allowed us both to comment so freely on your story that I can only trust the result is not very painful to you.'

'On the contrary,' said she, 'I believe it has done me good. But it is better now not to prolong our talk; I am hardly equal to more. Good-bye for the present; and if you think fit, you can give Mrs. Fulham an outline of what I have told you. I feel her kindness deserves as much of an explanation as she cares to hear.'

(*To be continued.*)

THE RED FOREST.

A GOBLIN STORY.

BY GAMMA.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.—THE GOBLINS MEAN MISCHIEF.

The Grand-duke had sent for his son. The young Prince had been from his birth out at nurse far away in the south—his life had hung by a thread. Now first, in his tenth year, the physicians had given leave for his return to his father's court, for the critical time was over. At the court all was rejoicing, (for it was long since anything had happened there;) and the ladies were saying to one another, that now the Crown

Prince was coming home, the Duchess would at last rouse herself from her melancholy, and there would be feasting and mirth again.

So the Prince was coming in great state, with every care taken for his safety and comfort. Madame Patschanpowdr, the Duchess's chief lady of the bed-chamber, had been sent to take charge of him; and she, the Prince, and his nurse Grisilde, were rolled along in a large and luxurious carriage, drawn by the four best horses of the Duke's stables. In front were some of the attendants in another carriage, and behind came a waggon carrying the under-servants, the baggage, and the cooking apparatus. A small escort of soldiers led the van, and brought up the rear.

It was now the seventh day of their journey, and on the morrow they hoped to reach the capital. Madame Patschanpowdr was rejoicing in the thoughts of her charge being over, for it had been no light one. The whole party looked to her for orders, and it was the first time in her life that she had had to command soldiers. But this was nothing to the task of managing the Prince. The first three days he had fretted for the play-fellows he had left behind him; on the next he became gay, and asked more questions about the life he was entering than the bed-chamber lady could possibly satisfy; on the fifth he turned shy, and seemed to be looking forward with alarm to meeting his unknown father and mother. The last two days he had been ill, and ever as they got further northward complained more and more of the cold, for it was yet early spring. Poor little Prince Max! he had never hitherto felt a breath of cold air, and he had never been contradicted in all his life. Judge of Madame Patschanpowdr's miseries!

But if mortals will not venture to contradict a Crown Prince, *there are those who will.* There was a large and powerful community who were bent on preventing the Prince from getting back to his father's house at all; and these were the Goblins of the great Red Forest, whose borders the cortège was now approaching. The Red Forest—so called from the russet leaves of the oaks, which hung on all the winter—had always stood where it stood now, from the earliest times. The Grand-dukes claimed it as a hunting-ground, but the Goblins had always in fact had full possession of it. They considered their right to it as absolute as the right of the sun to his path through the heavens, and bitterly resented the slightest interference on the part of man. On the borders of the forest dwelt a few peasants, who owned the land directly under the Duke as feudal lord, and enjoyed certain rights as to timber and fire-wood out of the Forest; and against these they cherished a particular spite. Ill it fared also with any chance traveller who proposed to go through the Forest, especially after dusk. First of all, his soul would be scared with the wailings of the Goblins among the branches; then suddenly they would glare out upon him, in form of knotted boughs and ghastly lightning-scathed trunks; they would seize him by the hair or clothes, trip him up, cudgel him soundly; sometimes they would so bewilder him, that he lost his way and died. There was some excuse

to be made for the Goblins; for in every mortal who went through, they saw a possible wielder of the axe; and for every venerable oak that was hewn to the ground, one of their brethren, with a dismal wail, vanished for ever into space. But more than this. There had been a prophecy long current among them, that ran in these ominous terms—

When a Prince of Northern race,
Proud of heart and pale of face,
Cometh up from Southern shore,
Then the Goblins' reign is o'er.

This from time to time gave them great disquiet.

To be sure, the Grand-dukes of Morgenstern were a comely rosy race, and had never anything to do with southern countries; neither did they shew any symptoms of dying out, and making way for a possible pale-faced dynasty, but went on and prospered from father to son. Moreover, the reigning Duke, so far from molesting the Goblins, was most careful to keep up their ancient borders; nay, he even talked of planting further, and of sweeping away those wretched cottages and hamlets that hung on to the skirts of his hunting-ground, and sometimes interfered with his game. All this was well; and feeling all they owed to Duke Otto, the Goblins forbore active hostilities, and only sulked a little when he came with his lords a-hunting. Still the dread prophecy was there; and when the young Prince Max, as yet an infant, was ordered by the physicians to a southern climate for the delicacy of his health, the matter seemed to call for serious thought.

The Goblin-king called his lieges to a council, to be held among the trees looking down upon the road by which the child was to pass. 'Aha!' said they on that occasion, 'we have little need to trouble ourselves: for this puny atom may go to the south, but it will certainly never come back again; and meantime the Duke may have another son, a bold Northern prince, who will respect our rights.'

But nine years went by, and the Duke had no other son; and the Crown Prince, as we have said, still lived, and was coming home.

The King of the Goblins called another council, and sent out scouts to meet the travelling party on the road, and report on the Prince's looks. If he were coming back hale and rosy, there might be good days in store for them yet. The scouts returned with wry faces; there was no doubt that the Prince was a pale-face, and that matters looked very bad indeed. The Goblins grumbled and groaned. The King sat in deep thought, stretching himself in his tree. At length, curling up his long pointed toe, and scratching his chin with it, he said, 'I'll tell you what we have to do. Go, some of you; seek help from our allies, the demons of the winds, and get up a jolly good storm. Disperse the escort, let the baggage-waggon stick in the mud, and when the travelling-carriage is rounding the Witches' Crag, let our allies give a merry blast down the slope, and topple the coach over the precipice; thus I think

we shall probably hear no more of *this* pale-face.' A dry rustling sound, as of dead leaves shaking, gave token of applause of the King's speech, and the council at once broke up, each going to prepare for his part in the coming catastrophe.

The Prince's cortège was just beginning to ascend the long hill which led up to the Witches' Crag of evil fame, when Madame Patschanpowdr, looking out, saw every sign of a violent storm brewing. She had scarce time to mention her fears to the nurse, and to wrap the Prince still more closely in his furs, when they found themselves surrounded with a thick mist, and the evening twilight gave place to a darkness as of midnight. The wind rose higher and higher; the Goblins were heard shrieking on the blast; the rain came down in torrents; and soon the road became so heavy, that the baggage-waggon stuck fast and was left behind. The thunder and lightning frightened the horses of the escort, and the panic spread till the whole troop were wildly scattered here and there—some lost in the mazes of the Forest on the left, some desperately rushing over the precipice on the right, and perishing among the rocks below. The postilions of the Prince's carriage got down to lead their horses, which were trembling in every limb; the drivers of the attendants' coach did likewise.

The men looked fearfully at each other. 'This is the Goblins' work,' said they, 'and we have scarce seen the worst of it yet; but let us once get past the Crag, and we shall be safe.'

They led on; but just as the two carriages reached the dangerous spot, the wind came down from the heights on the left with double fury, and by the light of a flash that seemed to rend heaven and earth, the occupants of the royal carriage saw their companion blown over the edge, and hurled into the gulf below. A fearful scream from the women and the child mingled with the yell of the disappointed demons, who saw that they had caught the wrong coach. Gathering all their strength for a fresh effort, down came the winds again upon the second coach; the traces broke, the horses turned and ran violently back down the hill, and the coach, after tottering for a moment on the brink, rolled after its companion down into the darkness.

'Ha! ha! well done!' rang through the air; and the wood-goblins, joining hands with the wind-demons, went in fantastic dance on the breath of the retreating storm back to the King.

CHAPTER II.

KERL TO THE RESCUE.

They had laughed too soon, however, for the work was not done. About half an hour after the crash, the lady of the bed-chamber, awaking from a swoon, discovered to her extreme amazement that she

was not dead, nor even seriously hurt. There was just light enough to shew her that she was lying, heels upwards, on a steep craggy slope, and that the Prince was lying senseless by her side. The carriage, shivered to pieces, was a few paces off, tangled with the brushwood, which had broken its fall and saved their lives. The nurse had disappeared; the attendants, the horses, the coachmen, the soldiers, were nowhere. She could see nothing but the hill above and below her, and the sky overhead. She looked in dismay on the Prince; he seemed not quite dead—but how to obtain help, how to get him to a place of safety, she knew not. Even if she could climb the Crag, and get back into the road herself, which was doubtful, it was certain that she could not do so carrying the boy. To abandon him was a thing not to be thought of; though no heroine, she felt she had rather die with him than go back to the court alone to face the looks of his father and mother. After a while, she bethought herself she might as well try and make him more comfortable; so gathering up her bruised limbs, she crawled to the carriage, and began to try and disentangle some of the cushions from the wreck. Ten minutes after she came back, dragging cloaks and cushions, but stopped short with terror on beholding a strange uncouth form bending over the body of the Prince.

Poor Patschanpowdr! her nerves had already sustained so many shocks, that she could hold up no longer; she screamed aloud, and dropped to the ground, where she sat wildly staring at the figure. She saw that it was a human being, or *something like one*—but there was the rub! She knew the reputation of this neighbourhood for Goblins, and the cunning way they take human shape when it serves their purposes. The creature, with a rough gesture apparently intended to express respect, said some words to her in a strange unearthly tongue; while she, unable to gasp out a syllable, could only hold up her hands as though to implore it not to do them harm. Then—oh, horror!—she saw the thing stoop, lift up the Prince, wrap him in one of the cloaks that she had brought, and put him over its shoulder, and so begin to ascend the hill, holding out to her a sort of staff with a horrible prong at the end of it, exactly such as she would have expected a Goblin to carry. Next the creature gave a wild cry, and she saw through the dusk a number of other demon-like forms running up from all quarters as if to follow their leader. Half dead, the lady did her best to keep up with the uncouth band, for at all hazards she must see what became of the Prince. They climbed and toiled on, the lady scratched and torn with the briars, and scarcely able to breathe from fatigue. The Goblin leader often looked back and spoke to her, and several times held out his hideous staff, from which she shrank in terror; but at length, stumbling over a stone, she caught at it involuntarily, and in her hands it turned into a harmless shepherd's crook. And now, as the leader spoke, she began to distinguish here and there a few words amid his gibberish, broken and mispronounced indeed, but belonging to a known tongue. Growing calmer, she peered

through the darkness at the Goblin throng that were pattering after them, and they seemed to have turned into black and white goats, mixed with a few mountain sheep. A ray of moonlight fell upon their leader as he stopped for a moment to scan the road; and taking courage, she drew alongside and looked up at him. She saw that he bore the form of a mountain peasant, dressed in the sheep-skin jacket, leather leggings, and fur cap, belonging to his class: his face was that of a lad about eighteen; his fair hair straggled wildly down under his cap; his light blue eyes were bent with keen attention on the objects before him, in his efforts to keep the narrow devious path; his expression was mild and gentle, and he carried the Prince as tenderly as a woman could have done. The poor lady almost wept for gladness at this relief to her fears. At last, to her great joy, she found they had reached the high-road, a little above the spot where the carriage had toppled over; and now on smoother ground they wound round the Witches' Crag, and struck into a path on the level, skirting the outermost edge of the Red Forest. A light was shining at no great distance, and the guide seemed to be making for it.

The court lady could scarcely drag one foot after the other, yet she kept up by a last effort till she found herself at the door of a cottage, and was aware of a woman coming out, and exclaiming in a loud brisk voice in the dialect of the country—'Ha, Kerl, child, home at last! Save us! what a storm there's been! I thought thou wert lost! And the flock—are they all right? And what hast thou on thy shoulders—another deserted kid? Heaven's mercy! what is this?' and she began to unwind the rich velvet cloak, whose like had never before met her eyes, and to bring to view the pale lifeless form of the Prince. Her tongue was stopped by wonder, and she could only look blankly at her son, at the child, and at the scared face of Madame Patschanpowdr.

'Yes, Mother, another kid, but not deserted; its dam was with it: take care of it, you know how better than I.' He laid the Prince tenderly on the bed, and stooping over him, said, 'Hurt very bad, I fear—going fast to the better country,' and so went out of the room, shaking his head sadly.

The peasant woman began bustling about to make up a proper bed for the Prince before the fire, covering her rude sackcloth with his own velvet mantle. Meantime, the lady tried in a perplexed way to apologize to her hostess for their unceremonious visit; but the good woman would hardly listen to her. There they were, and they wanted help, that was enough. Drawing a rude seat to the fire, she popped her guest down upon it, and went on with her work. The bed was ready; and now taking the child off her own rude couch, which was only a straw mattress covered with a sheep-skin, she began very deliberately to undress him. But this was more than Madame Patschanpowdr could bear. When she saw the rude hands busying themselves about the sacred person of her Sovereign's son, all the court lady rose in her

breast, and she started up to protest; at the same time wringing her hands at the absence of the nurse, and wondering how she should perform the office herself. But the unfortunate Patschanpowdr was at the end of her strength, and with this last effort nature gave way, and she fell fainting to the ground. The housewife laid down the Prince, and picking up the lady, carried her unceremoniously to her own bed, and covered her with the sheep-skin, and then returned to her charge. She took off the Prince's outer garments, laid him in the well-warmed bed, and began to chafe his chilled limbs with her hands. Presently he gave signs of life, and she hastened to warm some cider, and to pour a little of it down his throat. He gradually came round; and after a few fretful cries and broken words, he yielded to the warmth and comfort around him, and fell fast asleep. Madame Patschanpowdr also soon slept profoundly. The mother sat up by the fire, on which she heaped good logs from time to time. Kerl came in once on tip-toe, knelt down by his mother, and put up his face to be kissed; then he looked round with a satisfied glance, and with his finger on his lips, withdrew as quietly as he had come in. He slept in a little out-house among the hay, with some of his goats round him.

In the meantime, the Forest Goblins, having shaken hands with their allies, had gone merrily home to have a high carouse, and were busy telling stories, and bragging to one another about their wonderful feats in the late storm; when just as one of them was taking especial credit to himself for the clever way he had toppled the carriage over, the King stalked into the cave, looking very big and angry.

'You blundering dolts!' he said, 'what do you mean by it? Here you sit, eating and drinking and bragging, while the pale-face has escaped, and all your work is good for nothing!' The assembly sat mute, and looked very much ashamed of itself. 'I tell you, ye lubberly Goblins,' went on the King, 'that the boy is saved, and taken under a roof where we cannot touch him; and while you sit idling here, the escort will get together again, and carry the news to the court; thus he will be sent for, and we are just where we were. Get out, every man jack of you! post yourselves in the Forest, and take care so to bother those paltry soldiers that not one man may find his way out again. Then some of you deal with the servants. They have left the waggon, for there is no chance of getting it out again, (you may hurl it over as you go,) and they are trying to make their way on foot towards the capital. Take some will-o'-wisps, and lead them a dance the other way; if you land them in the bog, all the better.'

On this the Goblins all scrambled out as fast as they could go, for the King was standing in the door-way, ready to give a kick with his sharp toe to as many as he could reach. They did their work well that night.

(To be continued.)

A TALE OF CHRISTMAS EVE SIXTY YEARS AGO.

I HAVE often heard my father-in-law tell the story of the night of the 23rd and 24th of December, 1811, when, on the return of the Baltic Fleet in charge of convoy, there befell, on the coast of Holland, the most awful shipwreck and loss of life ever perhaps known in modern times, when three line-of-battle ships were lost with all hands, and fourteen wrecks of the convoy were to be seen strewn along the shores of the Texel.

I have gathered the facts of this and other stories together, partly as a record for my own boy, who is his grandfather's god-child, that he may keep in memory the 'golden deeds' of the dear old man who was ever my own *beau-ideal* of the chivalrous sailor of the school of Nelson, who, together with the Trafalgar medal, wore other three, for saving the lives of his fellow-men, and who, with the gentle retiring modesty ever the characteristic of the truly brave, bore the warmest kindest heart that ever beat under the blue jacket of a sailor.

From time to time I have made notes of the stirring incidents in my father-in-law's life—incidents with the recital of which he fired my boyish heart with enthusiasm, and to which I have listened with never-failing interest any time these five-and-thirty years, during which time he has been to me as a father. I thought that if young people are not now-a-days different from what they used to be—if iron-clads and steam have not done away with all sympathy with the stories of Nelson's and Collingwood's men—then a tale of 'the old war' must still interest the readers of The Monthly Packet, unless it be the fault of the narrator.

My father-in-law joined the Grasshopper eighteen-gun sloop of war in the summer of 1811—the little craft was a sailor's 'dream of beauty,' sailing like a witch. He was then about eighteen, and held the post of master's mate or senior midshipman: he had just recovered from a fearful attack of typhus fever, caught while tending French prisoners on the voyage home from Lisbon. Oh! to my fancy that was the brightest of all his golden deeds, bright as many others were; and I would fain tell this tale too, one day, if I may. Doubtless it was rumour of his gallant conduct on this occasion, together with the irresistible fascination of his joyous heartiness, which made the lad the favourite he was with his commanding officer and his mess-mates generally.

The voyage out was a marked contrast with the disastrous return.

> 'Fair laugh'd the morn,
> And soft the zephyrs blew,'

as the pretty Grasshopper dances gaily over the waters of the North Sea to join the Baltic fleet; the sailors had license to amuse themselves with

fishing; every available spot was occupied with fishing-lines; the sport was plentiful; and the men were bright and happy.

The object of the cruise was to convoy two transports laden with powder to subsidize the Russians, who were wavering as to declaring war with Napoleon. I believe the mission failed in its object; but it is with the voyage homewards we are concerned, and this began far later in the season than prudence would have suggested. The weather began to be threatening, and my father-in-law had the good fortune to save in bad weather a merchant-ship which was sinking, with pumps choked with linseed, which formed her cargo; he boarded her in the dark, cut her cable against the wish of her captain, and with the aid of his boat's crew brought her safe into harbour.

The gales now began to be very severe—the St. George, flag-ship, actually rolled her masts overboard while lying at anchor off the island of Froe. The Sound was closed to us at this time on account of the disaffection of the Danes. The fleet and convoy, the latter numbering nearly one hundred vessels, managed to get through the Great Belt, and mustered at last in Wingo Sound, on the coast of Norway, before clearing out of the Cattegat. Here again there was delay, probably owing to the weather; and the midshipmen, going ashore, amused themselves with rabbit-shooting and dancing with the peasants. At last orders were given to weigh anchor, and to sail for England. The St. George, now under jury-masts, was escorted by the Defence, and as the weather thickened the latter took the Admiral's ship in tow; these two ships were soon lost sight of by the others—they never cleared the Skaw. As the storm increased, the captain of the Defence was told to cut the tow-rope and to save himself; but he would not abandon his crippled companions, and the men of the two ships died together, both vessels being driven ashore, and only eighteen men out of the two crews, amounting probably to eighteen hundred at least, were saved. We have heard of devotion something like this in the Birkenhead: the spirit has not died out among Englishmen yet!

The Hero, seventy-four, and the Grasshopper, together with a transport and part of the fleet of merchant vessels, weathered the point of Jutland; part of the convoy bore away westward and ran into Hull; the weather was thick as the Grasshopper neared the Skaw; the land was low, and my father-in-law was sent up into the foretop to look out, his sight being notoriously of the keenest. At last he saw a low mound, known to sailors as 'Rob's Snout,' by which it was certain that they had weathered the point: signal was made to this effect to the Hero, and the course was laid for Yarmouth. All seemed now comparatively safe; the wind was blowing 'half a gale,' but it was fair, and there seemed every prospect that a day more would see them safe in Yarmouth Roads; probably not one vessel then in company with the Grasshopper ever reached the English shore!

Things went smoothly till the evening of the 23rd of December; the

night was bitterly cold, the wind blew a hurricane, and the spray and snow froze to the rigging; still little danger was anticipated. Our master's mate had gone down at eight to 'turn in,' and had mixed a glass of grog to drink to their safe arrival at Yarmouth, when word came down that he was wanted on deck. The brig had been sailing under main-top-sail and close-reefed fore-sail; and while he had gone below the top-sail had been blown to ribbons, and yet such was the howling of the wind that he had not heard the rending of the sail.

A fresh sail must be bent at once, and *he* must do it with the men; the work was most trying—four mortal hours were the men aloft, the ropes freezing to their hands, and shall we say it—English sailors crying with the agony of the cold!

But it was done. I can see now the dear face of my father-in-law, his bright brown eyes gleaming with excitement while he told the tale of that awful night, and dwelling now on the suffering, now on the admiration he felt for the lovely vessel flying like a sea-mew over the flashing foam; it seems as though he sang with that other ancient mariner—

'And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong;
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.'

Ay! South indeed, straight on the sands of the Helder and Texel!

The top-sail was set again, and all was made snug, still there were misgivings among the crew, especially as to the capacity of the pilot. There had been doubts in the minds of some of the oldest that the course had been laid too much to the south; and to make matters worse, signal was made in the night from the commodore to sail two points *more to the south*. The old master (sailing-master) of the Grasshopper said nothing, but obeyed orders—he was an old and experienced sailor; he was seen soon after poring over a chart, with great drops standing on his forehead from anxiety—he knew they were running on certain destruction, but he said nothing—'twas his to obey!

English to a fault!

My father-in-law had gone to his berth, and at four in the morning came the crash! Everyone was immediately on deck; the vessel had struck on the Hark Sands off the Texel. The sea lifted her, and again she struck heavily, and again once more, and a third wave bore her over the bar into comparative safety, though still between each wave the men could scarcely stand, so severe was the concussion against the sandy bottom.

The anchor was let go, and the whole length of the cable flew through the hause-hole; but providentially the end had been nailed to the mast only the night before they left Wingo Sound—a precaution which ought, *according to regulation*, to have always been taken, but which had on many previous occasions been neglected. The cable was drawn tight as a bow-string, the little vessel swung round, and now

the sails were filled aback, and so increasing the strain on the anchor; the sail must be cut away; again my father-in-law was sent aloft, to undo the work which had cost so much a few short hours before; this too was done, but with much difficulty. A strong effort was made to heave the vessel ahead by the capstan, so as to throw the guns overboard, for it was almost certain that if they were thrown over while the vessel was at the end of the cable she would strike *upon* the guns, and so make a hole in her bottom; whereas, if they heaved ahead, threw over the guns, and then paid out the cable again, the danger would be avoided. In doing this a sad accident occurred; a sea struck the ship while the men were heaving at the capstan-bars, whirled the capstan backwards, and threw the men gasping on the deck, and the pilot's jaw was knocked off, and he died in fearful agony. Nothing more could be done but wait for daylight. They had seen that the Hero was in the same, or worse, predicament as themselves—rockets had been seen flying up from her in the offing, and there was no hope that the line-of-battle ship would float over the bar as the Grasshopper had done. Day broke at last, *on Christmas Eve*, and soon portions of the wreck of the Hero—a sponge-staff, and a powder-barrel—were seen floating by; and as daylight increased the vessel herself was seen looming in the distance, utterly dismasted, and the sea making a fair breach over her. My father-in-law was intimately acquainted with the captain of the Hero, (Captain Newman,) and he would do something to save him; he asked to be allowed a boat and crew to pull out to the rescue; his request was granted, and he called out for volunteers; the first who answered was a black fellow—all honour to him!—others held back from what seemed certain death, without hope of doing good; however, the boat was manned, and they pulled out on their desperate course, urged on by the strong will of him who held the tiller; three times they stopped, and at last they would go no farther, and turned about in spite of all he could say. They were now near enough to see the poor fellows crowded about the stern, waving their hands to them in vain. A white flag of truce was flying from the stump of the mizen-mast—for it was known how that they were on the enemy's shore—and the masts of the French fleet were visible over the sandy spit of the Helder. No help could be given them, however, either by friend or enemy, and in the course of the morning the crew of the Grasshopper saw the Noble part asunder, and not one man was saved out of all the crew of some eight hundred. There is little more to tell. They were closed in by the shoal, and the French fleet was to leeward of them; the French had sent out a crowd of small craft to surround the Grasshopper, as weather lulled, and the captain had struck on condition that the French went to the help of the Hero; but it was too late—before the men were taken ashore they saw the last of the Hero and her gallant crew; they saw, too, the shore strewn with fourteen wrecks of the convoy, that shore which seemed fatal to British ships, for it was but just one year since the 'wreck of the

Minotaur' (immortalized by Turner's noble picture) occurred on the same spot; and again the year following another man-of-war was lost there. My father-in-law and his ship-mates were kindly treated by the Dutch, who shewed, when not embarrassed by the presence of their French *friends*, their partiality to the English; and once, when a room in which they were assembled was cleared of French officers, they even proposed the '*health of King George*,' and drank it heartily.

The prisoners were marched southwards, taking up their quarters one night in the Castle of Sedan, on their way to Verdun, and were only released at the short peace of Elba.

SEEKING THE LAMBS.

Between hearing and doing, talking and working, theory and practice, there is just that measure of division which usually separates the speculative from the more practical half of the world. Some such divergence has marked the past year, on that very important and much talked of subject, Education.

A year of work amongst voluntary agencies—a year of talk amongst the School Boards—a year in which Church Societies have risen nobly to the occasion. During it, funds have been raised with more than customary liberality, and individual efforts persevered in with increasing earnestness: whilst the School Boards, with power to levy rates and raise all that they require for their work, have been unable to build a single school. We do not under-rate the difficulties of the work they have had in hand, or the importance of calmly deciding their plan of operations before hastily entering upon its details; but it is one of the misfortunes of all bodies composed of many members, that the few practical minds amongst them which could and would do the work well, have to encounter the vague theories, the indefinite suggestions, and the needless discussions raised by the more numerous and unpractical portion of their body. Thus much precious time is lost; and the little wanderers, who might have been sought for and reclaimed by voluntary agencies, are left to the tender mercies of a system, which too often represents that of a house divided against itself.

As it is our desire to dwell on the practical rather than on the theoretical side of the Education question—to point out what has been done by working, rather than what is proposed in talking—we turn to a Mission, with which the readers of the Monthly Packet are by this time quite familiar, St. Luke's, Stepney,* to see what is being done there on the practical side of this matter.

* St. Luke's, Burdett Road, Stepney. Missionary Clergyman, the Rev. W. Wallace, 28, Cottage Grove, Bow Road, E.

Let us first briefly review the history of the Mission during the two years which have elapsed since the church was consecrated on St. Luke's Day, 1869; and we think the review cannot fail to afford abundant ground for encouragement, for it will shew how much may be done by perseverance on the one hand, and how generously and ungrudgingly Church work in a poor parish has been supported by the liberality of Churchmen, on the other.

First, let us look to the actual work being carried on in St. Luke's. Never has a day passed in which St. Luke's Church has not been open for public worship; never has a service been held, without a congregation being found glad to avail themselves of the opportunity afforded to them. There are in all three services every Sunday, two every Saint's Day, two every Tuesday, one being a short afternoon service at four o'clock for the children and the attendants at the Mothers Meeting, and one on every week-day evening. This is at eight o'clock, the attendance averaging about eighty upon the year; though a far higher number are present on such special occasions as an appeal on behalf of the new schools, the Anniversary of the Dedication, or the Harvest Thanksgiving Festival, on which last occasion, a congregation numbering between nine hundred and a thousand met within the walls of St. Luke's. Certainly the services of the Church have gained some hold upon the affections of the people during the last few years, as will be readily seen when we compare the sixty or eighty who, by diligent seeking and constant inviting, were brought together for Sunday worship in the school-room, lent for the purpose, when St. Luke's Mission was first commenced, with the three hundred, seven hundred, or even a thousand worshippers, who now gladly meet together on a week-day evening in the permanent church which has been provided. But we need hardly add, the Church services are not the only agencies for good possessed by St. Luke's; there is the well-attended Mothers Meeting, the classes for instruction, the Provident and Penny Bank, commenced in November, 1871, and all those efforts for good which can never be wanting in a district in which the helpers, if not very numerous, are at least most willing-hearted. For the successful working of these various efforts, St. Luke's has been much indebted to the possession of the Church-house, a few words respecting which may not be out of place.

It was at the beginning of the year 1870, that a plan was first formed by the Missionary Clergyman to purchase three houses closely abutting on the west end of St. Luke's Church, which might supply a place for mothers meeting, (for which St. Luke's had hitherto been indebted to the kindness of a neighbouring clergyman,) separate rooms where classes might be held, a choir vestry, a place for a penny bank, and a lending library, and at the same time afford an opportunity for making an opening leading from the west door of the church to that portion of the district which lies to the west of the Burdett Road. In addition to all these various uses, the Church-house would

at once answer the purpose of a Mission School, where a few children might be gathered together and placed under instruction in preparation for, and until such time as, the permanent schools for the parish of St. Luke could be erected.

Useful and convenient as such a possession would be to the parish, the purchase money for three houses was not easily to be obtained; but an appeal in the Monthly Packet brought some kind assistance, and other friends having contributed to the effort, the matter was happily arranged. At the special wish of the Incumbent, the three vacant houses were purchased by a firm which had already done much to assist Church work in St. Luke's. The use of two of the three houses was given to St. Luke's on payment by the Rev. W. Wallace of the sum of £320, collected for this special purpose, interest on the remaining £420 being paid until such time as the entire sum could be raised. The third house being let to a tenant, its annual rent would more than defray the interest, and help with taxes, &c.; but it was only adding one to many other acts of kindness, when, on St. Luke's Day, 1871, the firm to which the block of houses belongs, refused to take the interest which was due. The money thus returned helped to defray a portion of the cost of fitting up the houses for temporary School and Mission-room, which had been done at an outlay of £35. The Church-house has fully answered the purpose for which it was intended. St. Luke's Mission School was opened on February 20th, 1871, with twenty-eight children; and on September 26th, 1871, no less than one hundred children were present. An opening has been made upon the first floor between the two houses, so as to form a room of tolerable length for the temporary School, the back rooms acting as class-rooms, and lobbies for hanging caps and jackets.

We look back to the first services held in St. Luke's Mission, with all the small economies which were necessary to make the very moderate offertories meet the very moderate expenses, and we see now a substantial and handsome, and what is of even greater value, a well-filled church; a Church-house which affords most useful accommodation for meetings, classes, and all other agencies; and the walls already far advanced of a noble set of school-rooms, which are to make provision for six hundred and fifty children.

Towards the completion of these Schools the sum of £700 is still required: and it is in the hope that some who have before assisted St. Luke's in many ways, may be willing to aid the Missionary Clergyman in this effort for the Schools, that these pages are written.

St. Luke's, indeed, is not without its wants still. Thus the Clergyman writes: 'I have had a grant from the Additional Curates Fund of £80 for more than a year, but no one has promised me £40 additional, and though the offertory keeps up St. Luke's, neither it, or its people, or its minister, can pay that £40. So St. Luke's Mission still remains without an assistant clergyman.' Again, 'The Schools have taken a very great

deal of time, attention, and trouble; so that I have not done more than hold my own—and *that* £700 is still before me.'

Thus matters stood in the autumn of 1871. Then in August a sermon was preached by Bishop Claughton, Archdeacon of London, in aid of the School Building Fund, and an offertory collection made amounting to £8 11s.—the congregation (it was a week-day evening) numbering about three hundred. After the service, when the Bishop gave the choir-boys his blessing, he added the promise, 'Now I am coming again.' This promise was fulfilled on the 18th of October, St. Luke's Day. It was the second anniversary of the Consecration of the Church, and seven hundred and fifty were present on that Wednesday evening. They were chiefly St. Luke's people, though both on that occasion and the Harvest Festival, some who had been scattered to other neighbourhoods came back to be present at the service at St. Luke's. The offertory, on behalf of the School Building Fund, amounted to £11 4s. 4d. But another special work was to mark the second anniversary of the completion of the church. It was that on that occasion a link should be formed between Missions at home and Missions abroad; that the people of St. Luke's who owe so much to the Missionary spirit in Church work at home, should be led to take an interest in, hear something about, and above all, to pray for, Missions abroad. Thus it arose. Amongst the many contributors to St. Luke's through the Monthly Packet, there were some whose hearts were in a measure bound up in Missions abroad. It was the words of one of these kind contributors, that interest in Missions abroad had first led to such an interest in Missions at home, which induced the Incumbent of St. Luke's to direct the attention of his people to Missions in Grahamstown, that being the field of Church work with which his kind helpers were more especially connected. So before St. Luke's Day came, he told the people that the anniversary of the Dedication of the Church, from October 18th to October 25th was to be a special season of prayer for all Missions at home and abroad. 'Thy Kingdom come,' was the subject, and at every service supplications were offered on behalf of Missions; and on the closing evening of the anniversary services, with a congregation of above three hundred present, an offertory collection of £3 was made for the Propagation Society, for Missions in Grahamstown. Collecting-cards and boxes for the Society were also taken by some of the people, that they might in this way help the cause of Missions.

Then too, that the interest in doing something for Missions might help to stimulate and keep alive the spirit of Christian association, it was arranged by the ladies conducting the Mothers Meeting, that some material should be purchased, and when some of the mothers had nothing to sew, for themselves or for others, they might sew for Missions.

Thus, in prayer and work, this new interest has been added to the Mission work in St. Luke's. Could anything help more to make the scattered members of the 'one family' feel their common brotherhood,

than this? Sharers themselves in the 'Great Intercession,' they are learning in the name of the Lord to pray that others, who like themselves have had to be sought for diligently, may be gathered into the One Fold.

We think that, on the whole, the history of St. Luke's Mission is a very encouraging one. At least we may learn that Churchmen of the present day are not wanting in liberality, when we count up the *thousands of pounds* which have been raised and expended in, and on behalf of, this one Mission.

First, as we have so frequently been privileged to advocate the work of the Bishop of London's Fund in these pages, we will briefly record what that Fund has expended in aid of the seven thousand souls which form the population of this Mission district, since November, 1866:—

	£.	
I. Church.		
Grant from Bishop of London's Fund, for purchase of site for St. Luke's Church	803	
Grant towards building Church	1500	
Grant from Diocesan Church Building Fund	300	
II. Schools.		
Grant from Bishop of London's Fund, for purchase of Site for Schools	1000	
Grant towards building Schools	975	
	4578	
III.		
Voted, but not yet paid, for Parsonage	200	

Sums received, and expended, from other sources:—

Donations.		
For Church Building Fund, exactly	4800	
II. Schools.		
Grant from Committee of Council	908	
National Society	350	
Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge	172	10
Donations and Collections, (about) paid and promised	1000	
III. For Parsonage.		
Contributed, but not yet expended	400	
IV. St. Luke's Church-house.		
Donations received and expended, including fittings, &c.	880	

Thus, in round numbers, we have nearly *thirteen thousand pounds*, raised on behalf of one single Mission in the east of London in the course of a few years, all of which, with the exception of the grant of £900 from the Committee of Council for the new Schools, is the gift of Churchmen as individuals, or of Church Societies.

We need hardly remind our readers that of the large sum given for the Church Building Fund, a considerable item was contributed by

readers of the Monthly Packet, who, with an earnest wish to help forward Church work in the great metropolis, had been led to feel a special interest in this particular Mission. Are we venturing too far in expressing a hope that they will not allow that interest to flag, but as they have readily given for the Church and Church-house, so they will once more remember St. Luke's and the £700 which *must* be raised immediately for the completion of the Schools; for surely now, if ever, it is impossible to over-estimate the importance of each church having its own school attached.

We have given the above statistics, because we think they supply an answer to a question which may frequently be asked, as to what is being done for the poorer parts of London by means of the Bishop of London's Fund.

The above sums do not include the beautiful mosaic reredos and east window which have been placed in St. Luke's by the donor of the chancel, nor the west window, nor the Good Shepherd window at the east end of the north aisle.

It was impossible to study this latter window, with its three lights—David, the shepherd youth, rescuing the lamb from the jaws of the lion, in one compartment; the Good Shepherd carrying the lambs in His arms in the centre; and the commission to St. Peter, 'Feed My sheep,' in the third—and then to go straight from thence to the school-ground, where an outline of bricks clearly defined the form of the new schools and class-rooms, without mentally connecting the one with the other. May that school become, in the Chief Shepherd's hands, a fold for gathering in the lambs of the flock! For here the children *may* be taught those lessons of Christian faith and love, which the Church provides for the instruction of her little ones. True, it is only under the restrictions of a 'Conscience Clause,' and within a limited time, that any religious instruction may be given at all in our National Schools; but, accepting these restrictions, and keeping within these limits, the right still remains to Churchmen to teach—in the schools which they have built and which they mainly support—truths which they believe to be essential to salvation. It seemed indeed a practical commentary upon the almost endless discussions carried on by some of the School Boards, on the question, 'What may we teach?' to see the solid foundation of real work thus already begun for St. Luke's School: one could not but hope that the foundation thus laid was but a sign of that better foundation of Christian truth and Christian teaching, in which the children of the Mission might be built up in our 'Most Holy Faith.' Is it possible for any who are deeply and thoroughly in earnest, for hearts that are realizing the blessedness of a Saviour's love, and feeling their need of God's Holy Spirit to help them in their Heavenward way, ever to teach in sincerity that indefinite religion, which owns no distinctive principles, and accepts no distinctive doctrines? Truly, the Church has need still of those who will go forth seeking the lambs; seeking them in the Master's name, and for His sake,

training them up in the truth which He has revealed, instructing them in the precepts which He has given.

We cannot but observe with something more than extreme regret, the jealous fear which has been entertained lest some of the waifs and strays gathered from the London streets, the children who are trained to beg or perhaps steal, or whose parents are allowing them to grow up in idleness without any education whatever, should be taught, in the simple language of the Church Catechism, to 'keep their hands from picking and stealing, and their tongues from evil speaking, lying, and slandering.'

Surely, those who are so ready to denounce the teaching of any formularies in schools, must have forgotten that the oldest of all formularies, 'The Ten Commandments,' was amongst those things which it was commanded should be taught 'diligently' unto the children.

We look at the difficulties, the oppositions, the limitations, put upon Scripture teaching now, and dimly there floats before one's memory a time when Englishmen would have been almost ready to send a deputation across the sea to any country where the Word of God was so restricted. How can we train the youth of the present day aright, unless we train them in the definite principles laid down in that Word? Scarcely can we read any portion of Holy Scripture, but the distinctive Articles of the Christian Faith rise up before us. For instance: Are we reading the simple words, 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and yet not one of them is forgotten before God?'—we pause perhaps for a moment, in the obvious lesson of a special Providence which the words convey, teaching us that each one is under the care of a Heavenly Father, whose very Name is Love, to remind the little ones that His tender mercies are over all His works, and that it is cruel and wrong even to throw a stone at one of God's little sparrows. But the words which follow, 'Ye are of more value than many sparrows,' lead but to one sequence. Why of so much more value? No child will fail to give the inevitable answer, that it is the soul, the immortal soul, which constitutes the 'value.'

'The Life Everlasting!' Yes, we have fallen short in our teaching, evaded our duty, if we have not allowed that Article of the Christian Faith to hold its due place in our lesson.

Can anyone attempt to teach the children the lesson on forgiveness conveyed in the Parable of the Unmerciful Servant, without recognizing the great doctrines which are necessarily involved in it? Must we not shew them why our debt is so immense? must we not teach them how only the burden can be removed and the debt cancelled?—even by the full and free mercy with which the Lord 'has compassion on us and forgives us all.'

Are we even teaching the Fifth Commandment only, we surely fail in some of its most important lessons if we do not teach that the precept certainly includes all relative duties; and, at least by implication, enforces obedience from the scholar to the teacher in the school, as well as from the child to the parent in the home. And if the words 'Honour

thy father and thy mother,' bear this interpretation, which surely none will dispute, may we not carry out the lesson to its fullest meaning, and remember that it should regulate all our relative duties, whether as servants to a master, or as subjects to a sovereign? Nay, we find ourselves teaching that first principle of national unity, national peace, and national welfare, contained in the words, 'Fear God, honour the king.'

Parents may well feel assured that we, who are desirous of maintaining the religious character of our National Schools in all its integrity, are equally anxious to promote the welfare of their children in all things. We would wish to see their boys foremost in every useful art, and able to take their place beside any others in this or other countries; we would wish to see their girls behindhand in nothing that is maidenly, growing up neat-handed, industrious, and diligent in their occupations: but we have a far higher aim; we wish to impress upon them that 'Godliness is profitable for all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.' In the graphic language of Scripture, we would wish to see their 'sons grow up as the young plants, their daughters as the polished corners of the temple;' but well we know that neither the one nor the other will fulfil their duties in life the less honourably to themselves or the less usefully to their fellows, because they have been trained in school to set the highest value upon those things which Scripture describes, as 'true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report.'

It is in the hope that the School now being erected in St. Luke's Mission, Stepney, may be hereafter instrumental in training thousands of children in these principles of truth and right, that this appeal is placed before our readers.

IVANOVNA.

THE CHILDHOOD OF IMMANUEL.

IMMANUEL! Immanuel! Of earth
The Holy and the Mighty asks a home;
Emptied of all save pity He would come,
The Father's Sole-begotten, to our dearth.
Now should we cry among our fields, Woe worth,
Where are white lilies in His path to wait?
Will He, the Everlasting Orb, go forth,
Orient and occident in turn His gate?
Now should the bird who sings so sweet at even
Hush her to hearken 'songs of night' more sweet,
But, when the Singer has gone back to Heaven,
Songful once more, to Him those songs repeat,
While men stand raptured near, and list awhile
In far-off summer-hours, in sunset-isle.

Immanuel! Immanuel! The word
'Whom shall We send?' has echoed through all years;
Now in time's fullness the response appears,
'Behold! I come, to do Thy Will, O Lord.'
'Whom shall We send?' Like touch-vibrating chord
The Angel of the Presence seeks earth's shade,
And there in Nazareth, of man abhorred,
Our God asks dwelling of a mortal Maid.
'Through thee are one the twain whom guilt would sever,
Through thee comes back the Gift whence Eva fell;
Ave Maria! full of Grace for ever,
Thou art the Mother of Immanuel.'
Mother of God, straight answering 'Let it be,'
For thy meek faith we render 'Hail!' to thee.

Immanuel! Immanuel! Long erst
The Love has been the Life of Seraphim;
But now He finds the place too strait for Him,
He comes like rain upon man's mighty thirst.
O happy night when on the darkness burst
Our Sun! O shepherds watching on the lea!
Ye hear the Everlasting Gospel first,
Of all the world the only watchers ye.
'Evangel, O Evangel!' rings the story,
'Glad tidings of great joy to men I bring;'
Then in full choir, 'To God on high be glory,
To favoured men goodwill,' the angels sing.
Cease not, O Angels! sing through time to tell
The House of Living Bread, Immanuel.

Shepherds of sheep, who went forth swift to fall
At Bethlehem before Love's Mystery,
Shepherds of souls returning, O tell me
Where found ye late the Christ, the Lord of all?
Did ye not pass through doors magnifical?
Does not Tyre's purple cincture His first smiles?
Are not the vassals in that sovran hall
Earth's mighty men and kings of the far isles?
'We saw a young Child in a manger lying,
The ass and ox were near Him as He lay,
The watchers listening and the shadows flying,
We sang the song of angels, in the grey;
No throne of earth—yet naught could speak so well
God with us in the flesh, Immanuel.'

What dost thou ponder, Mary, full of grace,
Thy visitants departed? Dost thou see,
With the clear eyes of thy white purity,
Thy Baby's arms the mighty world embrace?
An artist's gaze may at an easel trace
In faint first lines the masterpiece's power;
Ev'n so, perchance, dilates thy dwelling-place,
And breaks in perfect bloom thy Passion-flower.
Thus with the soul it is as with the manger,
In work and word the watchers-twain are nigh;
Again the foster-father guards from danger,
Again the Mother-maid sings lullaby;
True Priest and spotless Bride that birth they scan,
Immanuel, Eternal God with man.

First Sun, arising good and ill to bless,
(The weary sin-sad ages perfected,
The Angel-starry midnight after-sped,)
First Sun to light the Sun of Righteousness,
Should not thy dawn a lovelier Dawn confess,
Cloudless thy sky and summer-sweet thy day?
The heart of all the years shall answer, Yes,
For 'neath our cloud thy Fountain asks thy ray.
Ah! since time's dawn thy light has told His kindness;
We closed the eyes He gave, and blind would be;
Ah! with desire He so desired our blindness,
Himself took eyes that we again might see;
O wonder passing thought of Seraphim!
The sun yields light, the Sun of suns is dim.

Ancient of Days which know not morn or even,
This day, meseems, they smite the Rock of years;
He made our flesh, He never made our tears;
He takes them both to purge our evil leaven.
Ancient of Days—His days last night were seven;
This day His life-long Passion is begun;
As if sin-severed He is borne to Heaven,
Though Angels know that Thou and He are One.
Ah me! ah me! The blood of God is flowing;
It ebbs, but soon it will be all outpoured;
God reaps the first-fruits of the sinner's sowing,
And Mary's soul has foretaste of the sword.
O bounteous Father! O sweet eight-day Child!
Thine be our hearts, though scarred, yet reconciled.

Among the lanes, one eve of August starry,
One speaks his musings to fraternal ears:
'If there be dwellers in the sister-spheres,
They count our world a pallid luminary.'
The word is spoke, the answer does not tarry—
'Was path of any star by Jesus trod?
Lo, here, incarnate in the Child of Mary,
Once lived and died the universe's God.
The heav'n of stars declares His far-off splendour,
The heav'n of Angels sang His human birth;
With our own hearts for harps, we men may render
The mighty music of His course on earth.
Fair are the stars, but fairest, first, of them,
The mystic star which shone o'er Bethlehem.'

Lo! twelve days back a kingly crown we wore,
A crown declaring twofold empery;
The sun-bathed east for earthly realm had we,
The starry night had taught us all her lore.
But now we cast earth by for evermore,
And now the Wisdom from on high we own;
Our weary twelve-day pilgrimage past o'er,
We cast our crowns before a manger-throne.
This is the Might the cruel spoiler spoiling,
This is the Christ, the Ever-royal born;
Sweet star, who led'st us in our twelve-day toiling,
Stand still for ever o'er the Star of morn,
Till men shall bring, where'er men's feet have trod,
Not gold and spice and myrrh, but hearts, to God.

Mother of Jesus, with thy sweet hand guiding
Thy Little One along the Libyan plain,
Dost mark how tottering falls each idol fane,
Eternal God in Egypt's midst abiding?
To human eyes, from Herod's anger hiding,
A puny train along the sands ye go;
Yet, conquering and to conquer, God is riding,
With coronal of stars and horse of snow.
Ye also, foster-father, Mother-maiden,
Attendants of His march, save you, seem none,
But Babes just gone from Bethlehem to Eden
The martyrs' noble army crowned forerun;
Their cross, as men count years, Love's Cross before
They bid the weeping mother weep no more.

Meseems the Church is as her Heavenly Spouse;
No past and future in her time may be;
The tender smile of her first infancy
Still, after many ages, lights her brows.
Come, pilgrims, hasten to the holy House,
And bend and praise. Before the earth-set Throne
A lowly Mother seals her travail-vows,
Nor renders thanks and offers gifts, alone;
For round her thanks are thankful voices ringing,
The thankful voices of the 'first Nowell,'
And aye her soul is '*Nunc dimittis*' singing,
Because her eyes have seen Immanuel,
The Mother purified, who stain has none,
Offering in earthly shrine th' Eternal Son.

Hide me, O Father, till the hour of death,
In lowly, silent, hamlet ministry;
The rough and hard and homely task for me,
Not angel-flights 'mid flattery's poison-breath.
If Thou didst hide Thy Son in Nazareth,
Through silent years, His creature's toilful Boy;
So only purged the guilt and sealed the faith,
Shall not Thy sinner *work* his way to joy?
He deigned forget His own Eternal Being,
Men scarce perceived the love-aroma nigh,
He loved and served and toiled, the end foreseeing—
Say, were such lot too low for such as I?
But He is God, and I am dust and stain;
Live, God, in me the hidden life again.

Hast thou the pleasant path of Wisdom missed?
O! while the time is, seek Her sorrowing;
Men from the ocean pearls of price upbring,
Men rive the earth for gold and amethyst;
They who find Wisdom only bend and list:
Once She was far away beyond all ken;
But Righteousness and Peace in Jesus kissed,
And now the Wisdom sets Her Chair with men.
Not to the world She makes Her strange expansion,
Not with thy friends and kinsfolk walks She One;
Mary and Joseph! where is Wisdom's mansion?
'Teaching the wise we found our twelve-year Son;
Go to the Father's House as we of yore,
And dwell with Wisdom, wise for evermore.'

The loss of Jesus! O that loss to me
Were loss transcending mortal speech or lay,
Were loss of bread and light and sword and stay,
Of joy and tears and yearning charity;
Of all I am and all I ask to be,
Of selfless thought and clear unconscious gaze,
Sweet solitude and sweet society,
And restful nights and restful-toilful days;
Of earthly seasons with their changeful beauty,
Nature's fair lesson-book from Spring to Fall;
Of Church solemnities, the bride of duty,
Festal and fast and love and God and all.
If such in time the loss of Jesus be,
What were such loss through all eternity?

Fair is the grace to be a little Child.
Our God has sanctified all ages; He,
Not for twelve years but those long thirty-three,
Dwelt on our earth, the Ever-undefiled;
Loving, obedient, gentle, stainless, mild,
Exemplar He alike to sire and boy,
Yet, ere by death the world He reconciled,
He told us Childhood was the gate of joy.
They brought young children to His love-fired bosom,
Sin, the divider, bade them go away,
But Love, the Child-God, blessed each baby-blossom,
'Now suffer ye,' He said, 'My own to stay;
When Heav'n to man shall ope its portals fair
Only My little ones shall enter there.'

Immanuel! Immanuel! My Flowers,
My little Children, now is Childhood done;
My intonation and my cadence one,
Immanuel! I sing with all my powers;
Immanuel! in dark or sunny hours,
Immanuel! be comfort far or nigh,
Immanuel! 'mid sweet or songless bowers,
Immanuel! I sing until I die;
Immanuel! God with us in His meekness,
Immanuel! God with us in His might,
To bind our wounds, to gift with strength our weakness,
To bring us, angels, to the home of light.
Shiloh is come; His feet our earth have trod;
Now thanks and glory to the Child our God!

ARTHUR MIDDLEMORE MORGAN.

FEMALE RECRUITS FOR THE CHURCH MILITANT.

No. III.

Our third class of labourers (Trained Nurses) differs in several respects from the other two, but resembles them in more important ones. They are equally persons selected from the lower orders, who devote themselves to the active service of the poor for Christ's sake. No change of station, or substitution of intellectual for physical labour, is gained by their adoption of a religious life. They are either provided for entirely, as in the case of Serving Sisters, or given the bare means of maintaining themselves, as in the case of Mission Women; but in neither case do they 'better themselves,' as far as this world goes, by following their vocation. A second radical resemblance in all three classes, is that the Serving Sisters, Mission Women, and Trained Nurses, all work in subordination to their superiors, and are not independent agents. We are anxious to impress these two points upon our readers, because they involve the two principles of sacrifice and obedience, both of which we consider essential to the right fulfilment of a female vocation.

The only satisfactory mode of training Nurses for the sick poor, is to be found by placing them in Hospitals, those great schools of the kindred arts of alleviation and cure. It is not only that Nurses are there taught what to do and what to leave undone in the sick room, but they are also taught some of those grand laws of health, the disregard of which is the fruitful cause of so much sickness. To find persons willing to learn, and capable of being taught, is the great difficulty in most of the Institutions for providing Nurses for the sick. And here again we would press on our readers the duty of making the want known among the class capable of supplying it. Our space will not admit of our doing more than referring briefly to some of the many Institutions which undertake this important work. At Liverpool there is a large Home capable of accommodating sixty Nurses, who learn in the Hospital and Dispensary, and also work as District Nurses under Lady Superintendents. A great deal of cooking for the sick is wisely added to their duties. Exeter has recently started an Institution for Training Nurses, in connection with its Hospital, but the work is too young to judge of the fruit at present. The Nightingale Fund is well known, and must always possess a peculiar interest, not only from its history and origin, but from its being the appropriation by its illustrious owner of the evidence of national gratitude towards the diminution of national sufferings. Several of the London Hospitals have entered into connection with this fund, which enables them to train 'Village Nurses' qualified to act as midwives among the poor. The Parochial Mission Woman Fund has a small branch association for supplying Mission Nurses. They are trained in King's College Hospital under the superintendence of the Sisters of St. John's House.

Much discussion has arisen on the expediency of admitting Sisterhoods as the authorized Nurses in Hospitals. We do not wish to enter upon this question, in which the needs of the patients are apt to be lost sight of in the vehemence of religious controversy. But we would merely say that in no instance, where the experiment has been made, has it resulted

in failure. The gross temptations which beset our pauper nurses in Work-houses and the ordinary sick nurses in Hospitals, are absolutely unknown to the ladies who form our Sisterhoods; and an atmosphere of moral purity therefore pervades the wards placed under their care. By uniting with them women of that lower class for whose employment we plead, a double benefit is secured. The Sisters gain by practical association with their social inferiors; the division of labour multiplies the power of work; and the gain in religious tone, delicacy, and refinement, to the Nurses themselves is immense. During a recent outbreak of fever in the Work-house near Manchester, the paid nurses resigned in a panic; and the guardians, finding it impossible to supply their places from the ordinary source, invoked the aid of the Sisters of All Saints', London, who sent down at once a devoted band to nurse the sick, calm the living, and soothe the dying. It is difficult to conceive the vast good done among the Work-house officials, as well as among the suffering paupers, by so heroic a devotion. These Sisters undertake the training of Nurses for the poor in University Hospital, of the nursing of which they have the entire charge.

Another illustration of the working of the principle we have endeavoured to explain, is to be found in St. John's House and Sisterhood, who have the nursing of King's College and Charing Cross Hospitals, and who also attend a large number of the poor in districts in and out of London. 'The design of this Institution is to improve the qualifications and to raise the character of Nurses for the sick in Hospitals, among the poor, and in private families, by providing for them professional training, together with moral and religious discipline, under the care of a Lady Superior and resident Sisters, aided by a clergyman as chaplain.'

It will be observed that a great variety of organizations have been alluded to in the foregoing papers; but all recognize submission to an external authority, at least in that part of their work of which we have been speaking. Trained Nurses are as subject to the medical authorities of a Hospital, as the Sisters themselves are in all that regards the care of the sick. The Hospital is to the doctor what the parochial school should be to the clergyman; he must be the ultimate authority, and to him all medical questions must be referred. One of the fundamental principles of the Parochial Mission Woman Association is that it should be part of and subordinate to the parochial system of our Church. It enters a district only on the written invitation of the Incumbent, and it remains there only so long as it seems good to him, who has selected both the agents, and is alone responsible for their religious teaching. This submission to authority is especially necessary for women, who are apt, in excitement of work, activity, and influence, to lose sight of the softer and more beautiful characteristics of their sex, which are best preserved by those who remember St. Paul's words, 'they (*i. e.* women) are commanded to be under obedience.'

We have tried to shew some of the advantages, both to themselves and to their own class, attending the employment of the lower orders in works of mercy and charity; but we cannot conclude without suggesting the benefit to the upper classes also, by looking on their poorer brethren, not only as ministers to their comfort, or recipients of their bounty, but also as possible fellow-workers with themselves in the Lord's Vineyard. We are too apt to regard the poor as objects on whom we may exercise our

charity in the way most suited to our own inclinations, each selecting that class of distress which appeals most loudly to her compassion, or can be helped at least personal sacrifice. Let us strive after a truer wider view of our relative duties as Christians. We form part of a vast army, whose business is to fight against 'sin, the world, and the devil,' wherever they exist. Our enemies are legion. Fellow-soldiers, better qualified perhaps then ourselves, may be waiting for the call, in our kitchens, our schools, our cottages. Be it ours to enlist fresh recruits under the great Captain, rejoicing to fight beside them under 'His Banner.' For the privilege of working for Christ does not belong to one class or order of men. It is the common duty of all who call themselves Christians, and has been so recognized by God Himself in His selection of agents representing the divers orders of men in His Kingdom. For the royal Penitent, the humble Fisherman, and the learned Physician, were created by the same Hand, redeemed by the same Love, and inspired by the same Spirit to become the immortal Teachers and examples to His Church through all ages, and in all countries.

HINTS ON READING.

My dear ——,

You ask me to recommend books which may be ordered in a book-club—a most difficult request to comply with. Tastes vary so much; and I have but little time for reading, and cannot attempt to keep up with the lighter literature of the day. The utmost I can hope to do is to suggest a few graver books, or such at least as are not novels, and which I can guarantee myself, and to give you the names of a few works of fiction, which, I am assured by persons whose judgement I can depend upon, are at least not *unreadable*—and this, unhappily, is a good deal to say in the present day. My list will not contain anything very new, and I am afraid you may already be acquainted with many of the books mentioned.

Lady Barker's Letters from New Zealand almost everyone knows.—They are lively and graphic. I suspect, from what I have heard from my New Zealand friends, that they are rather highly coloured, but they give a very vivid impression of the pleasures and toils of life at the Antipodes, and are good for reading aloud.

Tent Life in Siberia.—Not a very new book, but interesting from its account of northern scenery and civilization.

Froude's Short Essays on Great Subjects.—I mention this book with a certain reservation, because, with all my admiration of Mr. Froude's talents, I certainly do not agree with him in principle. The Essay on St. Hugh of Lincoln you can scarcely fail to like. 'Calvinism' appears to me to be about anything but Calvinism. It is rather an exposition of Mr. Froude's Protestant view of Christianity; but it is interesting and suggestive. Several of the other Essays are on the colonial policy of England, and will chiefly be attractive to those who have colonial sympathies; but they are very clever.

Count Beugnot's Memoirs I have been reading in the original, and I have come to the conclusion that the book is likely to be more agreeable to an English reader in the English dress which Miss Yonge has given it. So much of it refers to individuals and politics exclusively French; but in any form it must be interesting at this time, when France is, as it was then, undergoing a process of re-construction.

Culture and Religion, by J. G. Shairp, is a delightful little book, which should be read and thought over till it is fully mastered.

Christie's Faith, by the author of 'Owen, a Waif,' is a novel which I can guarantee myself. The scenes are not laid in a very elevated class of life, and some are extremely painful, but there is a noble religious tone throughout the book which carries one through all. If I were inclined to criticise, I should say that the author does not understand women as well as he does men; and one scene, in which a so-called lady

offers to be the wife of a man much her inferior in position, would in other hands have been very unpleasant. As it is, it is merely unnatural. The author's sympathies are evidently not with the English Church, but he is in no way antagonistic to it.

An article in the October Quarterly on Spiritualism, is, I am told, good and interesting; and one in the Edinburgh Review on the Commune and International Societies is well worth reading. If you wish to be made to think, I would advise you to get *Bacon's Essays*, edited, with annotations, by Archbishop Whately. (It is not, however, a book-club book.) You will find your mind strengthened, and your ideas upon many points made clear, by the strong good sense which the Archbishop brings to bear upon every subject to which he addresses himself. One may not always agree with his conclusions, but one may always be the wiser for hearing what he has to say; and the confirmed belief of such a man in these days of scepticism is very valuable.

The Novels which have been recommended, and which I must remind you are *novels*, and therefore not intended for children, are—

A Lonely Life, by the Author of 'Wise as a Serpent.'—Interesting, but rather sad.

Hitherto: a Story of Yesterday, by Mrs. Whitney.—American. Fresh and original, and the tone pure and high. The conversations are rather misty occasionally.

Anne Judge, Spinster.

True to Herself.

Both very interesting; but the former rather sensational. There is, however, no harm in it.

Wild as a Hawk.—Sensational, but harmless and gracefully written; and interesting as the description of a young undisciplined mind, and the trouble consequent upon its absence of self-control.

I would mention besides, as stories for young people:—

Little Women.
Little Men. } by L. M. Alcott.
An Old-fashioned Girl.

These are all American—very amusing, and likely to be useful.

Edward's Wife.
Christabel Kingscote. } by Miss Marshall.
The Old Gateway.

Good and pleasant.

Tales by E. J. Warboise are almost certain to be agreeable, with a good tone. Some of them are for quite young people.

Oldbury.

Irene's Repentance.

Interesting and safe.

Tales from French History, by Phœbe M. Feilden.—They give a pleasant idea of the mediæval times.

If you read German, I think you would like Mühlbach's Historical Novels:—

Joseph der Zweite.

Friedrich der Grosse und seine Geschwister.

Friedrich der Grosse und sein Hof, &c.

Of course, in historical novels you must be prepared for historical facts, however unpleasant; but in these books there is nothing really coarse in the way in which such facts are brought forward.

If this list (very unsatisfactory to myself) should be any help to you, I need scarcely say I shall be very glad.

Do you know a small book of devotions—*The Narrow Way?*—It is safe and good.

Yours very sincerely,

ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

To this list we must add a few more, some with a grave and earnest tone, such as the deep and striking volume which Dr. Littledale has added to *The Commentary on the Psalms*, which Dr. Neale left unfinished. This is for the solitary reading of those who love spiritual interpretations.

Mr. Mitchell's *Gospel Story*, now complete in three volumes, is admirable for reading with the young at family prayers, or to the poor. The sections are very short, and there is pith in every one—something, in fact, to remember, the lack of which is often the great fault in devotional readings and comments.

The Life of St. Francis de Sales, by Mrs. Lear, has been followed up by a translation of his *Lettres Spirituelles*, both well worth having.

The Story of the War (Philipson and Golden, Chester,) is a spirited ballad, embodying the leading events of the late war; may be had for twopence, and will be found useful as well as interesting to many young people, both in *schools* and *school-rooms*.

We have too long delayed to mention the excellent *Scenes from the Life of Savonarola*, (Masters,) which all will do well to read.

Stones of the Temple, by Walter Field, M.A., (Rivington,) is a capital book, explaining the meaning and history of the parts of a church, their abuses and their *raison d'être*. We should much recommend it to the large class of the intelligent and uninformed.

'*Fernyhurst Court*,' '*Her Title of Honour*,' by Holme Lee, and '*Heroines of Obscurity*,' by Sarah Tytler, are all books worthy of being read by those who care for thought and character more than mere incident.

The Old Oak Staircase, by M. and C. Lee, is a delightful contribution to the children's historical novellette series. It relates to the perils of 'The Maids of Taunton,' who were so foolishly compromised by their reception of Monmouth, and suffered so much from Judge Jeffreys' tender mercies. It is as charming as *Rosamond Fane*, by the same authors, and only contains one odd error—the mention of the Communion, instead of the Visitation, of the Sick.

Aunt Jenny's American Pets (Griffith and Farran) likewise contains some delicious domestic natural history. *Child's Influence* is rather pretty, but not real enough; and there is so much about beauty, that we feel half smothered in golden hair. *Alda Graham and her Brother Philip*, and *The Young Governess*, are more ambitious, but far less instructive, stories. We hope no one ever had such a dreadful grandmother as poor Alda; and 'the Young Governess' is silly beyond belief. The employers treat her with the most exaggerated scorn and neglect, and are by-and-by annihilated by finding that under a feigned name she is the daughter of one baronet and engaged to another! How much the writer knows of the life of the people she fancies she represents, may be gathered from the father being Colonel, and the mother Lady Clere! *Little Lisette* is a Flemish story, Protestant and stupid. And all ingenious children will be enchanted with *How to Make Dolls' Furniture*. How wet afternoons will be longed for after once looking at the 'seventy illustrations!'

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have just published, under the editorship of Dr. Reynolds, a second series of Essays on Church Questions, entitled *Ecclesia*. It is a very interesting volume; though we find in the writings of these thoughtful Nonconformists few of those 'unconscious yearnings after unity with our Church,' which appear scattered through the first series.* It is almost needless to warn our readers that we express no approval of their doctrines, no advocacy of their suggestions. But at least we may thank them for shewing us, almost more clearly than we could see for ourselves, the value of our own position in the Church. It is something to have it acknowledged, for instance, that the practically unanimous testimony of the early Church favours the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. On the other hand, the Essay on the 'Rule of Faith' shews us the mischief done to the Church by those within her pale, who can describe her Thirty-nine Articles as 'of a Protestant bias, though they are capable of a Catholic interpretation.'† We hope to have the opportunity of giving our readers a fuller examination of some, at least, of these Essays in a future number.

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* See a notice, specially of Mr. Dale's Essay, in *Church Bells* for November 11th, 1871.

† Orby Shipley's *Ecclesiastical Glossary*, p. 454.

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

FEBRUARY, 1872.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNT OF THE MURDER OF BISHOP PATTESON, IN THE NEW ZEALAND HERALD OF NOVEMBER 1ST, 1871.

'On the 20th of September, the schooner Southern Cross being off the islet of Nukapu, (Swallow Group,) the Bishop, accompanied by the Rev. J. Aitkin, and three native teachers, went ashore in the boat. The Bishop landed and disappeared; and after the lapse of some time an attack was made upon the boat, and Mr. Aitkin and two teachers were wounded; the boat returned to the vessel, but subsequently Mr. Aitkin returned to search for the Bishop, whose body he found in a deserted canoe wrapped in native matting. "The face," we are told, "bore no mark of agony, but smiled sweetly; the eyes were closed."'

We lifted him tenderly out of the boat,
  On the sky-light we laid him down,
And felt, as we gazed on his beautiful face,
  That he'd won his martyr's crown:

For his soul as it flew to his Maker,
  Had left a message there,
To the sorrowing ones left behind him,
  In this world of sin and care.

His eyes were closed, and a saintly smile
  Round his mouth seemed still to creep;
Such as you may see around a babe's
  In its mother's arms asleep.

But it spoke to us of no child-like dreams,
It told of no human mirth;
But of holy joy and of heavenly bliss,
Such as never are felt upon earth.

As we lowered him into the shining sea,
That lay so calm and still,
We said, Oh! where shall we find a man,
His place as well to fill?

And we wept for his loss, and the Church bereft,
And for those who had slain him too;
As we thought of his Master's words, when He said,
'They know not what they do.'

A. B. G.

THE MINISTRY OF IMMANUEL.

IMMANUEL! Immanuel! O come;
Holy and True, to men be manifest;
A time and times and half-a-time[1] make quest
For Sion's sheep upon the wilds that roam.
Though dear the stillness of Thy human home,
And cold the wind which blows along the plain,
Men shall not count of morning hours the sum
Ere Thou shalt rise to bring them back again.
Ah, when they slake their thirst at living fountains
And feed in emerald meadows, they shall say,
How beautiful Thy feet upon the mountains,
How kind the hand that wiped their tears away,
How soft the dews that on their being fell,
How rich the mercies of Immanuel!

Her hands a font of purest water shrining,
A maiden journeys from the pine-crowned north;
Say, did she follow when the LOVE went forth,
All day and night her ear to Him inclining?
Clear on her breast a mystic Cross is shining,
As winter berries on the virgin snow;
Now, heav'n and earth in human semblance twining,
What is thy name and what thy work below?

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[1] Three years and a half; equal in duration with the power of antichrist. *Daniel*, vii. 25.—'A time and times and the dividing of time.'

'Dark by my path the river-reeds are waving;
Jordan I am, the first of streams that roll;
The Holy Flesh my world-old stain is laving,
And now all waters sanctify the soul;
Yes, all who pass their surface foul with sin
Arise immaculate, without, within.'

O LOVE, dost come to be baptized of me?
Thou art the Lamb of God Whose victor-fray
Shall take the sins of the whole world away;
O LOVE, not Thou of me, but I of Thee.
Say, can a sinner wash the Purity?
Can Health ask healing of a tainted rill?
'Nay, thus all righteousness accomplished be;
For thus I come to do My Father's will.'
Prophet of God! O not in bowers of sadness
Th' anointing olives of the true Christ spring;
Th' Eternal Spirit comes, the Oil of Gladness,
Him Prophet sealing, and High-priest and King;
Th' Eternal Father wakes the thunder-voice,
'This is My Son in Whom I All rejoice.'

When scarce the rays of setting sun illume
The orchard-meadows of sweet Albion,
Why do I linger ere I wander on,
The while a mystic murmur thrills the gloom?
The Holy Ghost deigned creature-form assume;
He left the Heav'n of ninefold Angelhood;
Yet for His path He chose an *earthly* plume,
The gentle bird that mourns in summer-wood.
Now in my heart He makes His lowly dwelling;
Mourn in my heart for ever, Holiest Dove;
The sinner's anguish to the Father telling,
Tell Thou the sinner of his Father's love;
So shall my brief day's fast-approaching night
Foreshade the dawn of beatific Light.

O Rose of Sharon, Lily of the valley,
Flow'rs of Heav'n's Garden, rich with love's perfume,
What is this world wherein awhile ye bloom?
Is it a bower where sense with sweets may dally?
Is it a land where birds sing musically
Of sunshine and sweet dews by stream and dell,
And where, to ebb and ebb, the rollers rally
Against the rock-built towers of Israel?

Alas, in vain her weary sons and daughters
Ask love's oasis 'mid the burning sand;
Alas, her Elim-wells are Marah-waters,
And all her garden dry and barren land;
Here is no bread the fainting soul to stay,
Here savage beasts, ill spirits, prowl for prey.

'Dost Thou, of choice, abide uncomforted?
O Son of God, if Son of God Thou be,
By mighty work attest Thy ancestry;
Command these stones that they be turned to bread.
Full forty centuries of earth have fled,
The lions have not lacked on Judah's wild;
Full forty days and nights no table spread,
Thy Father cares not for His fainting Child.'
As ere the world was, there is war in Heaven;
Michael and Lucifer for strife draw nigh;
Satan, the wolf, who round the fold dares raven,
Jesus, our God, Who for the sheep will die.
O speak, new Adam; end the opening strife;
'Not bread, but God, is man's immortal life.'

Whither, O man, from evil wilt thou flee?
Wilt climb earth's dizzy mountain-peaks, and dream
Of deeds that sparkle like the mountain-stream,
A spirit like the mountain-breezes free?
Ah, there, with immemorial potency,
The foeman waits to leaguer thy trenched line;
'If only thou fall down and worship me
Earth's realms and all their glory shall be thine.'
Thou dost not rule the starry universe;
Thou art not He to Whom all creatures bend;
One dared to the Great King these wiles rehearse,
Shall not *thy* trial be the drama's end?
So walk this vale of death with staff and rod,
So serve with thy whole heart thy Lord and God.

Sion, O Sion! Thy fane's pinnacle,
O say what crowns its white aerial spire?
Why gleams it, circled all with glory-fire,
As if the stars had thither come to dwell?
Lo, there, in glory unapproachable,
Is One, Etern, Serene, Erect, Alone;
Angels attendant, circling, ward Him well
Who has thus made the precipice a throne.
Where is He now, O Sion, O my Mother?
I saw Him late, but He has passed away;

Ah, to my side there comes a gentle Brother;
He looks into my face; I hear Him say,
'Child of My throes, where'er I place thee, stand;
No self-sought danger earns My angel's hand.'

So victor stands thy 'glorious Eremite,'[2]
So fain is Satan to his place to flee,
O singer of the Fall and Victory,
O seer in darkness of supernal light.
His hour come near, again the Infinite
By lurid wings in battle shall be fanned;
I ask not Milton's music for that fight,
I ask but strength in my own hour to stand.
Ah, on my bed in night's dread silence lying,
I hear my angel, 'thou ere age shalt die;'
Between the first strife and the last strong crying,
O LOVE, in mercy-deeds, as Thou so I!
So I as Thou accepted child shall be
When Satan comes at the last agony.

How sweet from scenes the heart with terror daunting
To pass to northern mountain, lake and lay!
Thy inland waters, O fair Cumbria,
A viewless sprite their tranquil shore is haunting,
'O Paradise! O Paradise!' now chanting,[3]
Now waking simple moorland minstrelsy,[4]
Now, hushed the mythic Orient's wild descanting,
Singing to LOVE love's immortality.[5]
Have ye come back from heaven, O sweet singers,
Come back and taught the wild bird what ye sung?
No, 'tis the angel of your verse who lingers
Along the waters where your harp was strung,
'Tis nature's lake-land voice to music set
Breathed by the LOVE around Gennesaret.

He might have tarried o'er the starry skies,
He might have broke, without the war, our chain,
He might have washed, without the blood, our stain,
And brought us, angel-pure, to Paradise;
But since the LOVE would be Self-sacrifice,
Will not a thousand be by One o'erthrown?
No battle-summons from His camp need rise,
God in our manhood He can war alone.

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[2] *Paradise Regained.* Book i. line 8. [3] Faber. [4] Wordsworth.
[5] Southey's *Curse of Kehama.* Canto x., stanzas 10 and 11.—'They sin who tell us love can die.'

Hark, on all winds the sound of many voices;
Deep answers Deep, 'we come,' the 'follow Me;'
First-fruits the twelve, a mighty host rejoices,
Arrayed in LOVE's own victor-panoply;
'From wealth, from trade, from sire, from all,' they cry,
'To fish for men, to farm the wealth on high.'

Ye who for labour or for rest have gone
To midland meadows, where two counties kiss,
Linger a season where the marvel is,
A king and all his courtiers turned to stone.[6]
There flits my muse and sings her monotone;
No song of Druid or of Dane has she;
Immanuel, our God among His own,
Christ and the twelve her only song shall be.
Have we not known our Jesus'[7] gentle guiding
O'er the Red Sea and the waste howling wild?
The desert past, the river's waves dividing,
What glorious vision waits each ransomed child?
All on twelve stones her walls fair Sion rears,
The Monarch in the midst, the Rock of years.

To keep through life the inner being pure,
To feed the poor, to slay the life of sense
By ceaseless prayer and alms and abstinence,
In heart's intent from human praise secure;
To ask, to seek, to knock at the one Door,
So day by day the yearning soul be fed,
Of Heav'n's unintermitted largess sure
As little children of their father's bread,
Like birds and flowers of no morrow dreaming;
To render peace for cursing, love for pain,
Like God on high Who lists the world's blaspheming,
Yet sends on good and ill His sun and rain;
To build life's building on one Rock, the Rood;
Thus on the Mount LOVE speaks beatitude.

As holy Isaac waiting his young bride
In the sweet meadows at the set of sun,
Far off in spirit saw the Holy One,
The Lamb Whom God would on the Mount provide,

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[6] The Rollwright Stones, at the junction of Oxfordshire and Warwickshire; probably Druidical; though there is a local legend affirming them to be petrified Danish invaders, whence the central stone is called the King-stone.

[7] The identity of the name of Joshua with the Holy Name will be remembered—also Joshua's having set up twelve stones after the passage of the Jordan.

So thou in this world's awful eventide,
When twilight shadows deepen hour by hour,
Look with thy spirit on the Crucified,
So shall thy brethren know His conquering power.
Wilt thou not hearken what the LOVE is saying,
The lonely mountain-top His Altar-floor?
He prays the Father; at that mighty praying
The Glory 'neath the Veil can hide no more.
Not less, in these last times, He asks of thee,
Through prayer and life, a new Theophany.

What harp's high music rings accord with Christ?
He spake as never man beneath the sun;
He did the deeds which never man had done;
Men own the marvel who the end resist;
Eagle! far soaring o'er each earth-born mist,
Thou know'st no shrine for all He wrought and said;
Now should the SPIRIT speak while angels list
And earth keeps silence and hell quakes with dread.
Mine is no eyry built for heav'nward springing,
Mine is a nest amid the way-side corn,
There let me wait and watch all night, ere singing
Nigh to the Sun in the eternal morn;
There let my spirit speak th' Unspeakable,
The song which all may learn, which none may tell.

O Holy Voice! at Thy resistless crying
The dead man rises from his four-day tomb;
The winds and waves are hushed, and to the gloom
From souls too long enslaved ill sprites are flying;
O Holy Touch! through Thy blest purifying
Outcast no more the leper walks the sod;
Not less to men for the sweet sunshine sighing
Thou giv'st to look upon Incarnate God;
Not less the five loaves of the young lad taking,
Thou feed'st five thousand on the barren shore,
The heav'nward look and Eucharistic Breaking
Foreshadowing Bread Which feeds for evermore;
The lame are leaping now, the dumb now sing,
The deaf unto the LOVE are listening.

O say, blest strangers, are ye calmly sleeping
Among the cedars in the Pleasant Land?
Beside your resting-place in heart I stand,
Of your rich harvest for my fallows reaping;

I hear your voices thankful concord keeping,
'Came I and told Him all my mother-woe,
It seemed awhile He would not heed my weeping,
But mightier mercy He my soul would show.'—
'The soldier I, I sent my friends to pray Him;
My roof, myself, for Him I deemed unmeet;
Cried I, "the winds, the stars, the thrones, obey Him,
Sure, at His word, my servant's plague will fleet."'
Then full, 'not strangers now but children we,
His mansion cherished in our hearts makes He.'

The toil-worn peasant in the early year
Casting the seed on good and evil soil;
The diver hastening homeward with sea-spoil,
The sea's lament for pearls within his ear;
The fisher toiling nightly on the mere;
The budding fig forespeaking summer's glow;
The harvest-moon which o'er the sheaves hangs clear;
The autumn winds that where they list do blow—
Ye gentle friends who list the rhymer's rhyming,
Pure be your hearts to read the Preacher's scroll;
In earth's wild bells there chimes an under-chiming,
The things of nature witness nature's soul.
Long years, like Adam, cold and mute they lay,
But now, LOVE teaching, breathes and speaks the clay.

As from One Seed the generations reap,
As one brief day enfolds a lesser life,
As one true sigh with pardon-years is rife,
So in Thy sayings, LOVE, Thyself dost sleep.
Thou art the Shepherd of the hundred sheep,
Joying to bear the wanderer to Heaven's sward;
Thou in Thy Bride wilt toil and spend and weep
Till in the lost coin gleam Thy mark restored;
The Parent Thou a great way off discerning
Thy son, the sinner late 'gainst Heav'n and Thee;
The dead alive again, the lost returning,
Thou sayest to Thy friends, 'Rejoice with Me;'
Thou giv'st the robbed and wounded stranger-man
Thy Oil and Wine, Thou Good Samaritan.

Hast thought whence flowed the world-primeval's bane?
Hast thought whence fell the deluge-death all hours?
Forth from some fountain baleful as the powers
Unseen which mildew-blast the harvest-grain?

Ah no; its mother was the gentle rain,
Whose earlier comings told of hope and joy,
Who spread life's table in the fallow plain,
And quenched in summer-fields the drought's alloy.
Who will the servant chide for trust earth-hidden?
Who to late virgins close th' eternal door?
Who will the throne fill when the lost are bidden
From light and hope depart for evermore?
He Who our world in quickening pity trode,
The yearning, toiling, dying, Lamb of God.

Did He not come from Heav'n to earth for His?
Far less the depth their city's ramparts crown;
O say, what hinders that they cast Him down,
The Man Who claims to end all prophecies?
He would go down a deeper precipice,
He will go forth anon to die for men,
His own shall seize Him at the token-kiss,
He will not vanish from their midmost then.
For Angel He, the Angel of the Holy,
Before Isaiah spoke[8] or Jordan rolled,[9]
To preach the Gospel to the meek and lowly,
To break the chains, to bid the blind behold,
To bind the broken heart, to preach for near
The day of Grace, the Lord's accepted year.

Dost ask whose image doth this coin endow?
It is the fair-haired Girl who left her bower
To wed the man she loved—for orange-flower
The crown of all the Englands on her brow;
It is the lonely stricken one whom Thou,
LOVE, *ere* the rising, bad'st as angels be;[10]
The chosen of her girlhood parted now,
Bridegroom divine, she gives her heart to Thee.
So reaps the KING His goodly tribute-payment,
So breaks the WORD vain Sadducæan snares;
One comes from Bozrah clad in ruddy raiment,
What mark shall mark His Own He swift declares,
'Why are ye troubled?' ring those accents sweet,
'It is Myself; behold My hands and feet.'[11]

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[8] Isaiah, lxi. 1, 2. St. Luke, iv. 18, 19.

[9] The place whence the Holy Spirit sent Him, or, as in the context, where 'the Holy' made Him His 'Angel.' (St. Matt. iii. 16, 17.) According to Isaiah's prophecy, 'The Spirit of the Lord hath sent Me.'

[10] St. Matt. xxii. 30. 1 St. Tim. v. 5.

[11] St. Luke, xxiv. 38, 39.

Give Me to drink; above the clouds I dwell
Sending their rain, yet by thy water-brink
Aweary and athirst I ask for drink,
Now, as in days of flesh, Immanuel.
Give Me to drink; without earth's citadel
Thirsting I hang upon the bitter tree;
Give Me to drink of thy scant water-well,
So shall I slake My mighty thirst for thee.
Dost thou not hear My poor around thy portal,
My poor ask drink which can but stay thirst's pain?
I am the Well of Life, the Fount Immortal,
Which whoso drinks shall never thirst again;
And I have said, Who hath for Mine outpoured
One draught of earth, shall lose not his reward.

White amidst green, with dews of morning wet,
Not seen by many who the place go by,
Sweet but to him who bends him down anigh,
All on a vernal bank a flower is set.
And does thy soul a world renounced regret?
And seems it long thy vigil in the shrine?
Go, Sister, to the woodland violet;
In Christ's fair family its place is thine.
Thy heart as white, thy will from rule not swerving,
List thou, like Mary, at His feet, the Lord;
Though love shine fair in holy Martha's serving,
Not alway, in earth's rule, is 'served,' 'adored;'
So rest, O Sister, rest beneath the Throne,
Exhaling sweetness, drinking dews, unknown.

Immanuel! Immanuel! White Rose,
Beautiful Sharon's fairest, fragrantest,
Ah, white and ruddy[12] now must be Thy breast,
For now the death-wind o'er Thy garden blows.
Bloodless, but never strifeless, they now close,
The days when LOVE by bounds would bounded be;
His blood shall break those bounds; but who are those
Who wondering, yearning, watch His Ministry?
One in the heav'n and one on earth make starry
The heav'n, the sky where stars do shine in day;
One is white Angelhood, and one is Mary,
Dearer to God than all, Deipara;
These ponder in their hearts the signs which tell
God serving in our world, Immanuel.

ARTHUR MIDDLEMORE MORGAN.

[12] Song of Solomon, v. 10.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

THE LIMITS OF EVIDENCE.

My dear ——,

You ask me to bring before you the considerations which strike my own mind most forcibly with regard to the external evidences of Christianity. I confess I shrink from complying with the request—not because these evidences are in any way unconvincing to myself, but because the subject is so vast and of such tremendous importance, that I tremble (I think naturally) lest a careless word or a weak argument should produce an effect the very reverse of that which I have at heart.

But even if I could make up my mind to enter upon the subject, there would be a preliminary inquiry necessary as to the extent and quality of the evidence which we are justified in demanding. Very many persons—and I imagine that you are amongst the number—are inclined to insist that in a matter of life and death to the human soul there shall be what they call absolute certainty. And my present object is, to examine how far this demand is justified by our experience of God's dealings with us in the things which concern this present world; for this can be our only ground of expectation as to those which concern the world to come. I would ask, therefore, what is meant by absolute certainty? The reply will probably be—That which is not open to doubt. Such a certainty, in fact, as we have with regard to undoubted facts: as, for instance, that George III. was once King of England; that we are the children of particular parents; or that we are alive now, and must one day die. I mention these things as illustrations of what are recognized in ordinary language as past, present, and future certainties; and I would not for a moment deny, that using the word certainty in its common vague acceptation, they have a right to the title. But if persons go farther than this, and say that because these facts are universally recognized as certain, therefore they cannot be open to question, I at once demur to the assertion, and declare that, on the contrary, only one of the statements just brought forward can in that sense be considered certain. That we are alive to-day is an undeniable fact, an absolute certainty. That we must one day die, is dependent upon the contingency that the end of the world may come before we die; and therefore, if we believe that this end is close at hand, we may naturally question the certainty of our death. That George III. was once King of England is a historical certainty only—that is to say, it is dependent upon the memory and testimony of others; and therefore it must be, like all historical assertions, more or less open to question. And as for the fact that you and I are the children of particular parents, it is so far from being a fact which cannot be questioned, that any person who would at

this moment come forward and declare that we were changed in our cradles might render our lives miserable with doubt.

You are startled by this view of the uncertainty of all things; but consider again—is it not true?

There are two senses in which we accept the word certainty, and they are very frequently confounded.

Actual demonstrative certainties are either abstract propositions which do not admit of question—such as that two and two make four; or they are certainties of which we are conscious at the moment—such as that we are comfortable or uncomfortable, contented or anxious. Nothing that is past can in this strict sense be to us a certainty, because it must depend upon memory; and memory is, as we all know, liable to error. And assuredly nothing that is future can be a demonstrative certainty; for we all own that we are blind as to the events of the morrow.

When therefore persons say that they require for Christianity evidence which shall not admit of question, I reply that they are asking for that which God has not given us with regard to any but present experiences and abstract propositions; and therefore, as their demand is unreasonable, they must not be surprised when it is not granted.

It is in the second and lower sense of the word certainty that we must look for the evidences of Christianity; and the first thing we have to recognize is, that from their very nature they must, like all other facts except abstract propositions and present experiences, be open to question.

I use the word *question* as distinct from *doubt* advisedly, because *doubt* has a double meaning; it may imply either the questions raised by a difficulty, or the effect of that questioning upon our own minds. We may question everything—from our own identity to a vague tradition. Nothing is more easy. A little quickness of apprehension in seizing a difficulty, and a good deal of boldness in stating it, may teach us to question whether anything we see, hear, or feel, is real—whether, in fact, we are not all living in a dream.

But to admit this possibility of questioning a particular fact, is not therefore to say that we ourselves doubt it. There are a vast number of things which we cannot hesitate to acknowledge are open to question, but of which we have not the slightest doubt. The instances before given at once prove this. When Archbishop Whately questioned the existence of Napoleon, neither he nor anyone else for a moment doubted that Napoleon had lived. The evidence of the fact was too strong and too recent to be denied: but place that same evidence at the distance of two thousand years from the fact, and it would lie open to innumerable questions; and the historic doubts, which we regard now only as the amusement of a clever man, might, and probably would, assume a very tangible and important shape.

The first perception of this possibility of questioning all things is excessively painful; more especially when we find, as we certainly do,

that even our senses, upon which we are so accustomed to depend for evidence, may be converted into instruments of deception. Optical delusions are common. Illness awakens the imagination to sounds which have no existence; and the taste is so liable to mistake, that it is a frequent experiment to sip two different wines till we do not know one from the other. It might almost seem that we were given over to Pyrrhonism or Universal Doubt. But God has not thus left us without support. He has supplemented the imperfection of evidence by the gift of Faith; and by the means of this gift we are every moment converting some portion of our uncertainty into certainty, and from this gaining courage and confidence.

I am hungry, and someone tells me that there is a dinner provided for me in the next room. That is uncertain, it is an appeal to my faith. I do not see the dinner, and my informant may be mistaken. But I go into the next room, and find the dinner. The same thing happens again and again; and at length I am so convinced that I shall find what I am told is prepared for me, that I feel absolutely certain my dinner is ready when I am told that it is, and therefore say that I am so, forgetting that the certainty is really only a matter of confirmed faith. This process of converting Faith into certainty is carried on continually, although we are unconscious of it—so unconscious, that we overlook the fact that Faith is the instrument, without which we never should attain even to the small amount of certainty granted us.

But you will perhaps say, Why lay such a stress upon an exact definition of certainty? We all know what we mean when we use the word, and the world goes on upon the whole satisfactorily, even though it may be possible to question the truth of everything. Even so: the world does go on upon what, strictly speaking, is uncertainty; that is the very point to which I wished to bring you. And it does so for this reason, that it fails to recognize any necessary and inevitable connection between the possibility of questioning a fact, and a sense of doubt in the mind.

Language may deceive, memory may be treacherous—but we do not disquiet ourselves with fears. For it is God's Will that in the things of this life—things of vital importance, and of every-day occurrence—we should all be compelled from our childhood absolutely to believe that which is in truth open to every kind of question, or as we are accustomed to say, doubt; and this habit of mind has become such a second nature, that we act upon it probably without hesitation, and finding ourselves justified by the result, never pause to consider that probability, however great, is not, and never can be, certainty. That a statement is open to question is therefore, you will allow, no safe test of its truth or falsehood; and this consideration will, I think and hope, give you comfort when you are perplexed by the difficulties raised in the present day as to the truths on which we have been accustomed to rest our hopes for Eternity.

At the first moment we are inclined to say, Surely, if there is so much room for question, there must be great reason for unbelief; but again I would repeat—and that most earnestly—that the two things have no necessary connection; even as I could question your personal identity—that you are the same person you were as an infant—and defy you to prove it, and yet not have the slightest doubt about it.

Scepticism is the easiest of all the operations of the mind. Anyone may be a sceptic, because anyone may discover difficulties; whilst it often requires a large grasp of philosophical thought and historical knowledge to answer them—much more to embrace the whole amount of evidence which reaches from the beginning of Time to the present day. God forbid, indeed, that I should assert such an effort of mind to be necessary, before we can believe. Faith which upon reasonable grounds accepts the teachings of the wise, brings us to the same conclusion as if we were wise ourselves; but I do say that to suppose that scepticism is necessarily cleverer than belief, is one of those dangerous fallacies which, although it unhappily carries weight with many, does not for a moment bear the test of calm consideration. If it were possible to balance the knowledge of unbelief and its ignorance—its actual avowed ignorance—you would, I think, be startled to find with how small an amount of historical information and philosophical argument men have been able to gain for themselves a reputation for profound thought and deep learning. Voltaire was the oracle of his day, but who now quotes Voltaire as an authority? Rousseau was listened to with admiration, but Rousseau is now set aside as a dreamer. And so we may be assured it will be with the men who at the present time are making use of the talents, whether small or great, which God has bestowed upon them, to unsettle all the foundations of Faith, and destroy without the power of reconstructing. *Here* lies their weakness: They can question, but they cannot answer. I must not, however, touch upon this now. I would rather carry you on to the next point which I want to impress upon you, namely, that from the constitution of our nature, we are (speaking generally) sensitive to the pain of doubt in exact proportion to the interest and importance of the subject questioned; and confounding the sense of pain with the doubt itself, are apt to distress ourselves with the idea that we are really doubtful about things which, if they were only less important to us, we should receive without hesitation. This will be the clue to many states of mind which are exceedingly distressing, and awaken a sense of guilt entirely undeserved. For instance, a remark is made, tending to throw suspicion on the character of a person whom we know and dearly love. We reject it with scorn, but it gives us as it were a stab; and we suffer accordingly, and then blame ourselves for the suffering, as if it involved a doubt of our friend's integrity. Perhaps it does; but the fault is not our own. The probability that the accusation is correct may be infinitesimally

small; but it exists, and we cannot bear it. If our friend had not been our friend, we could at once have rejected the idea as an absurdity.

Now Religion—reaching as it does from Time to Eternity, and dealing with things past, present, future, and invisible, and being connected with all that is most overwhelmingly important—must, from its very nature, be a subject above all others liable to question, and the fact that it is questioned must necessarily awaken pain, which will be considered doubt. This appears to me certain and unavoidable. I do not see how, under any circumstances, we could, as we are at present constituted, enjoy *absolute certainty* respecting things connected with another world, unless a distinct revelation were given to every human being. St. Paul, when taken up into the 'Third Heaven,' could only hand down historical testimony to the fact; and on every other mortal man must, it appears to me, be bestowed the same high privilege as that granted to the Apostle, if his convictions of the realities of Heaven are to rest on any firmer basis than that of a certainty open to question, and therefore in many cases to the feeling of doubt. The mere fact, therefore, that doubt is at this moment rampant in the Church of Christ, cannot to my mind affect the truth of the facts witnessed by the Church. It is but the natural consequence of the awakening of men's minds, in an intellectual age, to the enormous interests involved in the life which we all (with scarcely any exception) believe is to succeed existence in this world, and the inquiry which must necessarily follow as to the foundation of the statements accepted from childhood in connection with it.

When persons pass through the world without thought, 'eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage,' they ask no questions, they see no difficulties, and are therefore invulnerable to doubt. The moment they begin to think, they open the door for its entrance, and their difficulties are naturally, in the majority of cases, in proportion to their ignorance; whilst the pain which the difficulties cause is commensurate with the intensity of the interest which the subject excites.

This seems to me the solution of the inquiry why men and women have suddenly become so sceptical. Nothing new has really been discovered to confute Christianity. If it had been, all thinking persons would be agreed about it—whereas the remarkable fact is, that sceptics are more at variance among themselves than they are with their opponents. The evidences of Christianity must be singularly strong, or after the lapse of eighteen hundred years they would surely have been entirely disproved. No sane man would attempt now to convert the European world to Mahometanism, or to awaken a belief in the Hindoo Vedas; but the best and shrewdest of modern thinkers have felt honoured in being permitted to take up the gauntlet in defence of Christianity; whilst the cold indifferentism of the world is roused from

its slumber to fight to the death against it, rather than allow it to die, as all falsehood must die, by its own internal weakness.

And what are the chief weapons of this warfare? The most important, perhaps, is historical criticism. It could scarcely be otherwise. The criticising talent which overthrows the legends of Rome will of course occupy itself with everything ancient, and no book can present a more attractive subject for such inquiries than the Bible; though the very fact that we can speak of it as *one Book*, whereas it is a series of books spreading over centuries, might suggest the idea that there is something in it directed by no human hand. Where there is such a wide field for criticism, there must also be a wide field for question; and question, as we have seen, naturally awakens doubt.

But what is the precise value of historical criticism? When it tells in favour of Christianity, I hear that it is valueless, because history itself is uncertain, memory is treacherous, traditions are imperfect, rumour and credulity prone to every form of exaggeration. As it was once said, 'Do not at any rate read history to me, for I am quite sure *that* is not true!'

But if historical criticism appears to tell against Christianity, then it is the crucible into which everything relating to antiquity is to be cast, in order that it may be tested. If it can question the authenticity of a document, that document must at once be given up. It may have the unanimous belief of near contemporaries for its support, it may have been acknowledged as sacred for centuries, it may have been the comfort and stay of thousands—but it is no longer unsullied. Criticism has touched it, and though we have never examined the criticism, and if we had done so probably could not have understood it, yet it awakens doubt, and doubt is its destruction. Cæsar's wife must be above suspicion.

I venture to ask, Is this reasonable? Should we deal with any subject in which our earthly interests are involved, as we do with Christianity? Should we give up friends and fortune to the first claimant who may seek to throw discredit upon our pedigree or our title-deeds? Should we allow rumour and ignorance to sap the foundations of our worldly prosperity, or yield up our estates simply because they have been so long and so unquestionably ours, that we cannot at the first moment collect our thoughts to say how our ancestors first came into possession of them?

The demand for evidence in Religion which shall not admit of doubt is nothing better than folly. We shall all, perhaps, be willing to admit this theoretically; but, practically, we do make the demand—because whenever the least question remains unanswered, we lay a stress upon it, as if to be ignorant upon one point was to know nothing of any. The very fact of doubt, as Bishop Butler observes, involves some evidence for the fact which is doubted—and in this sense we may hail the vast efforts which are now making to destroy Christianity, as a

proof of the solidity of its foundation. If it were not, as it is, based upon truth, it would not require such a gigantic force to shake it.

Do not for a moment think that I would disparage criticism and inquiry; very far from it. I would hear everything that is to be said, and strive to give a patient attention even to that which may appear weak and frivolous; but when I am asked the value of the objections raised, I must test them by the ordinary laws which govern my judgement in other questions. The demand for evidence must be regulated by the laws which God has imposed upon us.

If we ask for more we are presumptuous, and the punishment of presumption will fall upon us.

I write thus strongly, because I feel that it is hopeless for me—it would be hopeless for an angel from Heaven—to satisfy you, if you insist upon testimony which it is not in the power of any created being—looking at the laws of human nature—to give. And yet this is the evidence which men demand, when they ask for a revelation that shall be placed beyond the possibility of doubt.

You may say that on a subject of such importance, involving supernatural agency, we have a right to demand higher testimony than would be needed for lesser matters. But this is mere assertion. We may declare that we have the right—but the fact of declaration does not give it us.

The atheist may declare that he will not believe in the existence of God, unless the heavens are opened and the Creator reveal Himself in His Majesty. Do we suppose that the blasphemous demand will be listened to?

The evidence which we should accept for our guidance in matters of high import as regards this world—*that*, I consider, we are at liberty to ask for, but nothing more.

Whether, when the limits of this demand are kept in view, the evidence for Christianity will not be found far to outweigh any which can be brought forward for the admitted facts of the world's history, is a question which to my own mind admits but of one answer. I wish earnestly that you may be brought to the same conviction.

Yours very sincerely,

ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

THE FRIEND.

AH! faithless soul! why art thou so distressed?
Why dost thou vex thyself with worldly care?
Although with troubles sore thou art oppressed,
Yet hast thou none to share?

Art thou alone in solitude and pain?
  Art thou forsaken by the world around?
And wouldst thou love and be beloved again?
    And can no friend be found?

For sympathy—for kindness—dost thou long?
  Seekest thou one by bitter sorrows tried—
Who yet can raise to Heaven a thankful song,
    And patient still abide?—

A never-changing, ever-faithful friend—
  One strong to lean on, firm in time of need—
Whose constant love and kindness ne'er would end—
    One who would gently lead?

Ah! search throughout the world; can such be found?
  Is such a friend to weary mortals given?
In vain we seek the universe around;
    But have we sought in Heaven?

Were but our eyes enlightened, we might see
  In Heaven a Friend no earthly storms can move;
A Friend Who loves from all eternity,
    And ne'er will cease to love.

With all our griefs that Friend can sympathize;
  His tender care for us will never cease;
In all our sorrows and calamities
    He only gives us Peace.

And yet—O deep ingratitude!—we mourn;
  We utter still our querulous complaint;
We deem ourselves forsaken and forlorn;
    'Neath suffering's touch we faint.

O bliss rejected! endless love forgot!
  O Thou, our more than friend, our sin forgive!
Teach us the blessedness of this our lot,
    That we may love, and live!

SKETCHES FROM HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'COURAGE AND COWARDS;' 'IVON,' &c.

XX.

THE FIRST EMPEROR-KING.

A. D. 1396 TO A. D. 1419.

VERY nearly three months had elapsed since the defeat at Nikopolis; and as during this time no tidings save those brought by the Palatine had been received of King Sigmund, it is not wonderful that some of the vassal-states should have renounced their allegiance to Hungary. The Vajdas of Moldavia and Szörény * had proffered their homage to the popular Queen of Poland; and Stibor, the Vajda of Transylvania, had deemed it prudent to retire to his estates in Upper Hungary, for, being a Pole and likewise a favourite of Sigmund's, he was held in no high estimation, and could by no means cope with the influence still possessed over Transylvania by Láczfy, the chief of the conspirators, whose descent from the old Vajda Apor László gave him a hold over the mind of the people, such as no one else possessed. The withdrawal of Stibor was the signal for the unstable Myrxa once more to shake off his connection with Hungary.

This then was the state of affairs when, late in December, Sigmund made his appearance at Ragusa in a Venetian ship, without an army and without money. Early in the new year he proceeded to Spalatro, and thence to Knin, whence he issued orders to the states of Dalmatia for a strict examination into all the disturbances which had occurred since the death of King Louis. He then proceeded to confiscate the property of all the chief conspirators, towards whom he intended to shew little mercy. Finding, however, that disaffection was much more widely spread than he had supposed, and knowing that he was quite powerless to enforce obedience to his orders should they be opposed, he at length judged it more prudent to moderate his wrath and listen to the milder counsels of his advisers. The Diet was summoned to meet at Temesvár, and concert measures for the restoration of order and the defence of the country against the Turks. For the first time, the towns as well as the counties were invited to send representatives; and very seriously did the deputies set to work at their difficult task, demanding as a preliminary step that Sigmund should confirm all the articles of the Golden Bull, and should likewise, with a few honourable exceptions, banish all the foreigners whom he had brought into the country, enriched, and invested with state offices, to the prejudice of the

* The Vajda of Szörény and Bazarad was Vlad, an illegitimate son of Myrxa.

sons of the soil. Various regulations for military service were drawn up; and it was decreed that so long as the attacks of the Turks should last, every Magnate and landed proprietor should be bound to bring with him into the field, and arm at his own expense, one man for every twenty of his vassals. Húsz being the Hungarian for twenty, the word Huszár (Hussar) arose, and was subsequently applied to the world-renowned Hungarian cavalry.

Dalmatia and Croatia had not chosen to appear at the Diet, but, outwardly at least, they had been restored to a state of tranquillity by the active exertions of Gara Niklás (Ban of Croatia) and Cilly. The heads of the conspiracy had been taken so much by surprise by the news of Sigmund's sudden arrival, that they had fled, dispersing so quickly as to have no time to concert any plan for united action. Once again, then, it was in Sigmund's power to establish peace by firm and judicious measures; and when, in 1398, he summoned the states of Dalmatia and Croatia to meet him at Kreutz (Körös Udvárhely) for the express purpose of settling the affairs of their country, there seemed to be some hope of a favourable termination to the deliberations. He invited even the heads of the conspiracy to attend the Diet, under the promise of a safe-conduct; and Láczfy and Simontornyay, trusting to his promises and the conciliatory terms in which he addressed them—trusting perhaps also to the protection of their armed followers—accepted his invitation, and came to Kreutz, a town in that part of modern Croatia which was formerly called Sclavonia. Sigmund received them with great kindness; and, encouraged by his reception, they attended the sittings, until suddenly one day in the midst of the deliberations, they were surrounded and beheaded, their bodies being thrown down to their followers, who on hearing that their leaders were in danger had threatened to storm the hall in which the assemblies were held, but who now, at sight of the dead bodies, fled in dismay to Bosnia. Sigmund had by these means rid himself of two of his most dangerous foes, but inasmuch as they had been treacherously murdered, in violation of his assurances of safety, and without even a form of trial, their death did but increase the hatred felt by their adherents for Sigmund, while it greatly diminished the little respect still felt for him by all unprejudiced lovers of justice.

It seemed that the King could never be satisfied without mixing himself up in foreign affairs, for his next step was to go on a mission to Poland, with the object of obtaining Hedwig's adhesion to a scheme set on foot by Wenceslaus of Bohemia and Charles VI. of France, for putting an end to the schism, by deposing both the Popes and electing a third. Charles had compelled the resignation of the Avignon Benedict, but Wenceslaus dared not do the same by the Roman Boniface unless he were assured of the support of Hungary, Poland, and Germany. But Hedwig was too dutiful a daughter of the Church to take any part in the scheme; and as in such matters as these her husband suffered

himself to be guided by her, Sigmund's mission proved fruitless, though he was received with every mark of honour, and carried off many prizes in the tournaments held to celebrate his visit. Nothing came of the attempt to heal the schism but harm to Wenceslaus; for Boniface, in revenge for the insult offered to him, joined the malcontents of the German Empire, who, with his approval, chose Ruprecht, the Count Palatine, to be King of the Romans.

Sigmund had no sooner returned home than he began to pawn and even sell the crown estates—'for the defence of the frontiers,' as he said; 'for the liquidation of the debts he had contracted in Cracow,' as others said, or at least thought. In spite of the decrees of Temesvár, he bestowed large estates on the Cilly family; and was besides so careless and profuse in his expenditure, that the money he had scraped together one day, by dint of pawning and selling his own hereditary property and the crown lands, he would spend the next with the utmost recklessness. In illustration of this, it is said, that having one day unexpectedly received a large sum of money, it so disturbed his rest the following night, that he rose from his couch, summoned his courtiers, divided the whole sum among them, and then calmly went to bed again.

In 1400, he was called again to the assistance of his brother Wenceslaus, but the conditions he offered were so hard that the latter would not accept them, and Sigmund returned home with an empty pocket. The desire of ascending the Bohemian throne seems so to have possessed his mind, that he failed to see how insecure his own position was in Hungary, until his eyes were suddenly and rudely opened to the fact.

He had long given great offence to the nation by his lawlessness, violence, prodigality, and his indifference to her welfare. His promises were in no degree to be depended upon, and he had unscrupulously violated the decrees of Temesvár; and yet possibly the country might have forgiven all this, had she but felt that her king would maintain the military glory of which she was so proud. But when, on the contrary, she found that her fame was tarnished, the memory of all his crimes and shortcomings rose up vividly before her, and even his warmest adherents forsook him, encouraged thereto, as seems not improbable, by Pope Boniface, who had his own feelings of resentment against Sigmund for the latter's participation in the attempt to depose him.

On the 28th of April, 1401, the great Barons and officers of state assembled in Buda, went to the royal palace, and announced that they had come to have a reckoning with the King for all his misdeeds, beginning with the murder of the thirty-two nobles, the sale of different portions of the kingdom, the loss of the battle, and going on to the murder of Láczfy, and the violation of the laws. Drawing his sword, Sigmund stepped down from the throne, and offered to fight singly

with his accusers; but the old Prior of Vrána stood forth and proclaimed the King a prisoner in the name of the nation. The sword fell from his hand at the old man's touch, and unresistingly he suffered himself to be carried a prisoner in broad daylight to Visegrád. Even his own favourites, Stibor, Gara, and Cilly, had been powerless to oppose the will of the nation, and had not raised an arm in his defence. No personal injury was however intended to the King, and his imprisonment was rendered as little irksome as possible, by his being placed under the care of his friend Gara.

And now a fresh difficulty arose. Easier by far was it to depose Sigmund than to agree upon his successor; and at length, when the discussions and divisions had continued for some weeks, and still the settlement of the question seemed to be no nearer, Gara came forward as a mediator between the King and his people, and succeeded in effecting a reconciliation. After more than four months of imprisonment Sigmund was therefore restored to his throne. His feelings towards those who had been the instruments of his humiliation may be readily imagined, though they were never expressed, for it had been stipulated that neither by word nor deed should he ever shew his resentment, and this was one of the few oaths which he thought it politic to keep.

With a character fundamentally unaltered by the discipline he had undergone, Sigmund was henceforth more prudent, made a better use of the talents which he undoubtedly possessed, and, as a sort of guarantee that he intended to renounce the dissipations which had so scandalized his subjects, he betrothed himself to Barbara, a daughter of Hermann Cilly,* a child of nine years old, who could not be much restraint upon him for some years to come. Sigmund had been but a short time restored to his own throne, when he was again busy with the affairs of Germany and Bohemia. Wenceslaus, finding himself in danger of being driven from his throne, once more summoned his brother, and accepted the conditions which he had formerly declined; placed himself and the government of Bohemia entirely in his hands, and stipulated only that Sigmund should conduct him to Rome for his coronation as Emperor. His confidence in his brother was destined, however, to be rudely shaken. Sigmund, though he could scarcely keep the crown of Hungary, was yet bent upon gaining the crowns of Bohemia and Germany; and in furtherance of this design, he caused Wenceslaus to be quietly taken prisoner, and instead of taking him to

* By this betrothal, Sigmund also connected himself with Gara. Ulrich and Hermann, Barons of Sonneck and possessors of Cilly, had been created Counts of Cilly by the Emperor Karl IV. Louis the Great gave his cousin Anna (daughter of Kasimir, King of Poland) in marriage to Wilhelm, son of Count Ulrich; and their daughter Anna, by desire of the Polish States, married Jagello, on the death of Queen Hedwig. Hermann's son, of the same name as himself, is the one who played so important a part in the history of Hungary. Of this man's three daughters, one married Count von Görz; another, Nikolaus Gara; and the third, King Sigmund.

Rome placed him in the custody of the Duke of Austria. The Austrian Dukes were to assist Sigmund in his ambitious projects; and by way of conciliating them, he summoned the Diet to meet at Presburg, where, by means unknown, he extorted from it a recognition of Duke Albrecht IV., his sister's husband, as heir and successor to the Hungarian throne, in case he himself should die without male heirs. Whoever consented to this act of succession in the Diet, it is certain that it was received by the country at large with the greatest dissatisfaction. Very soon there were fresh projects for dethroning the King. Ladislaus of Naples, being now delivered from his rival, was able to give some little support to his adherents in Hungary. Some ships which he sent to Dalmatia were received with open arms, and the insurrection once again assumed formidable proportions. The Pope also threw all his influence into the scale, and when at length Ladislaus himself landed in Dalmatia, he was joined by many persons of distinction. Sigmund, meantime, was much more engrossed by his chase after the Bohemian crown, than by the affairs of his kingdom. He had marched an army into Bohemia—stopping by the way in Vienna, where he compelled Wenceslaus to abdicate in his favour—had taken Kuttenberg, with all the treasure accumulated there by his brother, and had then concluded a truce and returned home. But a few weeks later, Wenceslaus effected his escape from Vienna, and appearing in Prague, was gladly welcomed back by the greater part of his subjects. Had Ladislaus seized the moment when Sigmund was occupied in Bohemia, in all probability he might have succeeded in establishing himself on the Hungarian throne. But, with the fate of his father before his eyes, he hesitated and delayed, and did not make his appearance in person, till just as Sigmund had concluded the Bohemian campaign. He was then crowned at Zara by the Archbishop of Gràn, though not with S. Stephen's crown; and still he hesitated to advance, though many important places, as well as a very influential part of the clergy, had declared in his favour. By the delay he lost all. Sigmund at once took measures for suppressing the insurrection; the towns and cities in Hungary proper which had declared for Ladislaus, and had received him with ringing of church-bells, processions of priests and banners, were soon brought back to their obedience; and when, by judicious advice, Sigmund had published a well-timed amnesty, which promised pardon to all who should lay down their arms, even Dalmatia abandoned her protégé. Ladislaus himself was not a chief of sufficiently strong character to inspire his adherents with much enthusiasm, after they had become personally acquainted with him; and before long, he and his immediate followers found themselves entirely deserted. Hastily appointing a vice-regent, the so-lately-crowned king made the best of his way back to Naples, and the insurrection was practically at an end. Eventually the Pope was the greatest loser by the transaction; for, by way of retaliation for the part he had taken, Sigmund introduced

several measures, which greatly circumscribed his power in Hungary. Henceforth no bulls were to be published; no papal decree, no preferment conferred by Rome, was to be held valid, without consent of the King; and no more taxes were to be paid to the Holy See: for, says the introduction to this proclamation, 'It is a sin to obey one who sows the seeds of discord in the kingdom.'

The death of Albrecht of Austria soon after, defeated for the present Sigmund's hopes of aggrandizement; for the remaining Dukes were reconciled with Wenceslaus, and the family compact between the houses of Luxemburg and Habsburg was renewed, to the exclusion, however, of the King of Hungary. This latter circumstance was a fortunate one; for Sigmund, finding himself compelled to give up his ambitious projects, turned his attention seriously to the kingdom which he had more than once been on the point of losing, passed several good laws, expressed his conviction of the necessity for summoning the Diet to meet more frequently than it had done of late, and seems even to have been at last convinced that, as head of the government, it was his duty to set an example of obedience to the laws. The laws which were passed at this Diet of 1405, concerned all branches of the government, and every class of the people, but dealt more especially with the towns, whose trade, administration of justice, and position among the states of the realm, needed regulation. So important were these measures felt to be, that they were submitted for the approval and discussion of the whole nation in the county assemblies. They shew clearly enough that Sigmund possessed considerable penetration, and had wisdom sufficient to make him at least desire what was good, though he had not the stability of purpose to pursue it; and what he built up with one hand, he too frequently pulled down with the other.

And what, meantime, had the enemies of Christendom been about? Had they taken advantage of the distracted state of Europe to push forward their conquests unobserved? No, indeed; the Turks were for the time so crippled by an enemy at home, that, had the princes of Europe been minded to lay aside their quarrels, and unite to strike one vigorous blow, it is probable that the Turks might have been driven for ever from Europe, and centuries of bloodshed might have been spared. But the favourable moment was lost, never to be recovered. Timur Bég,* a descendant of the great Dschingis, had begun his career of conquest, which he pursued for thirty-four years, wasting and plundering the whole of Asia, from the Wall of China to beyond the Volga, and from the Ganges to the Mediterranean. Lofty towers built of human skulls were the ghastly monuments of his victories.

The Princes of Anatolia, and the Greek Emperor, whose empire was now circumscribed by the walls of his city, entreated the help of Timur

* Called Timurlenk, on account of his lameness—a name which became corrupted into Tamerlane.

against the Sultan Bajazet; and the terrible conqueror, nothing loth, turned his steps westwards. For two years, however, the two great antagonists avoided a battle; but when, at length, their negotiations could last no longer, and they met at Angora, it was to the almost total destruction of the Turkish army. Bajazet and one son, Musa, were taken prisoners; the eldest fell in battle, the two youngest fled to Asia Minor, and Soliman was brought by the Prince of Servia to Europe. The Sultan himself died in captivity; what remained of his dominions was divided among his sons by the conqueror, by whom also Musa was made Sultan. Slowly then Timur returned to Samarkand, where he triumphantly celebrated his victories. Still unsatisfied, he busied himself with preparations for the conquest of China, but died on the march thither in the winter of 1405.

The wildest anarchy prevailed in the Turkish dominions after his departure; Musa was recognized as Sultan in Asia, and Soliman in Europe, and there ensued a ruinous war between the two brothers.

If the Princes of Moldavia, Wallachia, Servia, Bosnia, and the Greek Emperor Manuel, could but have resolved to forget their petty squabbles and unite with Sigmund, they might easily have completed the destruction of the Turkish empire, shattered as it already was to its very foundations. But not one of them possessed sufficient magnanimity; and, rather than combine with one another, these Christian princes espoused different sides in the quarrel, according to what they considered would be for their own advantage, and fought desperately, for the purpose of establishing the throne of an infidel sovereign who was to rule them all with a heavy hand. Sigmund seized the opportunity to subdue Bosnia, which he divided between the Bans of Macsó and Croatia, and the Prince of Servia; leaving the southern part, however, still in the possession of Ostoja,* who had some time previously made his submission; while Twartko Scurus, the rival prince, was taken prisoner and kept at the Hungarian court.

The subjugation and dismemberment of Bosnia had a salutary effect upon Hervoja, the vice-regent whom Ladislaus had left in Dalmatia. Sigmund accepted his homage, and even confirmed him in the possession of the duchy of Spalatro, given him by Ladislaus. Ladislaus himself was pursuing in Italy a far more brilliant career than would have been his in Hungary, and he therefore entirely renounced the Hungarian crown; though, by way of making some profit out of his claims, he sold Zara and her dependent fortresses and islands to Venice, for one hundred thousand ducats, forty thousand of which were at once paid. This sale, which was of course illegal, naturally gave rise before long to hostilities with the Republic; but for the moment Sigmund's attention was occupied by his marriage with Barbara Cilly, which took place in

* Bosnia had, since the death of the vassal-king Dabischia, been split into two factions, the heads of which were Ostoja, a powerful noble; and Twartko Scurus, the illegitimate son of the former king, Twartko.

December, 1408. In honour of this event, he founded the Order of the Dragon, so called from the figure of a golden dragon worn by the knights. Among those of the first class, whose number was restricted to twenty-four, we find two Counts Cilly, Hermann and Friedrich, the two Garas, and Stibor; and in fact, the list is chiefly interesting as shewing who were Sigmund's chief favourites. Two years later, Sigmund's ambition was at last gratified by his election as King of the Romans. For some time he had, as we have seen, borne the title of Vicar-General of the Romano-Germanic Empire, but it had been but an empty title, and was recognized by no one. But, on the sudden death of Ruprecht, who had been elected in the place of the deposed Wenceslaus, the German Princes were agreed that they must choose a successor from the House of Luxemburg, the remaining representatives of which were, Sigmund of Hungary, Wenceslaus of Bohemia, and Jost, Margrave of Moravia. Some of the Electors chose Sigmund, and the rest supported Jost, who had won his cousin the ex-Emperor Wenceslaus to his side, by promising still to recognize him as Emperor. For a short time, therefore, Germany rejoiced, or otherwise, in the possession of three Emperors elect; while the Church saw three Popes contending for the tiara. The death of Jost, which followed very shortly, much simplified matters, for no one wished to see Wenceslaus restored to the throne, and Sigmund was therefore unanimously chosen King of the Romans, at Frankfurt, 21st July, 1411; though his coronation was necessarily postponed for two or three years. Very soon after his election he betrothed his infant daughter Elisabeth to Albrecht, the son of his old friend and brother-in-law, Albrecht IV. of Austria; and then induced the Diet, which met at Presburg, to recognize Elisabeth as his successor, in default of male heirs. This Diet was not a general one, but consisted only of the great Barons and Prelates of the kingdom, whose vanity, we may suppose, was flattered by the first sight of their King after his election to the imperial throne.

Small cause, however, had Hungary to congratulate herself on an event, which was to deprive her for several years of her king, and was to involve her in the quarrels of Europe. Sigmund's attention was at first occupied entirely by Venice, who, not content with the possession of Zara, was seeking to extend her dominion along the coast of Dalmatia. War was unavoidable, the rather because, as King of the Romans, Sigmund felt himself bound to resent her attacks upon the states of north Italy, which, if allowed to continue unchecked, might prevent his being crowned in due form at Milan and Rome. Money of course was needed, and to raise it, Sigmund sold thirteen of the Zips towns to Poland. Very little, however, was effected; and when, at the end of two years, both parties were weary of the contest, a truce was concluded for five years, and the Emperor, finding himself free to devote his whole attention to the affairs of the Church and the Empire, quitted Hungary. Queen Barbara was appointed regent, with

Gara Niklás the Palatine, and the Archbishop of Agram; to assist her; though the former of these was so frequently in attendance upon Sigmund, that he could do but little. From time to time Sigmund heard news of his kingdom which was anything but pleasant: how that the two rival Sultans were slain, and had been succeeded by their younger and more talented brother Mohammed; how that Twartko Scurus, who had been released and placed in possession of part of Bosnia, could not forget his old rivalry with Ostoja; how these two princes were vying with one another in the amount of tribute they offered to Mohammed, each in the hope of obtaining from him the whole province; how even Hervoja had forgotten his obedience and broken his faith—all this Sigmund must have heard; but as for what he did, we find little recorded, save that he deprived Hervoja of all his titles and estates. He had no time or thought to spare for his kingdom, though the next few years of his life were spent in anything but idleness.

As, however, we are concerned, not with the Emperor of Germany, but with the King of Hungary, and the events with which Sigmund was now for some time connected had but little effect upon the latter country, we shall pass rapidly over them. Possibly the Hungarians were a little flattered by the accounts which reached them of all that their King was doing abroad; of the Council of Constance summoned by his exertions, the deposition of the three Popes, and Sigmund's coronation at Aachen, (1414,) which was mainly due to the exertions of Friedrich of Nürnberg, Count of Hohenzollern. But we may be sure that they received with horror the tidings of the deaths of the two reformers, John Huss and Jerome of Prague, though perhaps they had had too much experience of Sigmund's promises of safe-conduct, to be altogether taken by surprise. Nor was the pawning of Brandenburg to Friedrich of Nürnberg a proceeding which could have excited much astonishment. Sigmund was always needy, and his travelling expenses must have been great, for they heard of him at Narbonne, negotiating with Ferdinand of Arragon for the resignation of Benedict; at Paris, striving to make peace between Henry of England and Charles of France; in London, still aiming at the same end, though suspected by the citizens of trying to gain time for France, and regarded in consequence with such ill favour, that he found it prudent to remain for a time in retirement at Canterbury, passing thence into Holland, and returning to Constance in 1417. In the course of his wanderings, he favoured the royal town of Oedenburg with a special communication. In this letter, dated from Paris, (1416,) he first speaks of all his labours for the unity and well-being of the Church, saying that nothing more remains to be done, save to establish peace between France and England, and then proceed to the election of a Pope * who shall be acknowledged by the whole Church. He goes on to express a hope that he may be able to return to Hungary in the course of the current year; and then

* Martin V. was not elected till the Emperor's return to Constance from his travels.

follows the most important part of the letter! It was the old story over again. All these labours and journeys had cost not only trouble but money. He had been obliged to sell his services of gold and silver plate, and now it was quite imperative that these should be replaced, that he might do honour to the Princes who visited him, and maintain the accustomed splendour of the royal table. Therefore he requests his faithful city to send him a certain sum of money for the purpose, without delay.

Other symptoms of neediness followed. The Emperor had pawned not only the land, but also the dignities appertaining to the marquisate of Brandenburg, namely the electorship and the office of arch-chamberlain to the Empire; and finding himself quite unable to redeem them, wishing also, no doubt, to reward the man who had been to him a friend in need, he solemnly invested Friedrich von Hohenzollern, Burg-graf of Nürnberg, with the fief of Brandenburg, and all the rights belonging to it, and thus laid the foundation of the future greatness of Prussia.*

When, after six years absence, he returned to Hungary, it was to find that the Queen had proved a very inefficient regent, had indeed preferred ease and pleasure to the cares of government, and had given great cause for scandal by her conduct in private life. The Turks had established themselves in Bosnia; the streets were insecure and robbers numerous; and the country, being left pretty much to its own devices, had governed itself by means of the county-courts, as well as it could. As a first step, the Queen was placed for a time in confinement, where she was but ill provided even with necessaries; and then Sigmund collected an army to oppose the Turks. On the eve of his departure for the campaign, there arrived, however, news of the death of Wenceslaus, which opened to him at last the way to the Bohemian throne, which he had so long coveted. But his popularity in that country was far from being general, and the adherents of Huss were ready to oppose him to the death. Some of the barons did indeed hasten to proffer their homage, begging the Emperor to bring his army into Bohemia and establish himself at once upon the throne. But for once the Hungarians prevailed, and the army was not diverted from its legitimate object. Sigmund himself led it into Bulgaria, and obtained a great victory over the Turks, between Nissa and Nikopolis, which, however, he did not follow up, as he was anxious to finish the campaign with all speed. Ambassadors from the Sultan followed him on foot to Nagy-várad, (Grosswardein,) where a truce for five years was concluded; and then Sigmund once more quitted Hungary, to bestow all his energies upon the winning of another crown.

(To be continued.)

* 'The Hohenzollern were Gaugrafen, afterwards Burg-grafen, of Nürnberg. It was a Friedrich von Hohenzollern who carried to Rudolf of Habsburg the news of his election as Emperor, and who had been instrumental in bringing the election about. In Nürnberg they imbibed the taste for accumulating wealth, and were very useful to the Emperors by lending great sums of money.'

AUTUMN.

SUGGESTED BY A PHOTOGRAPH FROM MICHAEL ANGELO.

STRONG limbs flung down to catch a moment's rest,
  Weary with joyous labour in the sun:
Glory of towering neck and broad bare breast,
  And mighty arms whose toil due meed hath won:
Arched temples, level eye-brows, power and grace—
Whence cometh that strange awe upon thy face?

Surely to look on thee a man might say
  Thou knowst all joys that earth her own can call:
The joy of labour in the long blue day,
  The joy of rest when cometh even-fall;
The joy of kingliness she doth not spare,
For like a crown the fillet binds thy hair.

Nor is the joy of love unknown to thee,
  For on thy lips a quiet tenderness
Doth brood, as though one woman steadfastly
  Thou lovedst, and her love thy life did bless:
Love, courage, strength—all manhood's joys are thine;
What future evil doth thy soul divine?

For lo, thy head is bent as if some grim
  On-drawing terror just had caught thy sight:
Is it some Gorgon shape that hovers dim,
  Or some fell fiend betwixt thee and the light?
That glance unquailing tells, whate'er the dread,
Thy spirit braves it yet unconquerèd.

'Thou deemest truly,' gently answered he;
  'All manhood's joys are mine, and not in vain
I labour, for my fruit I bear with me:
  Too strong am I to weary with the strain
That wears out weaker men, and makes them crave
For end of toil, and dreamless rest in grave.

But now the summer endeth:' and he drew
  His fragrant load of fruit unto his side:
'No more glad labour in the morning dew,
  Nor home-returning in the eventide:
The spring-tide bloom is gone; the fruit is cast
Into the garner, and my work is past.

Ay, and I see the dark days coming on,
  Wherein shall be no pleasure; when the vine
Shall languish, and the empty fields shall don
  Their frozen mantle, and the cold stars shine
Over the dead earth and the grave of bliss:
Ay, and I see a drearier sight than this;

For from the far horizon drifts a Thing
  Toward me with a weird unhasting speed;
Grey, awful, dusk, with swiftly beating wing,
  And stony face whose riddle none may read:
Thinkest thou strange if in the sight of *him*
The glory of my manhood waxeth dim?'

'Then how with face so calm and dauntless eye
  Seest thou this horror near and nearer flit?'
He smiled. 'Shall I complain if joy go by
  With summer days, and winter follow it?
If He who gave the gladness I have known
Shall take it from me, shall I make my moan?

Nay, for it all is His: the joy, the pain,
  The weeping and the mirth, the buoyant breath
Of happy toil, the mist on weary brain,
  The turmoil of our life, the hush of death.
And neither life nor death, things near nor far,
Shall sever us from Him whose own we are.'

M. B.

THE PILLARS OF THE HOUSE;
OR,
UNDER WODE, UNDER RODE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

TRANSMUTATION.

'Affection follows Fortune's wheels,
And soon is shaken from her heels;
For, following beauty or estate,
Her loving soon is turned to hate.'

Sir Walter Raleigh.

'Do you remember,' wrote Cherry, 'poor Fernan's old rival in the Life Guards, Sir Adrian Vanderkist? I have seen him! He descended upon us at luncheon-time in all his glory; and Mrs. Underwood was like Eve entertaining the Angel. I hope that is not profane! it is only

Paradise Lost. I don't comprehend her delight, for he is only the grandson of a man who made a great fortune by inventing some metal to look like silver. Though he must have been Dutch, this youth is not the conventional Dutchman in seven knickerbockers perched on a barrel, but is small and insignificant, in spite of his magnificent get-up. Never did Fernan, in his most bejewelled days, equal that studious exquisiteness; and I could pity the baronet for having had a rival with black moustaches that curl of their own accord; but pity evaporates when I find that he has got Brown Murad, and hear Mrs. Underwood's gratitude for his promise of tickets for somebody's concert. I wonder whether he is thinking about Marilda?

'April 15th. Two great events begin to loom. One is our *soirée musicale*, for which the cards are actually being written; and Edgar and Alda are debating the programme. I am to have a quiet corner out of sight, and use my eyes and ears. How I wish you and Lance could send up yours!

'The other is a great function at St. Matthew's, on the opening of the new infant-schools, on Whit Tuesday. Clement is coming down for it; and Robin, Angel, and I are to go with Cousin Tom to his office, where Clem will meet and take charge of us. It certainly is a fine thing to come to London, and see the world; though the nicest part of the world to me is that odd little room of Mrs. Renville's, where people are so entertaining, and one catches glimpses of great luminaries in their moments of unbending and good nature. . . . . .

'May 3rd. Where shall I begin the story of our *soirée?* I will pass over the misery of serving as a *corpus vile*, for Alda and Mrs. Sturt to try experiments on with scraps of head-gear and jewellery, and merely state that I had the white alpaca with blue velvet edges, and blue beads round my head and neck; and then they did not *very much* mind the sight of me; and Edgar even said I looked a tidy little thing enough. He and Marilda disposed of me in a nice little nook in the recess of a window, more than half hidden by a curtain, and capital for seeing and hearing, nearly as good as my old perch in the organ gallery. Alda looked beautiful—such lovely rosy clouds of soft gauziness, and wreaths of wild roses! She has put an end to the habit of dressing like Marilda, to their mutual benefit; but, oh, if I could see old W. W. in such garb! Doesn't she look disgusted? But who knows what John may put her into?

'Oh, the things people wear! (then followed some pen-and-ink outlines,) and the colours and the festoonings! I trust that in some stratum of society somewhere there is more notion of the beautiful. If the world is all like this, I can't tell why it should be so dangerous; for, as far as I can see, it consists in conjugating the verb *to bore*.

'However, there was the music, and that was compensation. (A critical account ensued then.) *Private.* Poor Edgar was quite upset when one of the ladies varied from the programme by singing Alice's

favourite old "Sands of Dee." I saw him frowning, and biting the end of his moustache, as if he could hardly bear it; but, as you may guess, he was the more funny and lively when he came to me, teazing me about that Sir Adrian, whom he calls a specimen of the transmutation of metals—Dutch slime made shiny, and threatening me with who or what would be transmuted next; but I think Marilda has more principle.

'Afterwards I had a great treat, for Edgar spied Mr. Grinstead, whom we had never expected, though he had a card, as he does not care for music; and Cousin Tom only knows him through having bought his lovely group of Una and the Lion. I had met him at the Renvilles'; and Edgar brought him to my corner, where he leant against the window-shutter, and talked most pleasantly, only he would go on all through the songs; but one could excuse a great deal to a man who knew Thorwaldsen, and has seen Canova; and he told me so much that I wanted to hear, that it was a perfect feast. When he found I had never seen the Lionardo at Morecombe House, he caught Mrs. Underwood, and arranged to take us there at four o'clock on Wednesday. Fancy seeing a Lionardo! and with him to explain it! Mrs. Underwood was quite in a rapture, because she wants to see a cabinet that Lady Morecombe gave £1500 for; but I thought it very nasty of Sir Adrian to say that he knew Lord Morecombe very well, and could take her there any day, to which Alda answered that she hated show houses.'

(Enclosed from Edgar.)

'The fact is, that the Cherry is a brilliant success. She is our one native genius for conversation; and I will say for the Pursuivant that it has kept her up to the day. At Renville's she is the life of everything; and even here the ocean of dullness cannot so entirely asphyxiate her but that she sparkles up through it; and luckily Alda has not so perceived it as to begin the extinguishing process—indeed, she has affairs of her own to look to. As to Grinstead—it is a case of captivation. Don't be afraid, or the reverse: he is a confirmed old bachelor, bald and spectacled. Renville shewed him her sketch of his Una, and he said nothing had ever so hit off the soul. He met her at their house; and she, not knowing who he was, was not encumbered with any awe of greatness, but chattered like her own little self, till he was taken with her freshness and cleverness, came here on purpose to meet her, and is to shew her the Morecombe gallery. A fine chance! Altogether, the little maid has so many feathers in her cap, that she wouldn't know where to stick them, if—poor little dear!—she ever found them out, and didn't think every attention pure pity to her lame foot.'

The next was the day of the festival at St. Matthew's. Mr. Underwood graciously consented to use a carriage large enough to transport Cherry and both her little sisters to his office, at the door of

which there appeared, however, not Clement, but Ferdinand Travis. The organist had been suddenly taken ill, and Clement was supplying his place; so Ferdinand, whose firm had taken a Whitsun holiday, was the substitute, in the vain hope that Alda would have been of the party.

'No,' said Angela; 'they are going to ride. And, O Fernan! I am sure I saw Brown Murad com—'

There she stopped short, either aghast at a sort of spasm that crossed Ferdinand's countenance, or diverted by the full current of life in Holborn; and he, recovering, began to point out whatever could interest Cherry. He had a great deal to tell about St. Matthew's, where he knew his way as well as Clement himself, and piloted his charge in good time to the very place their brother had indicated for them.

The service was most beautiful, and full of life; and then ensued a procession to, and benediction of, the new school and nursery for the little ones. Afterwards came the new experience of luncheon for the large motley party in the refectory of the clergy-house—new at least to Cherry, for her sisters were not unfamiliar there; Robina had a dear friend's little brother among the choristers, and Angela was chattering to a curate or two. Clement was happy in meeting with old comrades; and Cherry was glad that she was saved from being a burthen by Ferdinand's devotion, and quite accepted his assurance that it was a great delight to him.

Then followed a feast for the school-children and the aged; but the atmosphere soon became too much for Cherry, and she thankfully accepted Ferdinand's proposal of shewing her the church in detail. It was only on the other side of the quadrangle; and there was a great charm in the lofty cool quiet building, where she could dwell thoroughly on every decoration, permanent or temporary, and in full sympathy with her companion, who went so fully and deeply into all these subjects, as to lead her on, and open new meanings to her. At last they sat down in a sort of cloister that ran round the court, to wait for the rest.

'Do you know,' said Geraldine, 'this place gives me a sense of life and vigour. Our own seems to me, in comparison, a sort of sleeping, or rather a mechanically acting, body, wanting a spirit and soul to be breathed into it and make it effective.'

'You have never told me about your new curate,' said Ferdinand; and indeed, by tacit consent, they had avoided the subject in Edgar's presence.

'Mr. Flowerdew? Oh, he is very good, very gentle, and kind; but he is a depressed elderly man, with all the energy disappointed and worn out of him. His wife is dead; and he has two or three children, out, settled, and fighting their way; and there he is alone, still an assistant curate, tumbled about in secondary positions too long to care for any more than just doing his duty without any life or spring.'

'Do you see much of him?' said Ferdinand, surprised by this intimate knowledge.

'Yes. He makes the sick his special care, and he thinks me one; so he comes sometimes, and sits half an hour when I am painting, without saying a word. I think it is cheerful for him, in his way,' said Cherry, with a merry laugh. 'And he is very musical; so the boys like that. But do you know, Ferdinand, when I look at him, I do feel thankful that my own dear father had not the long weary wear and tear to change him. That man is older than he would be even now.'

'Of course it must be good,' said Ferdinand. 'And is there no chance of Mr. Bevan coming back?'

'He wants another summer at the baths. The absence of the head paralyzes everything so. I always feel, when I go back from St. Faith's, as if we had the framework, and of course the real essentials; but we have to do all the work of bringing it home to ourselves.'

'I know what you mean,' said Ferdinand; 'though Bexley must be more to me than any other place, this one is the great help and compensation to me. How I wish Alda were near it!'

'Has she ever been here?'

'Once or twice; but only under its shadow does one enter into the real life. Some day perhaps—'

Geraldine could not imagine the day of Alda's entering into the real life of St. Matthew's; but she could only say, 'Of course there is a vast difference between only coming as an outsider, and being one of the congregation.'

'Immense; though I never found it out till I came to live here; and so it would be with her. After all, were she but near, or I could see her freely, I should enjoy my present life very much.'

'I'll tell you what I should do in your place,' said Cherry. 'I would go straight to Mr. Underwood, and ask his leave to visit her; and I don't believe he would make any objection.'

'No. Alda forbids that,' he answered decidedly; 'and she can be the only judge.' Cherry felt small. But presently he added, 'I wish I could be rid of the doubt whether the present state of things is not burthensome to her. Perhaps I ought to have freed her at once; I could have worked for her without binding her.'

'Nothing but affection really binds,' said Cherry, in some difficulty for her answer.

'No; I might have trusted to that, but I thought the release would cost her as much as myself; and she was at home then!' and he suppressed a heavy sigh.

'She said it would be easier to meet you in London,' said Cherry; 'but I don't think it is.'

'And absence leaves room for imaginations,' he said. 'And I have nothing tangible to set against what I hear—ay, and see.'

'What?' the word was out of Cherry's mouth before she could check it.

'You can cast it out of my mind, perhaps,' he said. 'Do you ever see a fellow of the name of Vanderkist?'

Cherry could not help starting. And his black brows bent, and his face became stern, so that she was fain to cry, 'Oh, but it's Marilda!'

'Impossible!' he said, with what she thought a terrible smile at her simplicity. 'I tell you, I saw his first look at her—at my Alda!' Some ruthless Spanish ancestor must have looked out of the deep glow of his eyes, as he added, 'I hear he has betted that she, as well as whatever I used to prize, shall be his before the end of the season.'

'Let him!' said Cherry proudly. 'Alda can't help that. She can't hinder his coming to the house.'

'I know,' he said. 'Do not suppose that I doubt her. I trust her entirely; but I am foolish enough to long for the assurance that there is no cause for the rumour that she encourages him.'

Under such eyes of dark fire, it was well that Cherry could sincerely answer, 'Oh no! Everyone does come round her; but she does not let him do so a bit more than other people.'

'You entirely believe that I may dismiss this as a base groundless suspicion?'

'I do!' she said, with all her heart. 'We all know that Alda is used to admiration; it comes to her as naturally as pity and help to me, and makes no impression on her. Mrs. Underwood likes to have him as a fashionable guest, that's all. Oh, Alda could never be so wicked!'

'You are right, Geraldine. Thank you,' he said, just as Clement and the younger ones came in search of them, with Fred Somers, erst fellow chorister, now fellow Cantab—a little wiry merry fellow, the very antipodes to his bosom friend.

All wanted to stay for seven-o'clock Evensong; but Robina was clear that it was impossible, since the ladies were dispersing, and they had no invitation to the clergy-house. Angela wildly asked if Clement could not take them to the Tower, or St. Paul's; Cherry could sit in a seat while they went round.

'Sit in a seat!' cried Robina. 'She is tired already.—Clement, do go and call a cab.'

'Could you not go to Mrs. Kedge's, Cherry?' asked Clement. 'I want you to hear our Pentecost hymns.'

'Come to my rooms,' said Ferdinand. 'They are much nearer; and you shall have tea and everything in no time.'

'Like greased lightning!' returned Angel, who always talked what she supposed to be Yankee to Ferdinand. 'Oh, what fun! Do come, Cherry!'

'Do come,' repeated Ferdinand eagerly; 'it is only round the corner, no crossing, and no stairs; and you shall have a good rest—much better than jingling away in a cab.'

'Thank you;' and Cherry looked inquiringly at Robina, whose discretion she viewed as little short of Wilmet's. 'Would Miss Fulmort approve?'

'Yes,' said that wise little bird; 'we need only be in by ten. You had much better, Cherry.—You are quite as good as a brother—aren't you, Fernan?'

In ten minutes more, Mr. Travis's landlady was aghast at the procession pouring into her quiet ground-floor; while, after insisting on Cherry's installation on a dingy lumpy bumpy sofa, their host might be overheard giving orders for a sumptuous tea, though not exactly with the genius of Wilmet or Lance.

He had cast his anxieties to the winds, and had never shewn himself so lively or so much at ease. To all it was a delightful frolic. Mr. Somers was full of fun, and even Clement was gay—perhaps because Whittingtonia had become a sort of native element to him, or else because the oddity of the thing overcame him; and Angela was in an ecstatic state, scarcely kept within bounds by her morning's promise to be *very* good.

Those dingy bachelor's rooms, close upon the street, and redolent of tobacco to the utmost degree, could seldom have re-echoed with such girlish fun as while Angela roamed about, saucily remarking on the pipes and smoking equipments—relics, not disused, of the Life Guard days. So likewise was the beautiful little chased silver tea-pot, which was committed to Robin's management. Indeed, there was a large proportion of plate, massive and remarkable.

'Mexican taste,' said Ferdinand, handing a curious sugar-basin. 'It belonged to my grandmother, and was turned over to me when I set up for myself.'

'What's this on it?' said Angel. 'I declare, 'tis the caldron the Mexicans boiled people's hearts in.'

'For shame, Angel!' said Robin; 'the Aztecs were not cannibals.'

'I beg your pardon, Bobbie; I know we read about Cortes seeing them cutting out people's hearts on their temples like the tower of Babel, because I thought of Fernan.'

'Hush!' said Cherry, seeing that the horrid subject was displeasing. 'There's nothing witty in talking of horrors. Besides, is not this the Spanish olla?'

'I believe it is,' answered Ferdinand. 'It is the Mendez bearing, and as the Travises can boast of none, I followed my spoons.'

'With the dish,' said Mr. Somers; a joke that in their present mood set them laughing.

'Nothing can be more suited to the circumstances,' said Cherry, 'as the olla is the emblem of hospitality.'

'What are the three things up above?' asked Angel; 'turnips going to be stewed?'

'Santiago's cockle-shells, the token of pilgrimage,' said Ferdinand. 'That's the best part of the coat.'

'Some day, I'll work you a banner-screen, Fernan,' said Robina; 'but that will be when you impale our Underwood rood.'

'And the pilgrim is brought to the cross,' said Angela, in one of her grave moments of fanciful imagery.

The echo of her words, however, struck Cherry as conveying an inuendo that the child did not mean. Crosses could hardly be wanting to one who had Alda for his wife; but happily no one else seemed to perceive it; and they drifted on from grave to gay, and gay back to grave, till it was time to return to the festival Evensong.

Clement and his friend had to hurry away to the station directly after. He would have put his three sisters into a cab, and sent it home with them; but Ferdinand insisted on squeezing his long limbs into durance and escorting them, to the tune of Angel's chatter and the clatter of the windows. Cherry was the first set down; and she went straight to the drawing-room, ready for interest and sympathy.

'How late you are!' said Alda.

'How did you come?' asked Marilda.

'In a cab. It is gone on with the little girls. We stayed for evening service. The lights were so beautiful!'

'Just what boys and girls run after,' said Mr. Underwood. 'I like my opera to be an opera, and my church to be a church.'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Underwood, 'staying out so late, and in the city. I don't half like such doings.'

'What could you have done between services?' added Alda. 'Were you at the clergy-house all day?'

'Of course they were,' said Mr. Underwood. 'Trust a curate to take care of a pretty girl. High or low, they are all alike.'

'No,' said Cherry, in blushing indignation; 'we had tea at Mr. Travis's.'

'Indeed!' said Alda.

And Cherry knew the tone but too well; and under this plentiful shower of cold water, perceiving her own fatigue, bade good night. She was kindly bidden to send Nurse for wine, tea, or whatever she needed; but she was still conscious of displeasure.

In the morning she was weary and dispirited, and for the first time felt that there was no one to remark, as Felix or Wilmet would have done, that she was flagging. Failing this, she prepared as usual to go to her class; but before starting she encountered Mrs. Underwood.

'Geraldine,' said that lady majestically, 'you are a talented young person; but—you must excuse me—I cannot have such independence under my roof. It is not *comifo*. Bless me, don't tremble so; I don't mean anything. You meant no harm; only you should have come home, you know, when your brother wasn't there.'

'But he was!' gasped Geraldine, colouring.

'Why, wasn't it that young man Travis met you?'

'He met us, for Clement was hindered; but Clement was there, and was with us all the time.'

'Hm! That ought to have been explained. Why didn't you tell your sister? She is quite distressed.'

A summons from Mr. Underwood obliged Cherry to hurry away, her heart throbbing, her head whirling, and no comfort but hard squeezing the ivory back of Lord Gerald; and when she reached Mr. Renville's, her hand was trembling so, that she could not have drawn a line if the good hausfrau had not dosed her with the strong coffee, which in true German fashion was always ready. Then the absorbing interest of her art revived her; and she returned home, cheered, and believing that the misunderstanding was cleared up.

Indeed, Mrs. Underwood was as good-natured as ever; and Alda was chiefly employed in rejecting all the solicitations to accompany the party to Morecombe House, and rebutting the remonstrances on the incivility to Mr. Grinstead; to which Marilda had yielded, but grumbling loudly at the bore of seeing pictures, and taking no pains to conceal that she was cross and angry with Cherry for having brought it upon her.

Poor Cherry! Of the few parties of pleasure of her life, this was that which most reminded her of the old woman of Servia! After having Marilda's glum face opposite through the drive, she was indeed most kindly welcomed by Mr. Grinstead; but how could she enjoy the attention that was so great a kindness and honour, when every pause before a picture was a manifest injury to her companions?

Mrs. Underwood indeed had occupation in peeping under holland covers, estimating the value of carpets and curtains, and admiring the gilt frames; but this did not hold out as long as the examination of each favourite picture in detail; and what was worse, Marilda plumped herself down in the first chair in each room, and sat poking the floor with her parasol, the model of glum discontent. How could the mind be free for the Madonna's celestial calm, or the smiling verisimilitude of portraiture? how respond or linger, when the very language of art was mere uninteresting jargon to impatient captives, who thought her comprehension mere affectation? While to all other discomforts must be added the sense of missing one of the best opportunities of her life, and of ill responding to a gracious act of condescension.

She came home tired to death, and with a bad head-ache, that no one took the trouble to remark; and she dressed for dinner with a sense that it mattered to no one how she felt.

Just as she was ready, Marilda came gravely in, sitting down in preparation, Cherry felt, for something dreadful; but even her imagination failed to depict the fact.

'Geraldine,' was the beginning, 'Alda wishes you to hear that she has put an end to the engagement.'

Cherry absolutely screamed, 'Oh, oh, don't let her do that! It would be so dreadful!'

Marilda looked severe. 'I don't suppose you thought what it was coming to.'

'Oh! I have often been sorry to see things, but it seemed so atrocious to think so.'

'Then you must have known you were doing wrong.'

'What—how—what have I done? I don't know what you mean!'

'Indeed! It is of no use to look frightened and innocent. Perhaps you did not mean anything; but when it grew so marked, Alda could not but feel it.'

'What? Does Alda mean *that?*' cried Cherry, starting up, scarlet with horror.

'Now I see you understand. She is terribly hurt. She excuses it, for she says you have been so petted all your life, that you don't know the right bounds.'

'And can you really think this of me?' moaned she.

'It is just like everyone when they have the chance—no one ever means it,' said Marilda.

'Oh!' cried Cherry, as a fresh horror came across her, 'but if Alda thinks ever so horridly of me, how can she doubt him? Oh, stop her, stop her! Let me only tell her how he talked of her yesterday! His whole soul is full of her. Oh, stop her, Marilda, do!'

'It is of no use,' said Marilda; 'she has sent her letter. She was resolved to do nothing hastily, so she went this morning and saw the little girls.'

'Oh, oh!' broke in Cherry, with another cry of pain. 'Those poor children have not been brought into trouble again?'

'No; it was no doing of theirs. But when she perceived the exclusive attention that—when she found,' hesitated Marilda, forgetting her lesson, 'how you had been sitting in the cloister—in short, how it had all gone on—she said it was the finishing stroke.'

'Oh!' a sigh or groan, as if stabbed; then with spirit, 'but why wasn't she there herself? He only took me for want of her! He only speaks to me because I am her sister. He was so unhappy—I was trying to cheer him.'

'So you might think; but that's the way those things run on. There's the gong!'

Cherry rose, but felt that sitting at table would end in faintness; and Marilda went away in doubt, between pity and displeasure, whether at contrition or affectation.

No sooner was the door shut, and Cherry alone, than a terrible hysterical agony came on. There was personal sense of humiliation—passionate anger, despair, for Ferdinand's sake—miserable loneliness and desertion. She felt as if she were in a house full of enemies; and had absolute difficulty in restraining screams for Felix to come and take her home. The physical need of Wilmet or Sibby, to succour and soothe her agitation and exhaustion, soon became so great as to overpower the mental distress; but she would not call or ring; and when Mrs. Sturt came, the kind woman made as if the head-ache accounted for all.

She reported that Miss Alda likewise had gone to her room with a

head-ache; and Cherry saw no one but Mrs. Underwood, who looked in to offer impossible remedies, and be civilly but stiffly compassionate.

The stifled hysteria was much worse for Geraldine than free tears. She had a weary night of wretched dream fancies, haunted by Ferdinand's sombre face, convulsed with rage, and tormented by the belief that she had done something so frightful as to put her out of the pale of humanity; nor was it till long after daylight that she could so collect her ideas as to certify herself that if she had done wrong, it had at least been unwittingly; but even then she was in a misery of shame, and of the most intense longing for her brother or sister to defend and comfort her.

She managed to rise and dress; but she was far too unwell to attempt the classes for the day. Alda spoke coldly; and she crept away, to lie on the sofa in the old school-room, trusting that before post-time her hand might grow steady enough to write an entreaty to be taken home, and longing—oh! longing more every hour for Edgar, and still he did not come! Marilda looked in, began to believe her really ill, grew compassionate, asked how she treated such attacks, deemed her penitent, and began to soothe her as if she was a naughty baby. Then, in desperation, Cherry ventured to ask what had been heard of him—Mr. Travis. He had been at the door—he had taken no refusal—had forced an interview—he was gone. Alda was in her own room, bolted in. Marilda had not seen her since.

Cherry shook from head to foot, and quivered with suppressed strangling sobs, as the shame of such a requital for the sacrifice of Ferdinand's whole career agonized her at one moment, and at another she was terrified at the possible effect on that fervid nature.

Oh, that long long piteous day! She never did write—never even felt as if she could sit up to guide a pen. At last Alda came in, with a strange awe-struck paleness about her face, as if she had gone through something terrible; and in a tone that sounded unnatural, said, 'Come, Cherry, don't give way so. I didn't mean to accuse you. People don't always know what they are doing. I am thankful on my own account.'

Cherry had longed for a kind word; but this sort of pardon was like Alda's taking the advantage of her when Felix was not there to protect her. Not naturally meek, she was too much shaken to control a voice that sounded more like temper than sorrow. 'You have no right to accuse me at all, as if I were a traitor!'

'Not a deliberate traitor, my dear,' said Alda in a voice of candour; 'certainly not; but you don't know the advantage helplessness and cleverness give over us poor beauties who shew our best at first. I blame no one for using their natural weapons.'

'Don't, Alda!' cried Cherry, with the sharpness of keen offence. 'You may keep that speech for those you got it up for!'

'Well, if you are in such a mood as that, nobody can talk to you,'

said Alda, going away, and leaving her to a worse paroxysm of misery than before, and an inexpressible sense of desolation, passing into an almost frantic craving for Edgar, to make him take her home.

Marilda gave a little relief by telling her that he was sent for; but after long expectation, word came that he was not at home, nor did his landlady know when he would return.

By this time it was too late to send a letter; and Cherry began to feel ashamed of having so given way, and to think of exerting herself to recover, if only to be in a condition to go home when Edgar should be found; so she made an effort to remember the remedies with which she was wont to be passively dosed by Wilmet, went to bed, and tried hard to put herself to sleep. Though it was long before she effectually succeeded, she was much calmer in the morning, deeply wounded indeed, but trying to accept the imputation that her habit of expecting aid might have led her into what had given umbrage to Alda, and that self-immolation might yet heal the misunderstanding, and the desire to plead with Alda seemed to brace her nerves; but Alda was not attainable. She only just came in, in her habit, while Mrs. Sturt was dressing Cherry, and said that she had such a head-ache, that she must take a country ride; and Cherry, who felt as if she had been under a stampedo of wild horses, could only just crawl to the sofa, and lie there; while the whole family were in such wholesome dread of that dumb hysteria, that they were as tender as they knew how to be, and abstained from all reference to the previous day.

The afternoon had come on the weary, home-sick, exhausted spirit, when a springy step came along the corridor, a light airy rap struck the door, and a tall, lithe, yet strong form, and a pair of kind smiling eyes, brought the sense of love and guardianship that the spoilt child of home had been pining for. She had yesterday meant to cry out to him, 'O Edgar, take me home!' but she did not speak, only looked up, glad and relieved.

'Why, Cherry,' as he kissed her hot brow, and caressingly held her limp cold hand, 'it seems to be the family fashion to suffer by proxy for these little catastrophes. Who is to take to his or her bed when some Indian spinster hooks W. W.'s engineer?'

'Hush, Edgar! Have you seen *him?*'

'Have not I?'

'Ah, I knew you must be with him, when they could not find you!'

'Me? No; I had had enough of it the night before! I had too narrow an escape of getting my neck wrung for declining to act as go-between, to subject myself to the same again, and went off with some fellows to Richmond—only came back an hour ago.'

'O Edgar! if you had but tried—'

'Take my advice, Cherry. Never put your foot into a boiling cauldron! Besides, don't you know perfectly well that never was there a worse matched pair? St. Antony and Venus attired by the Graces;

and very little more attire could he give her. If dear old Blunderbore had had a grain of common sense, he would have told them so a year ago; and I should have thought even you could have seen it to be a happy release.'

'I see you don't know the cause—'

'Visible enough to the naked eye!' And Edgar, in imitation of Theodore, hummed 'Mynheer van Dunck.'

'Forshame, Edgar! Oh no! it is only what could be mended, if you would but shew her that I—that he—that he only was kind to me for her sake. If she would only hear what he was saying to me! but she won't! Just set it straight; and then, please—please take me home.'

'Well,' said Edgar, as he gathered the drift of her broken phrases, spoken with her face hidden on his shoulder, 'this is as nasty spiteful a trick as Alda ever played! He said she put it on some motive of jealousy—and she always was a jealous toad; but I never guessed at this! Never mind, Chérie. She only wanted a pretext, and you came first to hand. I'll let her know what I think of it—and Polly too!'

'But, indeed, I don't think I was guarded enough.'

'Of course you don't. You and Tina think yourselves the most heavenly-minded when you can accuse yourselves of anything utterly ridiculous.'

'It was what she heard from Robin and Angel.'

'The marplots of the family—little minxes!' said Edgar, with a bitterness she was sorry to have provoked. 'No,' he added, 'not marplots in this case. I see it all as plain as a pike-staff! Felix having shewn his usual refreshing innocence by leaving Alda in this predicament, she had to get out of it as best she could; so she trumps up this charge between Robin's prudery and Angel's chatter; nor would I have blamed her a bit, if she had only flourished it in his eyes; but to poison Marilda with it, and annihilate you—I can't forgive that!'

'Oh, but she believes it.'

'If she gets up a little delusion—a slight screen to the Mynheer—she ought to keep it to herself.'

'I shall try to write it all properly to her when I get home.'

'Home! You aren't going to be ill?'

'No; but I can't stay after all this—to be looked on in this way.'

'I'll settle that.'

'You can't expose Alda.'

'I shall expose her no more than I have done fifty times before. Don't be afraid. We understand one another—Polly, Alda, and I.'

'Don't defend me! I had so much rather go back.'

'Of course; but you need not be a little goose. You did not come here for pleasure, but business. And is this great genius to be stifled because Alda talks a little unjustifiable nonsense?'

'Do you think Felix and Wilmet would tell me to stay?'

'Wilmet certainly would. Felix might be tempted to take his baby

home to rock; but even he has sense enough to tell you that the only way to deal with such things is to brazen them out.'

'I haven't got any brass.'

'Then you must get some. Seriously, Cherry, it would be very silly to go flying home, throwing up all your opportunities, and the very thing to give some *vraisemblance* to Alda's accusation. If I had only been here yesterday, I'd have choked it in the throat of her, and hindered you from caring a straw; but I didn't want to meet Travis in his exies.'

'I wish you would really tell me about him—poor dear Fernan!'

'Take care! That looks suspicious. Well, poor fellow! the Mexican is strong in him. *Grattez lui* ever so slightly. Well for Mynheer that he is not out with him on a prairie, with a revolver! But, whereas Audley and Felix caught him in time to make a spoon out of a bowie-knife, I don't expect much to happen, beyond my distraction from his acting caged panther in my room till two o'clock that night!'

'He came here and saw her yesterday. Have you seen him since?'

No; Edgar had kept out of the way, and would not talk of him; but stood over his sister, wishing to soothe and relieve the little thing, for whom he cared more than for all the lovers put together, and whose wan exhausted looks, visible suffering, and nervous shudders, he could not bear to see. 'I wish you weren't too big for rocking, Baby,' he said. And then he sat down to the piano, playing and singing a low soft lullaby, which at last brought quiet sleep to the refreshment of the harassed mind and weary frame.

The hum of conversation in an undertone at length gradually roused her.

'The long and short of it is, that she was tired of it.'

'But she wouldn't have invented such a story.'

'I never said she invented it! She's not so stupid, but that she can put a gloss on a thing; and you *know* she hates to have a civil word said to anyone but herself—particularly to that poor little dear.'

'Then it wasn't right to let him be always running after her.'

'Stuff! They'd been cronies ever since he was first caught; in fact, she was one of the tame elephants that licked him into shape, long before he set eyes on either of you. No stuff about it at all; they are just like brother and sister. The poor child would no more be capable of such a thing than that lay figure of hers—hasn't it in her; and for you to go and bully her!'

'Well,' in a half-puzzled, half-angered tone, 'that's what Alda says. She declares she only told me, and never meant me to speak to *her* about the cause.'

'She wanted to play off the injured heroine: and you—not being up to such delicate subtilties, walked off to speak your mind. Eh!'

'I thought I ought.'

'You put your great thumb on a poor little May-fly, just as if it had been a tortoise!'

'I'm sure I had no notion she would be so unhappy; all girls do such things; and most are proud of it. I was only disappointed to find her like the rest; but I'd no notion she would cry herself ill.'

Here Geraldine's senses became sufficiently clear to make her aware that she was the topic, and ought to rouse herself, no longer to let the discussion mingle with her dreams. With some effort she opened her eyes, and saw Edgar astride on the music-stool, and Marilda leaning on the mantel-shelf.

'I'm awake,' she drowsily said.

'To the battle over your prostrate body,' said Edgar. 'Go to sleep again, little one. Polly is very sorry, and won't do so no more.'

'She didn't say so, Edgar,' said Cherry; 'and if I had really done so, she ought to have been a great deal more angry with me.'

'Well, Geraldine,' said Marilda, 'I believe, whatever you did, you didn't know it; and I know I was hard on you. My father and mother don't know anything about it—only that it is off—'

'And that they rightly ascribe to Alda's good sense,' said Edgar.

This much relieved Cherry, who had thought it impossible to remain where she was, viewed as a traitor to her own sister. It wounded her indeed, that Marilda should merely condone the offence, instead of acquitting her; but when she recollected the probability that Marilda had suffered the like treatment from Alda, who was nevertheless loved so heartily, it began to dawn upon her that there was a disposition to view the offence as common, natural, and light, rather than not excuse the offender. She despised her cousin for lowering the standard to suit a favourite, and was sure she should never be comfortable again till she got home; but she was reasonable enough to perceive the force of what Edgar had shewn her—as to the folly of forsaking her studies, and abandoning the advantages offered to her; and his kindness had much cheered her; so she said no more about going home, and resumed her former habits, though feeling that Marilda's patronizing cordiality was gone, and that Alda was simply cold and indifferent.

She felt especially unwilling to face the two little girls, who seemed to have acted as false witnesses against her; but an imploring note from Robina besought her to call; and on arriving in the parlour, where interviews were allowed, she was greeted with, 'O Cherry, is it true? and was that why Alda came here?'

Then she found that they had heard from home of the rupture of the engagement; and that they had immediately connected it with Alda's extraordinary visit of the week previous.

'She came to bring us a cake,' said Robin; 'but as she never did so before, I thought something was at the bottom of it, and that she just wanted to hear more about Ferdinand and his lodgings.'

'And,' added Angel, who, if less sensible, was far before Robina in a certain irregular precocity, 'I thought I'd get a rise out of her, and

chaff her a little. She used to be so savage last year, whenever Fernan treated you with common humanity.'

'O Angel, how could you!'

'You don't mean that it did the harm! Bobbie said so; but I didn't think Alda could be so silly as to think it in earnest, Cherry.'

'Angel, you have been playing with edge-tools.'

'Cherry, tell me what you mean!' Angela pounced on both her arms, as if to shake it out of her.

'Never do such a thing again, Angel. You cannot tell what you may be doing.'

'Well, if anyone could be so stupid! So dense, as not to see it was fun! Now, Robin—'

'I think,' said the practical Robin, 'that all you can do, is to write down a full confession that you meant to teaze Alda.'

'Yes, yes, yes,' cried Angela, with less shame than Cherry would have thought possible, 'I will! I will! and then they'll make it up. Who would have thought Alda could have been so easily taken in? But how shall I do it unknownst to the harpies?'

Cherry offered a pencil, and a bit of her drawing-block. She offered no suggestion, thinking that the more characteristic the confession was, the more it would prove its authenticity. Angela retired into a window, and wrote, in her queer unformed hand:

I, Angela Margaret Underwood, hereby confess that whatever I told Alda, my sister, about Geraldine and F. T., was all cram; and if I did it too well, I'm very sorry for it. F. T. didn't take a bit more notice of Cherry than of Robin and me; and of course he cannot marry the three of us: and of course it was all right, for Clement was there. Ask him.

Witness my hand,

ANGELA MARGARET UNDERWOOD.

Then she called, 'Come and witness it, Robin.'

'Nonsense,' said Robina; and coming to look, she exclaimed, 'you have made it simply ridiculous. This will do no good!—See, Cherry.'

But Cherry would not have it altered, and merely bade Robina write her testimony.

This took much longer, though the produce was much briefer. It was only—

My dear Alda,

Angela was only talking nonsense the other day. If I had not thought so, I would have told you.

Your affectionate sister,

ROBINA B. UNDERWOOD.

'You've made a letter of it!' exclaimed Angela. 'I thought it was to be a last will and—no, a dying speech and confession; which is it? Well, if that does not set it all straight, I can't tell what will!'

Cherry was a good deal perplexed by the testimony now she had obtained it. She thought the matter over on her return, and ended by seeking Marilda; and with much excuse for Angela, putting it into her hands to shew to Alda. She felt it due to herself to make sure that Marilda saw it, such as it was.

Marilda undertook that Alda should see it. Geraldine watched and waited. There was no apology to herself. At that she did not wonder. Was there any note of recall sounded to Ferdinand? Was Alda proud? or was she in very truth indifferent, and unwilling to give up her excuse for a quarrel? or had she really relented, and apologized in secret?

It was strange to know so little, and venture so much less with her own sister than could Marilda, whom, in their present stiff reserve, Cherry durst not question.

(*To be continued.*)

DOMINIE FREYLINGHAUSEN.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

CHAPTER XIV.

The second day of what was to prove in the end a most eventful week, passed heavily with Franzje, as the first had done. It was spent chiefly with Arij in the darkened nursery; and when she met her parents at meals they talked only on general subjects, and made not the slightest allusion to Mr. Vyvian. She was devoured by a fretting anxiety, and felt as if she would gladly have exchanged her state of suspense for any certainty, however painful; but yet, a very natural bashfulness kept her from approaching the subject herself, or even from leading the conversation in that direction.

It so happened, that after she had bidden her parents good-night that evening, she was sent back to the parlour by her uncle Jan, to fetch a book which he had left there; and when she entered it she found them deep in consultation, and overheard, without meaning to do so, a few words that were not intended for her ear.

'I begged him to defer the interview until next Wednesday,' her father was saying; 'I thought that would give me a clear day for reflection, and for consulting the Dominie.'

'Yes, you must talk to the Dominie, of course; though I know his opinion of the young man too well to doubt—' began the mother, cutting short her sentence, however, as she caught sight of Franzje, who purposely made a little noise in advancing, to draw the eyes of the speakers to her.

No name had been mentioned, but the girl could not but conclude that 'the young man' was Russell Vyvian, and felt with what justice she had supposed that it was practically the Dominie who would decide her fate.

'I knew how it would be,' she said to herself; 'Father will do whatever the Dominie advises; and of course, the Dominie will advise him to have nothing to do with Mr. Vyvian, and I shall have to submit, I suppose—and then what will become of me? Mr. Vyvian will go away to the war, and forget me, perhaps—it is so different for men; but how can *I* ever forget, or be the same as I was before? Oh! it is cruel, *cruel*, when we cannot love and be happy without being wicked too!'

A weight of despair fell on her when she was once more alone in her own room; and though she instinctively knelt, as if for help to bear her burden, she did not at first utter any words of prayer at all. She was clinging on to the right; she had abandoned any idea of happiness which was to be won at the price of undutifulness, whether shewn in deceit or in open rebellion. She felt that she must obey with honourable faithful obedience, whatever it might cost her to do so, but she could not as yet feel any comfort in the decision. The peace of mind that is won through sacrifice seldom comes till the sacrifice is accomplished; *desolate* hearts have to be offered to God, and then He fills them.

All at once a little hope sprang up—a new way of outlet, which she had not thought of before. Why should she despair so soon? why should she accept as inevitable the sentence which the Dominie had not yet pronounced? Since her fate rested with him, why should she not plead her cause with him before he was called on to decide it? Hopeless as the case might seem, it was within the bounds of *possibility*, that face to face with him she might be able to make him see things in a different light—that if she could but find courage to bare her heart to him in some degree, she might awaken something of that fatherly compassion and sympathy which she knew to be latent in his nature, and of which she had sometimes made proof in the lighter troubles of her childish years.

Harsh as he had been to her of late—firm and unrelenting as he was popularly supposed to be—she yet felt with ineradicable confidence that his inmost heart was tender and warm, and that if her appeal could but reach it, there still remained to her a chance of success.

'If I can only make him feel what Mr. Vyvian has been to me,' she said to herself, 'and how much goodness and nobleness there is in him which does not show, and if I can but make him understand what is implied in giving up all that has made my life so bright these last few months, I think I may be able to persuade him at least not to crush our hopes at once—to let me keep Mr. Vyvian's love as something to look forward to in the future, even if he counsels Father to prevent our betrothal now. And if not—if I can't convince him, if he still persists in thinking it a sin for me to care for Mr. Vyvian at all—still, if he

will tell me *why* it is a sin, and if he seems only to deny me because he can't please me without displeasing God, it will not be *quite* so hard to submit as it is now. Oh! how well I remember that day years ago, when I was a little tiny child, and he would not let me drink the molasses-and-water that Dinah brought me, though I was so hot and tired and thirsty, because he said it was a bad habit to take anything between meals; and it seemed so hard and cruel, till he took me up on his knee, and let me lean my head against him, and then all my angry feelings went away, and I did not mind any more. I think it might be something like that now; I think I might bear my trouble better if he laid it on me with his own hand, and helped me to bear it. Yes, I *will* go to him; I will not let fear or shyness keep me away. I do trust him still, even though he is angry with me; if I speak to him truly and openly, soul to soul, I do not believe he will misjudge me.'

Then she folded her hands, and said her prayers reverently, and presently laid herself down to sleep, not very happy or hopeful, but by no means *so* miserable as she had been when she first came up-stairs. She was not troubled by any thought of what Mr. Vyvian would say at her selecting the Dominie as her confidante; her feeling towards her pastor was so simple and so filial, so free from the slightest tinge of sentimentality, that it seemed quite as natural and unobjectionable to open her heart to him as to her father and mother—nay, in her case *more* natural, because the Dominie had been more of a friend to her than her parents had ever been, and had done far more to form her character than they.

Her father and mother were very kind and good, and she loved them dearly, with a far more intimate, sensible, familiar fondness than she gave to the Dominie; but they were so accustomed to treat her as a child, and to think she had all she wanted if they provided her with food and clothes and other bodily comforts, and kissed and praised her when she tried to be useful to them, that she had learnt never to expect from them the same kind of help and counsel and sympathy which she had been wont to receive from Madame Schuyler and the Dominie.

They were not in the least jealous of the influence which these good friends exercised over her; and she did not at all anticipate any opposition to her scheme of going to the Manse the next morning, except that something in her mother's manner on the past Sunday had made her feel as if just at the present crisis they preferred to keep her and the Dominie apart.

'Perhaps it was my fancy; at any rate, I will pluck up courage, and ask Mother to let me go to him as soon as I have finished my home-tasks,' she said to herself, as she went down to breakfast; 'Father will probably choose the leisure hour after dinner for his talk, and I must speak to him *first*, if possible. Oh! if he will only be a little kind to me, and let me speak to him freely, as I used!'

During the meal a note was brought to M. Ryckman, which seemed

to inspire him with a good deal of consternation; and as soon as he had read it he got up and went out, without giving a word of explanation, even to his wife.

Franzje waited till the boys had also left the table, and then said gently, 'Mother, I want very much to speak to the Dominie. May I go and see him when you have done with me?'

Madame Ryckman looked as if she thought it a sort of putting one's head into the lion's mouth, and answered with manifest indecision, 'I don't know what to say, Franzje. I never do like your gadding about in the morning; and perhaps you may find your father there—and altogether, I think you might as well stay at home.'

'I will only just go to the Manse and back,' rejoined the girl. 'Mother, I know you think the Dominie is angry with me; and I dare say he is; but indeed, I am not afraid. I shall be happier if you will let me speak to him than if I have to sit quiet while the whole matter is decided over my head.'

She did not explain what she meant by 'the whole matter,' but Madame Ryckman seemed to understand.

'You had better leave it to your father, I think,' she said; 'he will be gentler with you than the Dominie. Oh! my dear child, what a pity it is that you do look so like a woman! No man ever troubled his head about me when I was your age.'

'I think I *feel* like a woman now, Mother,' said poor Franzje, not without some pathos in face and voice, as she lifted her great steadfast eyes to her mother's anxious gaze. 'I won't do anything you don't like; but if you would let me go to the Dominie, I should be very very grateful.'

Thus appealed to, Madame Ryckman gave way; and about an hour afterwards Franzje set forth in the direction of the Manse, accompanied by the faithful old negress Jettje, who was considered more of a protector than merry little Maaike, and whom she promised to keep close beside her all the way there and back. Once safe at the parsonage, Jettje could be dismissed to gossip with Dinah in the kitchen, while her mistress went in alone to the Dominie's study.

The old woman talked a good deal as they went along, expressing her opinions with all the freedom which was common among the household slaves in an Albanian family of the true primitive type; but Franzje, though she listened good-naturedly, and responded with a smile, had very little to say in return. She was thinking deeply; and as they drew near the house, a vivid recollection came back to her of the day when she had gone there with Maaike in the autumn, and of her own words: 'If I were in any trouble, I think I should run straight there.'

She could not feel quite the same towards the Dominie as she had felt when she said that; but still, a sort of hope of finding something to lean on—a sense of having got to the desired haven—came over her as she

stood at the Dominie's door waiting for her ring to be answered. She waited a long time—much too long for Jettje's patience—and at last rang again, but still with no response.

'Let me jus' open de door, and see if I can find Dinah, Mamselle,' said the old servant; 'perhaps she jus' step out a minute, and Dominie he deep in big book, and not hear de ring at all. If I not find Dinah, s'pose I tap at study, and say, "Mamselle Ryckman she want to see you, please Sir?"'

Franzje preferred this to making a further and louder ringing, which might startle the Dominie at his studies, and bring him to the door himself; so the negress lifted the latch without ceremony, and passed into the hall, leaving her young mistress still standing in the porch.

A minute or two passed, and then came Jettje's voice from some inner room in accents of alarm. 'Mamselle, you come here! Oh! whatever can it mean? Mamselle, you come and see!'

Franzje obeyed the summons with all the speed of terror, picturing to herself the Dominie fallen in a fit, or stark dead upon the study floor; but when she reached the study—for it was from thence that Jettje had called her—she found no one there but Jettje herself, though startling indeed was the scene that met her eyes. The whole room was dismantled; pictures and books, and all that had made it home-like and characteristic, were utterly gone, and the chairs standing about here and there as if pushed aside by an impatient hand. On the table were a pair of old shoes, a club, a crust of mouldy bread, and a little crumpled packet, which startled Franzje more than anything, because on the paper wrapper she recognized her own handwriting.

'What you tink it all mean, Mamselle?' said the negress, with a grin, apparently deriving some satisfaction from seeing Franzje as puzzled as herself.

'Perhaps Dinah is going to clean the study,' suggested 'Mamselle' doubtfully.

'Queer way to set about it,' said Jettje contemptuously; 'no brush, and no pail—not even a duster! No Dinah neither. First I look in kitchen, but she not dere; den I call, but she not come.'

'It is very strange, certainly,' said Franzje, not knowing what further to suggest, and feeling a strange sinking of heart at finding only emptiness and disorder where she had come seeking rest and counsel.

She drew nearer the table, to have a closer look at the mysterious packet: and meanwhile, Jettje, who was not troubled with any very delicate feelings, nor fear of taking liberties, left the room to pursue her investigations, and presently returned, exclaiming, 'Dominie gone! dat what 'tis, Mamselle! Me look in his room; no coat hanging on door, no shoes in cupboard—all gone! Dominie gone away and left us, and never come back no more!'

'O Jettje! it can't be; and you shouldn't have looked in his room!' cried out Franzje almost passionately. 'He *can't* have gone away and

left us! Perhaps he has just gone to the Flats for a night, while Dinah cleans the house.'

'Then why *don't* she clean it?' retorted Jettje. 'Me never did tink much of dat Dinah. She pull a long face, and Dominie tink her right-down Christian woman; but no good Christian woman leave her master's shoes on de study table—eh, Mamselle Franzje?'

'I don't think they are his shoes,' said Franzje, declining to enter into the abstract question of the anti-Christian nature of such a proceeding. 'I can't make out how these things came here at all; that piece of paper belonged to me, and Evert took it on Sunday to wrap up something in. No, don't meddle with it, Jettje,' as the old woman stretched out her hand to take it. 'We must come away now; we have no business here while the Dominie and Dinah are out.'

She walked towards the door, disappointed and perplexed, and Jettje followed her rather unwillingly; but on the steps they met Dinah coming in.

A very untidy-looking Dinah it was, with the cotton handkerchief which she wore on her head all awry, her dress splashed with mud, and her whole appearance as of one carried out of herself, and too agitated and exhausted to care how she looked, or what was thought of her.

When she saw them she sank down on the seat in the porch, and began rocking herself to and fro, and making a sort of dismal howling, which rather put Jettje out of patience.

'Oh,' she sobbed, ''tis you, come to look at de empty house, is it? Yes, Dominie's gone, and you can all make merry; dere's no one to hinder you now. Oh! oh! oh—o—o—o!'

Franzje had turned very pale, but she spoke quite calmly and gently. 'Gone? I don't understand, Dinah; has he gone somewhere on a visit?'

'I mean what I say, Mamselle!' snapped the Dominie's retainer; 'he be gone right away—gone to New York, to find de big ship to take him across de seas. You've drove him away wid your jiggings and your maskings; and he's gone to where dere's people as 'ill listen to him, and walk in de holy Gospel ways.'

'Walk in 'em yourself, you Dinah!' burst out Jettje, before her young mistress could speak. 'Mamselle Franzje she know her duty as well as anybody; and she come here dis mornin' to see Dominie, and speak good words wid him, and fit to break her heart when she couldn't find him. You go 'long!'

'We won't stay now; Dinah is tired,' said Franzje with dignity. 'But I believe the Dominie will come back to us, so don't cry,' she added kindly to the weeping woman.

A deep aching regret was gathering in her own heart, yet not a single tear rose to her eyes. She wanted to hear the facts of the case more clearly, and then go alone to think over them, and realize what it all meant, and what the loss that had come upon them involved.

'Tired! ah, I be tired, Mamselle,' said Dinah, a little mollified. 'I've run after de carriage till all de breath be out of me; and Dominie he wave his hand to me to bid me go back, but he not stop for me nor nobody.—Oh—o—o! oh—o—o—o—o—o!'

They left her still sitting in the porch and howling ostentatiously, and pursued their homeward way, but not without many interruptions. Dinah in returning had spread the news of her master's departure; and all along the street were gathered knots of people, discussing, with more or less excitement, the wonderful, and—to many—*disastrous* intelligence. The Dominie had sent away his trunks over-night, and had himself driven off early, before the town was fully astir; so the secret had remained a secret to most of his flock for an hour or two, but now all the town was occupied either in telling or hearing it; and while some were crying bitterly, and a few exulting, others were improving the occasion after Dinah's fashion, by taunting or rebuking those whom they believed to have been the cause of his departure.

Franzje felt a cowardly inclination to take to her heels, when she saw M. Jansen haranguing the passers-by volubly from the steps of his door; but instead of yielding to it, she drew up her head and walked quietly along on the other side of the street, catching as she went a few words evidently levelled at her, about light-minded maidens, who had wearied out the Dominie's patience by their frivolity and obstinacy.

A little way further on she encountered a noisy group of youngsters, with Evert at their head, who greeted her with a shout of 'Hurrah! the Dominie's gone! Now we can have as much fun as we like!' and a sudden 'Hear, hear!' came from the windows of the Bankers' house, beneath which she was passing, though the speaker was invisible.

He was not invisible long; for while Franzje was trying to induce Evert to come home with her, and explain to her on the way the mystery of that piece of paper which she had seen on the Dominie's table, Mr. Vyvian, whose voice she had recognized, came out and joined her. She looked round for Jettje, but the old woman was in full chase after Dirk and Albert, who had excited her wrath by chorussing Evert's hurrah; and as Evert made off directly Mr. Vyvian appeared, she was left for just a few moments *tête-à-tête* with him.

'You have heard the news, I see,' he said, looking at her grave face, which lighted up for one instant at the sight of him, but speedily grew sad again. 'I don't expect you to rejoice, like these madcap boys, but I think you and I have some real cause for being glad.'

'Glad to have driven him away!' said she.

There was a keener pathos in her tone than she was aware, and Mr. Vyvian's brow grew clouded. He hated to see her grieving after his 'rival;' but at the same time he tried to adapt himself somewhat to her mood, as so often before.

'Well, that last stroke was too much, perhaps,' he rejoined; 'it must have been pretty clear to him that he was looked upon chiefly as an obstruction; and he might have been spared so palpable a hint as yesterday morning's performance. Still, if I had been he, I should have thought it beneath me to care about such a mere boyish joke.'

'I don't know what you mean,' said Franzje breathlessly.

'What! didn't Evert let you into the secret? Have you really not heard of the fine outfit for his journey which the Dominie found at his bed-room door yesterday? I was told you contributed the paper that the dollar was wrapped in, but I can't say I ever fully believed it.'

If he had, Franzje's face of startled distress would have convinced him to the contrary. She knew so much better than he did—so much better than her brother even—all the significance that that torn leaf of her theological exercise must have had for the Dominie, that she was struck dumb for the moment at the discovery of Evert's treachery, and let the indignant grief in her beautiful eyes speak for her as it listed.

'It was a very silly practical joke,' said Russell, not thinking it necessary to mention that he and Mr. Gardiner had encouraged the boys thereto. 'I don't wonder you are displeased at it; but, my own love, don't take such a gloomy view of the matter. The Dominie will come back some day; and meanwhile, you and I are now free to be happy. Your father will surely not be able to stand out against us without his clerical dictator to second him.'

'I cannot tell,' said she hurriedly, beginning to walk on at a rapid pace; 'and oh! Sir, I cannot even tell now whether I really wish him to yield or not. I know it must seem very childish, and I must ask you to forgive me; but indeed, I do not feel sure now what is right or what is wrong. I must have time to think.'

She seemed a different woman from the one he had clasped in his arms but a few nights before; and he looked at her jealously and suspiciously as he rejoined, 'Have you not had time for that already? What have you been doing all these days that they have kept you from me? Listening to ill-natured stories about me, perhaps, skilfully dished up by the Dominie and M. Jansen.'

'I have not spoken to either of them!' said Franzje indignantly; 'I *wanted* to speak to the Dominie this morning, but when I got to the Manse he was gone.'

Her heart was still quivering with the shock of that bitter disappointment, and a little sympathy—a little token that her feelings were understood and respected—would have been inexpressibly soothing; but Russell's mind was altogether out of harmony with hers on this subject, and so he only answered, with a triumphant smile, 'Yes, he has gone, and left you to me; there is no one to come between us now. Franzje, why do you call me "Sir," and rush along as if you wanted

to get away from me? If you knew how proud I am of your being mine, you would not be so unwilling even to seem to belong to me. Why can't you speak freely to me? me, who would do anything in the world for you! What made you want to speak to the Dominie?'

'It was about you,' said she.

She had spoken quite simply and fearlessly; but for an instant she almost quailed beneath the sudden glance of fierce jealous wrath which her lover turned upon her.

'Is it usual in your country for a young gentlewoman to consult one of her admirers on the expediency of marrying another?' he asked sarcastically.

'Admirers?' she repeated in bewilderment; 'I thought we were speaking of the Dominie?'

'Exactly; but are you really so innocent as never to have discovered what it was that made M. Freylinghausen keep guard over you so jealously? Don't you see that he was so determined not to let me have you because he wanted you for himself?'

A strange thrill passed through her, and for one instant the young face was lifted with a sort of half proud half trembling exultation, as though an undreamt-of honour had come upon her all at once; but in another moment her eyes fell, and in a grave humble tone, as if shrinking from the presumption of the thought he wished to force upon her, she answered, 'Oh no! indeed you have misunderstood! M. Freylinghausen cared for us all, because he was our pastor; and once, when he used to teach Evert and me, and saw us trying to be good, I think perhaps he loved us a little more than the rest of the class, but oh! there was never anything but that; and since he thinks we have become wicked, I am afraid he has left off loving us at all.'

'Afraid! You care for his love, then?' said Russell angrily, and looking as if he would have liked to strangle the Dominie then and there.

She did not quail this time, but paused and fronted him steadily with her grand clear gaze, as she exclaimed, 'How shall I make you understand? It is no question of love and lovers. It was God who sent us the Dominie, and taught us to love and honour him; do you think we can help caring for having grieved him and driven him away?'

Even yet he did not understand; his grosser and more worldly mind could scarcely take in the notion of a love distinct alike from sentimentality and from passion; and it was but natural that—looking at the Dominie as a mere strait-laced old Calvinist—he should fail to comprehend the veneration which his character had inspired; but Franzje's face in its pathetic loveliness touched and softened him, and he was beginning to murmur some fond soothing words, when up came old Jettje, panting mightily after her long run, and dragging little Albert in her train.

'Ah, Mamselle, dis here naughty bad boy lead me such a chase,'

panted she; 'but now me got him me not let him go till Baas speak to him. Jus' you help me to bring him 'long, Mamselle!'

'You need not hold him, Jettje; he will come with me, I know,' said the girl, in the gentle tone of command which slaves and children alike had learned to obey. 'I must bid you good-day, Sir,' she added firmly to Russell, who was standing chafing at the interruption. 'My mother will be looking for us, for doubtless she has heard the news ere this.'

'Tell your father I shall not fail to keep my appointment with him to-morrow,' rejoined the young man haughtily, 'and trust that on his part he will not fail me. As for you, Mademoiselle, when you have a thought to spare from the Dominie, I shall intreat you to give it to me.'

She felt the reproach conveyed in the words; and all at once a wistful deprecating sweetness came into her eyes as she said, 'I am afraid I have indeed seemed cold and ungrateful, Sir; I do not quite know myself to-day.'

It was not so much re-awakened love, as the anxious humility of a child feeling itself wrong and asking for pardon, that spoke through her looks and tones; but the very least sign of tenderness towards him was enough to kindle afresh the man's passionate devotion, and he answered with a few burning rapturous expressions of affection, couched in French, that they might be less intelligible to Jettje.

The sweet eyes fell, and that glow came to the delicate cheek which he most loved to call forth; but there was no nearer approach to him, no soft whisper of love in reply; the night when her heart had spoken in answer to his, when her lips had met his unabashed, seemed already far away.

Franzje returned, to find her mother in tears, and her father standing by the fire with his travelling-cloak on, as if equipped for a journey. They both saw by her face that she knew what they knew, and both seemed to have forgotten Mr. Vyvian, and to feel confident of their daughter's sympathy with all that they felt regarding the loss of their pastor.

'I have been longing for you to come back, my dear,' said Madame Ryckman, holding out her hand and drawing Franzje towards her. 'Did you really go on to the Manse, and find it empty? or did you hear the news on the way?'

'I could have saved you the fruitless walk,' said M. Ryckman, 'if I had known; for that note that was brought to me at breakfast was from M. Cuyler, telling me that he had got scent of the Dominie's departure, and begging me to come with him and intercept him at that bit of the road—'

'Oh! and did you?' interrupted Franzje, too eagerly anxious to wait with her usual respect for the close of her father's sentence.

'Yes, but it was all of no use; and though I offered to go on to New York with him, hoping at least to prevent his embarkation, it was

only wasting my breath; he would neither turn back nor accept the company of anyone on the road. He has a will of iron, our Dominie. I always thought so.'

'*Our* Dominie!' echoed Madame Ryckman. 'Ah, we scarcely dare call him that, now that he has gone away and left us. I wonder what the Schuylers will say when they hear this terrible news. Your father wants you to drive out to the Flats with him, Franzje, and help him to break it to Madame.'

'And leave you all alone, dear Mother?' said Franzje tenderly.

'Oh, do not fear for me, I have no time to sit and grieve; I must see to Arij and your uncle Jan. I did just run up to him with the news; and I was almost provoked with him, dear good old man! for instead of seeming surprised, he said calmly, "I have been expecting this," and then turned away, as if he wished to hear no more.'

'I dare say he is praying for the Dominie, and for us,' said Franzje in a low voice full of emotion.

'Yes,' replied her mother, in rather a dissatisfied tone, as if just at that moment she would have preferred some more human manifestation of sympathy. 'And now, child,' she added, 'you must have some hot chocolate before you set out on your drive; I told Maaike to bring you a cup before the carriage came round. Your father came in as jaded and disheartened as could be, and was for taking nothing; but a good glass of hollands-and-water has made him something like himself again.'

Franzje felt scarcely able to swallow, but obediently put her lips to the cup which Maria brought in at this moment. While she raised it with one hand, the little slave-girl took possession of the other, and covered it with kisses. 'Mamselle! dear dear Mamselle!' was all she said; but Franzje understood to the full what was implied in this sudden outburst of tenderness, and putting down the cup, bent forward and kissed the round black face with a warm impulse of gratitude.

Ah! how sweet the home-kindness seemed now that her heart was so torn and perplexed! She valued it so much, that she could scarcely bear to risk the loss of it by an untimely word; and as she drove along with her father towards the Flats, delayed from minute to minute the delivery of Mr. Vyvian's message, and at length determined to give it on their way back.

They found that the tidings they brought had reached the Schuylers already, and that the Colonel had even set off in pursuit of the Dominie, after the example of his brother-in-law and M. Ryckman. Madame had been a little hopeful about the result of his mission; but when she heard of M. Ryckman's failure, she shook her head, and said sadly, 'Then Philip has not much chance of success. How I shall watch and weary for his return! Could you not leave me Franzje? It is a comfort to have someone to share one's anxiety—and I could send her back to you to-morrow.'

M. Ryckman looked half unwilling to consent; but then a sudden idea seemed to strike him, and he said, 'If you will keep her till Thursday, I will come and fetch her myself.'

'Till Friday if you like,' said Aunt Schuyler, thinking of the play, which was to take place on Thursday night; 'but surely, my little Franzje—'

'She is a good girl,' interrupted her father hastily. 'I have no reason for keeping her out of the way; but it seems a pleasant change for her to be here with you; and I have business to-morrow, and altogether —yes, you will stay with Madame, Franzje,' he concluded, turning to the girl, who was standing with parted lips and eager eyes, wondering what might be the real purport of this new arrangement.

He got up to go directly he had said this, as if he were in a hurry to escape any arguments to the contrary, and seemed to mean his hurried kiss as a final good-bye; but Franzje followed him to the door.

'Father,' she said breathlessly, 'I met Mr. Vyvian, and he said he hoped you would not fail to keep your appointment with him to-morrow. I don't know what you are going to say to him, nor even what I want you to say—but oh! Father, let me have a voice in the matter; don't settle it all without my knowing!'

'I must talk to your mother,' said he irresolutely; 'and I shall hear what the young man says; but you know very well, my maid, what the Dominie thought of him, and that should be enough for us. Be a good girl, and don't fret about this young coxcomb; we have trouble enough in losing our Dominie.'

'Yes, and oh! Father, I am glad to be with Aunt Schuyler for a bit; I do want to talk to her—but if you could send for me to-night? I am anxious about Evert; and there are so *many* things that make me want to be at home to-morrow! Please, Father, let me come home to-night!'

'No, no,' said he, breaking from her, just because he felt he could not resist her pleadings for long. 'I have spoilt you all, and that is the truth of it. Evert will do very well—the young rascal!—there's no keeping him in order as I should like, with your mother always taking his part. I shall fetch you on Thursday or Friday, as seems best; and meantime you must be a good child, and try and cheer up Madame.'

He drove off, and Franzje stood on the steps looking after him, feeling rather as if she had been trapped, though she did not for a moment suspect her father of any deep-laid design in bringing her to the Flats that morning. 'Be a good child!' Oh! how easy it was to say! but who could make her feel like a child again? And was goodness possible, when her choice seemed only to lie between two evils—the being unfaithful to her lover, or unfaithful to the Dominie?

(To be continued.)

IN TIME OF WAR.

CHAPTER VI.

'Alas! I know not what to do,
Nor how to get good news and true;
Dear God, I pray to Thee;
If else Thou canst not comfort me,
Of Thy great mercy make that he
Send speedy news to me.'

Old Norman Song.

RICHARD BERTIE did not appear to advantage as a lover, unless his course ran very smoothly. For the last two days, since he spoke to Mr. Markham, he had been in a very uncomfortable state of mind, disposed to be jealous of everyone who spoke to Katharine, or even looked at her; and as she had many friends to talk to, and her fresh bright face was a comely and pleasant sight, he had plenty of opportunity for tormenting himself. He even thought the tortoise engrossed her to quite an unreasonable extent, though he had interposed sharply that morning with some of the grooms who were tormenting his lady's pet, and knocked down one who was proving the strength of his shell by standing on it; but his zeal was once more misplaced, for the tortoise minded not one whit, and the groom was so offended that he shortly took service in the Parliament army. Mr. Bertie's own loyalty was in danger of being impaired, for he would have engaged the King himself in single combat, if victory could have given him too the power to rouse Katharine's warm devotion, and call the flush to her cheek and the tears to her eye with his mere presence. But to-day she felt grateful to him for what she really believed to be a sacrifice on his part, as well as to her brother for thus providing for her comfort; so she did her best to be agreeable, and succeeded easily enough in clearing the cloud from Bertie's face.

When they left the road, and began to take the pleasant bridle-paths, over the commons and through the woods, he asked her why she wore her riding-mask. 'Indeed, you cannot know how hideous a thing it is.'

'Yes, I do, for I looked in Goody's venetian mirror and thought I must be like to the bogle Dorothy talks of.'

'Will you not take it off, then? I do not like bogles any more than Dorothy.'

'If you will; and the more readily, that it is hot, and I like to feel our own forest air; I do but wear it to keep off the sun and dust, which Ursula says make me as brown as a milk-maid; she forgets that one of the Black Markhams can hardly keep a skin like her fair northern folk.'

'If you would wear a beaver like mine, it would keep off the sun,' said Bertie, taking off his broad-leaved hat, ornamented with jewel and feather; 'I think a little one, made daintily for you, would be a better

head-gear than your hood, and then I might hang up the mask to frighten the hawks from Mrs. Markham's chickens.'

Katharine thought that would be quite too manly, or else look like the high-crowned hats worn by the country women and the citizens' wives of the Puritan party, and she was sure Mr. Bertie would not care to see a loyal gentlewoman in such gear! But the silk mask was taken off, and when her companion could see her face that was so good a supplement to her words, he found no more fault with the little black hood that framed it.

'It is like a dream,' she presently said, 'that I have in truth seen the King; yet a dream passeth away, while I shall remember his face as I saw it to-day, even if I live to be an aged woman.'

'It seems to me that with you, loyalty means naught but devotion to the King—always the King,' said Bertie impatiently.

'Nay, there is more than that,' answered Katharine, looking at him in surprise; he had dismounted now, and was walking by her pony, gathering sprigs of heather and wild flowers for her; 'but the King is the centre of all—surely you think so too?'

He looked up at her serious questioning face, and then down again, as he said, 'I do not think quite as you do; and though you may hold me in small esteem for this, yet must I tell you, for I would not in anywise deceive you, or have you think me other than I am.'

What would this mean? Was he not as a brother to them? he could never mean to turn traitor! The mere thought was to her a terrible pang of disappointment and sorrow.

'Oh! Mr. Bertie, what is this? how do you, of all men, deceive us? do you not go to Nottingham?'

'Of course I go to Nottingham, and will fight to the death against the King's enemies, and for what I truly hold to be the good cause; but, Mistress Katharine, you will not, I hope, hold me a traitor if I cannot reverence the King as you do, or without a struggle yield to him the soldier's obedience that your brother does. Indeed, my heart is sore and heavy with much thought, and with much that I have lately learnt, added to my former knowledge of the King's want of honesty and good faith. The treatment of the good Earl of Derby, and many other things that were done in Yorkshire, bring shame on the good cause, and loss too, for many who were doubtful will join the rebels, when they hear how the King requites his best friends.'

'You grieve me to the heart, Mr. Bertie; I cannot tell if these things be true, but I did not look to hear them from you,' said poor Katharine, to whom such talk was little less than treason.

'Indeed, I would shut my eyes to them if I could; but do not mistake me, Mistress Katharine, I tell you this because I will not hide even my thoughts from you; remember, I pray you, that I am not the less devoted to what I deem a righteous and holy cause, or less loyal to the Church and the King, because I cannot esteem the latter as I would.'

'Pardon me if I seemed to doubt it; I am sure that whatever you may

think of this or that measure of the King, your truth and loyalty are as firm as my brother's. Our love for his Majesty is so strong, that we wish it shared by all who belong to us. Oh! Mr. Bertie, indeed he is noble and true and good; think how sorely his enemies press on him, and slander him; it is not like you to turn from one in misfortune; I pray you strive to put this mistrust from you: have you talked with my brother?'

'Many times; he says that I am over-nice, and that it is a soldier's part to fight, and not to meddle with wherefores, or to question too closely his leader's merits; which answer shews me that he does not altogether differ from me. He has been bred a soldier, which I have not, and methinks it is less easy to gain a soldier's spirit than to do a soldier's work.'

'The last I am sure you will do well and truly; do not think I mistrust you, and it pleases me that you have told me your thought,' answered Katharine, putting out her hand to him, with a kind look that made it hard for Bertie to remember his promise to her brother.

'Thank you for that; I feared you would think me no better than a rebel, and then I must have come second to Mr. Cludd in your good graces, I fear.'

'That you would, so I counsel you to remain as you are,' answered Katharine, laughing; 'now let us mend our pace, here are the Rufford woods, and we shall soon be at home.'

They found Ursula in very low spirits, which revived with the excitement of their coming, and fell again after Mr. Bertie's departure in the morning. News came pretty regularly for a short time: they heard of the expedition to Coventry, and the rebellious behaviour of that city; and also of the unlucky encounter of Sir John Byron and two of his brothers with a rebel party at Brackley, in Northamptonshire, where they were surprised and plundered. Then, about the end of August, Mr. Markham paid them a hasty visit, and gave them a full account of the raising of the standard at Nottingham. The tempest that had blown it down, had whistled among the oaks in Sherwood Forest, and among the empty rooms of the house at Ollerton, with all the desolation of a storm in summer, filling the women with half superstitious fears. Thomas Markham's visit did them good, though his mood was not very cheering; he was sore and angry at the way in which matters had been mismanaged, saying that if the rebels from Northampton were now to make a vigorous attack, they might entirely disperse the Royal forces, which were badly armed, and too few in number to be called an army. His stay was very short; he hurried back to Nottingham, and accompanied the King to Derby and Shrewsbury, in the middle of September. Mrs. Markham and Katharine had by that time heard of the great accession to the King's forces from the north, and shared the renewed confidence in the Royal cause that was prevalent during the autumn. They heard more than once from Shrewsbury, and Mrs. Markham knew that her plate had really disappeared into the melting-pot, 'whither it has gone in good company,' wrote her husband, 'for all his Majesty's

household plate is being coined, and much beside that his loyal subjects have joyfully offered.'

There being far more officers than troops for them to command, Mr. Markham was now serving under Prince Rupert as captain in command of the men he had raised himself; while Richard Bertie, much against his private inclination, was separated from his friend, and serving on the staff of his kinsman Lord Lindsey, who was appointed General of the King's army. It was to Bertie's care that the ladies at Ollerton owed an account of Prince Rupert's victory at Worcester: he little thought, so far from taking it as the good news he intended, how sick and terrified they were, to find that fighting had actually begun; that Thomas Markham had behaved gallantly was a matter of course. It was not long before they grew accustomed to hear of skirmishes and sieges; Ursula took all calmly enough when she was not personally concerned; while Katharine, with a more warlike spirit, remembered and pieced together all the news they heard, talking herself with every messenger, and consulting with their friend Mr. Norwell, the clergyman, till he declared she was the best informed person in the Forest.

Then came the tidings of the battle of Edgehill, so confused and contradictory, that Katharine, in desperation, wrung an unwilling consent from Ursula, and rode over to Southwell herself, her pony being still left, and taking old Martin on a coach-horse, that, like himself, was unfit for active service. The country was quite quiet, and at Southwell the victory was confidently declared to be with the King; a messenger had come to Nottingham, and the tidings came thence; but there had been a great slaughter, the Earl of Lindsey was said to be a prisoner, and many persons of distinction slain; so Katharine passed the hours in Mrs. Bernard's parlour less in hope than in fear, only comforted by hearing that the King would now march on London, and speedily conclude the war. She reached home safely, and declared she would go alone next time, for Martin was ready to gallop away every time a magpie shrieked, and made her as timorous as himself.

They had to be as patient as they could for some days yet, till the suspense was relieved by a right welcome letter from Mr. Markham. He and Bertie had both been in the thick of the fight, he himself with Prince Rupert's horse, and he was quite unhurt, while Bertie had not fared so well. He had been in the centre, in Lord Lindsey's own regiment of foot, which had suffered severely, and he had lain for many hours among the slain, insensible from loss of blood, with wounds in the head and shoulder, which however were not dangerous; and he now lay at Banbury, in good hands, and hoping soon to rejoin his regiment. Lord Lindsey was dead, and Lord Willoughby had been taken prisoner in an attempt to rescue his father.

It was a relief to know the worst; but any news seemed to give an insatiable craving for more, and Katharine grew restless and rather cross under an anxiety she did not care even to acknowledge to herself. She

spoke of her brother constantly, but only of him, so that Ursula feared that she did not really care much for her wounded lover.

After the battle of Edgehill, Sir John Digby, the sheriff, endeavoured to secure the county for the King; but the rebels at Nottingham, under the two Hutchinsons and others, proved too strong for him, and took possession of that town, so the sheriff garrisoned Newark; and thus began the contest between the two towns, that raged with varying fortunes during the whole of the war. Southwell was never fortified; the principal inhabitants, led by Mr. Cludd, favoured the Parliament; Archbishop Williams siding at first with the King, the Palace was held by a few of his men-at-arms, and Mrs. Bernard lived in security, if not in peace, frequently entertaining parties of the King's friends. Ollerton, deep in the Forest, lay out of the way of the strife, and as Mr. Markham was so early in the field with the best men and horses of the place, the agents of the Parliament and itinerant preachers were only able to incite a very few to join the rebel forces at Nottingham.

Thus the winter dragged on heavily; the hope had failed of a speedy termination to the war, the King was established in winter quarters at Oxford, and the country generally was arming for a renewed struggle in the spring. Christmas was a sad festival; there could be no merriment at Ollerton, Mrs. Markham said she had hardly the heart to make the Christmas pies, and the posset jugs were all gone. She consoled herself with double care for the poor, many of whom were in distress on account of the absence of husbands or sons with the army.

(*To be continued.*)

ENGLISH LINKS OF FOREIGN FORGING;

OR,

'THE LADY WITH THE LONG NOSE.'

(A TALE OF CONTINENTAL TRAVEL.)

BY A. F. FRERE,

AUTHOR OF 'WONDER-CASTLE;' 'THE THREE SONS-IN-LAW,' ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

THE narrative and conversation just given had important effects upon two of the parties concerned. For Mrs. Langton it had been a very salutary opening to admit some of that sympathy and interchange of thought, which, however far from sounding the inner depths of a private sorrow, yet often exercises on its upper surface of moods and actions a soothing and also a bracing influence. She had acted nobly, she had

suffered bravely, and there was much sad and bitter truth in her plea of incapacity to resist morbid impressions. But a gleam from without, the suggestion of a different intellect, is often the appointed channel for an infusion of healthier life; and Hugh Neville, with the directness of a mind accustomed to deal with practical matters, had seized upon two points in which much alleviation might be gained by viewing them in a different light. Something, indeed, was needed for the task, beyond a mere mental clearness of perception; and he possessed the power of sympathy, aided and quickened in this instance by feelings of personal regard that were perhaps leading him further than he was aware. Independently of these, however, there was a deeper man in Hugh Neville than he himself suspected. It cropped out, as yet, only here and there, and his natural unconscious frankness preserved him from any artificial efforts to sustain a gravity and elevation, which were still but in the *germ* of his character. He was certainly young of his age; yet he and Ida had known trouble in the loss of two parents—the last within the years when such loss is keenly felt; but both trials had come gently, as it were, with all the mitigations that accompany a sorrow straight from the Hand of God. Sickness and death, however great the blank they leave, yet carry in them a seed of deep consolation, where they are but the rendering up of what is best loved on earth, from a state of imperfect and transient, to one of perfect and lasting, happiness. The bitter griefs are those caused by or complicated with human passions—anger, jealousy, ingratitude—worst of all with trust betrayed, or any moral delinquency which jars all the fibres of the heart by mingling a horror of wrong and evil done in every thought connected with the calamity.

The immediate effect on Hugh of Mrs. Langton's communication was a sort of awed seriousness by which all his eager ardent impulses seemed for the time silenced and repressed. It was as if the picture of such suffering, such deep and fierce trial, had filled his mind to the exclusion of all that was personal and self-asserting in its aspirations. Ida did not understand his present mood; the deeper side of her brother's character was—as not unfrequently happens with those who have always lived together—almost strange to her; she watched and wondered, able only to judge by external acts, (for Hugh was not very willing to talk over the history they had heard) and was struck now by his very much calmer manner, and even a degree of distance in addressing Mrs. Langton. She, on the other hand, appeared more disposed than before to make a confidential friend of the man who had known her husband so well, and who could follow and enter into many reminiscences of their Australian life. It seemed to soothe her to pour them out to an understanding ear. Hers was not a self-sufficing nature; it combined a sensitive reserve with a strong craving for sympathy, which circumstances of late had kept down, but by no means quenched. She had occasionally long talks with Hugh, which Ida felt certain were

wholly dedicated to a memory, and only hoped her brother felt the same!

During this time the Cadenabbia life went on much as usual, till varied one day by a visit which the two Nevilles went by steamer to pay at the Como end of the Lake. An Italian family, whom they had known slightly during a former stay in Lombardy, happening to find them out, proposed a luncheon at their pretty villa at Borgo Vico, and a little lionizing of the environs. Hugh had fallen into the idea with a better grace than Ida expected, and they found this passing taste of local society rather enlivening, spiced as it was with the 'dialect,' into which the Count and Countess and all their guests kept perpetually falling, with an occasional effort for civility's sake to speak French or real Italian, the latter being evidently considered almost as much of a foreign language as the former!

The gentlemen talked silk-worm farming, equivalent in importance to wheat, barley, and turnips; the ladies fashions, operas, &c., with histories of their children's complaints, somewhat startling in the *naïveté* of their details, though luckily the foreign guests, for the reason above-mentioned, were unable to comprehend the greater part. When the time came for the Nevilles' departure, great and cordial protests were made of beds quite ready, and impossibility of letting them go—Ida being extremely diverted at the pertinacity with which Count X—— pressed the scheme in defiance of all the difficulties an utterly unprepared condition presented! Finally, they were driven by their good-natured hosts into Como, and taken, in broad daylight, to see the theatre! a gay pretty little building, even in its unnatural diurnal aspect; and after a visit to a café, indispensable on a hot afternoon, re-embarked on their steamer to return home.

The sultry atmosphere and close-spread awning, excluding nearly all view, had rather a stupifying or possibly soporific effect, and it was only a little time before approaching Cadenabbia that Ida became aware of a flock of grey garments crowding one side of the deck, which had apparently come on board at an intermediate port. Surprise, satisfaction, and a dubious 'What will Hugh say?' had time to flit through her mind before the recognition became mutual, and Mr. Neville, after muttering 'Milmankind!' in a subdued whisper, came forward with becoming politeness to greet their Grindelwald acquaintance. He even bore with composure the announcement that the 'grande famille' were bound for the same hotel, and entered into the inevitable chit-chat upon Alpine passes, Swiss glaciers, and what everybody had been seeing and doing since they parted, till drawing up as near the landing-pier as the universal Italian 'job' of supplementary boats permitted, the new comers surveyed the groups that stood expectant on the terrace. Among them was conspicuous a tall figure in black silk, at the sight of whom Januaria exclaimed, with an air of great satisfaction, 'Oh! is the lady with the long nose here?'

'Yes, we found her at last,' began Ida, while Hugh's combative chivalry prompted the decidedly gruff rejoinder, 'Her name is Langton—Mrs. Langton.'

'Thank you, I am so glad to know it,' said Janet, turning towards him with a sweetness which disarmed his pugnacity; but it was put to rather a severe trial in the length of time necessary for shaking so many hands, when the Milman party landed, and took, as he thought, very unfair possession of their common friend. Ida knew, by a peculiar twinkle in his eyes, that he was fuming a little to himself at 'the calendar,' &c., even while giving Mabel a funny sketch of the X——'s luncheon, and emptying his pockets of balls and bonbons for Edwin and Eva. She felt hurt at the rough way in which he had spoken to Januaria, and could not help telling him so when they went in-doors together.

'Did I?' said Hugh; 'upon my word I'm very sorry.—Yes,' after a moment's thought, 'I believe I did behave like a bear. The fact is, I do hate to hear that ridiculous soubriquet brought up again; but I certainly had no business to come down so sharp on poor Miss January.'

'Who took it most good-temperedly, I'm sure!'

'Yes, she did: I give her credit. She's a good girl, I believe—and a nice girl too; only there's such a pack of them all of a row,' ended Hugh, as he turned into his bed-room. He really was vexed at his rudeness; he thought of it again at night, and in consequence, took the first opportunity of a little *à part* the next morning to say to Janet, 'I'm afraid I behaved like a bear to you yesterday, Miss Milman. Pray forgive me. I mean' (seeing that she did not immediately understand) 'the way I took you up about Mrs. Langton's name. You know, I dare say, that when one comes to be really acquainted, and interested in people one had only heard of before, it sounds like a kind of impertinence to use a nick-name which is perfectly fair in itself. One gets to fancy there is something grotesque or quizzing about it. That is my only excuse.'

'I think you are quite in the right,' she replied gently. '*I* shall never use it now. But yet, Mr. Neville,' hesitating a little, 'I should not like you to suppose I ever did call her that in a quizzing or a grotesque sense. I have always thought she had such a beautiful countenance. Were you ever at Siena?'

'No,' replied Hugh, wondering what she was aiming at.

'There are some Madonnas there by the old Siennese masters, which Mrs. Langton reminded me of the first time I saw her. Long oval faces, with soft dark eyes, bending down with just that graceful look and calm sad expression that she has when not speaking. I always fancied she had had some great trouble. Do you know?'

'She has—very great ones,' said Hugh gravely. 'I cannot tell you all, for I, as a friend of her husband's, have been told more than she

would wish generally repeated. But there was fourfold loss—besides *him*, of father, brother, only child, (and that last by a terrible accident, drowning;) all accompanied by circumstances peculiarly painful; and she has borne all with a spirit of— Miss Milman,' Hugh went on, led by a sudden impulse to speak of what lay too deep in his mind for ordinary talk, 'I say it reverently enough, think of her as like a Madonna in suffering and patience.'

'Indeed I will!' said Janet, in the same earnest tone, and looking up at him with her clear grey eyes. 'One does not need to *know* much, to think of her with very great sympathy and admiration.'

'Yes, do that, and something more—you know what I mean. She needs all the support and strength that she can have. It is a comfort to think that all of us may do something to help.' He ended with rather a quiver in his voice.

Janet did not immediately answer; and they looked out into the lake over the low wall on which they were leaning. Presently, as if to explain her silence, she said, 'I was thinking of those lines about prayer in the *Morte d'Arthur*.'

'Which? I don't recall them just now.'

'I have not the book here, unluckily.'

'But you can say them by heart?'

Rather shyly, but in a steady soft voice, Janet repeated:

'More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day:
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend;
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.'

'That is very beautiful!' said Hugh. 'Thank you;' and they fell back into their respective groups of readers, writers, and tattlers, under the planes.

It struck Hugh afterwards as rather strange that he should have held such a conversation with a girl about whom he knew or cared so little; but Januaria, with her quiet retiring ways, was not likely to *assert* a footing of peculiar confidence, and his mind was so much taken up with other ideas that he almost let her sink back again into her uninteresting place in the Roman calendar.

(*To be continued.*)

THE RED FOREST.

A GOBLIN STORY.

BY GAMMA.

PART I.

CHAPTER III.—HARD TIMES FOR A LADY OF THE BED-CHAMBER.

NEXT morning, Kerl, having taken his goats to pasture, came early into the cottage, where all was as still as before, save that his mother was moving quietly about, doing some of the house-work. Kerl went and stood over the sleeping boy, and looked with admiration at his delicate features and clustering chestnut hair.

'Will he live, Mother?' asked he.

'Ay, Kerl, he'll live, trust me for that—and hark ye, Kerl, I'll tell thee something. I think it's *some very great one* thou'st picked up on the hill side—*one of the greatest in the land*, perhaps!'

Kerl looked all wonder at his mother's sagacity. 'And the lady?' said he; 'is she his mother, think you?'

'I think not, Kerl, she seems too old; and I thought her way with him last night, when I offered to undress him, was not like a mother's way.'

'Well, Mother, bake some of your best barley-cakes against the time they wake, and let me know the moment the little lamb stirs; I'll bring him something good.' And Kerl crept out again.

It was nearly noon when the Prince opened his eyes; and about the same time Madame Patschanpowdr awoke from her troubled dreams, and began to draw up her stiffened limbs with an 'Ah!' and an 'Oh!' at every movement. The mother let Kerl know of the boy's awakening, and a few minutes after he came in, bringing a bowl of fresh foaming goat's milk, which he presented to the Prince with an air of triumph. But Max put it peevishly from him, and asked for his chocolate. Kerl, quite taken aback, could only look helplessly at his mother. Madame Patschanpowdr, distressed at the Prince's ill-humour, yet perplexed herself how to breakfast on barley-cakes and goat's milk with the requisite politeness, behaved in an embarrassed manner. But when Kerl, looking very downcast, had taken his own share of cakes to eat in his out-house, the mother soon put things straight again, coaxing the Prince, and putting the lady at her ease by her good-humoured chatting. Presently Kerl put his head in at the door, and beckoning his mother out, said, 'Mother, what was that the little great one asked for?'

'Chocolate,' answered she; 'a thing I fancy they have in the big houses. But now Kerl, be off about your business; the great folks will not be able to stir to-day, whoever they are, and you'll not be wanted.'

But Kerl had an idea in his head; and repeating 'Chocolate, chocolate,' for fear he should forget it, he went off, and was long absent.

The mother came back into the room, and found that both her guests had fallen asleep again. And now she too had an idea. Taking up the Prince's handkerchief, which had a peculiar mark upon it, she resolved to go and consult on the matter her nearest neighbour, Gundrade, the wise woman.

Having learned all that had happened, and carefully scrutinized the handkerchief, Gundrade spoke. 'Truly, neighbour Katinka,' said she, 'I think a strange piece of fortune, good or bad, is come to you; for this is no other than the royal crown, and the child whom thou hast abed must be the Prince Royal himself, for it was reported he was on his journey home. And for the accident, be sure the Forest Goblins are for something in it; and if it be so, they will not rest; have a care, or they will do thee a mischief too. For the crown, I know it well; for my husband, when he was alive, was once at Rosencrantz; and he fetched me a picture of the Grand-duke's state coach, and it was marked just so; but I have lost it now.'

Katinka thanked her neighbour, and came home very thoughtful. She resolved not to speak of what she knew, unless it should please the great lady to speak first.

Madame Patschanpowdr had already been lying awake some time, pondering how she should act, and had come to the resolution *not* to mention to the peasants the rank of their guests. Her first words to Katinka were to request of her pen, ink, and paper, and to beg her to post a letter for her, as she wished to write to the capital; but she said nothing about the court. But Katinka had no pen, ink, nor paper in the house, and had never heard of a post. Patschanpowdr held up her hands in dismay. The good woman compassionating her, then said Kerl should do his best to procure her what was needful for writing; and as for sending it, neighbour Grubel went twice a week with his heavy waggon to Scratchenbach, the nearest town; and from there she supposed it might be sent on.

'And can he go to-day, if I should be able to write?' asked the court lady.

'Oh, he went yesterday,' answered Katinka, 'and is now at the town; and to-morrow he will return, and the next day start again.'

'Then it will be Friday before any letter can even be sent! Oh! woe is me! Is there no one who could ride or go on foot to Rosencrantz for me? he should be well rewarded; the Duke—ahem! what am I saying? Tell me, good woman, how long do you think it would be at this rate before our friends could send to rescue us from this dreadful place?'

The good woman winced, for she was proud of her cottage and her housekeeping; but she answered, 'I know nothing of the way to the capital, Madam, but I should guess perhaps a week.'

The lady wrung her hands and fairly wept. How would the Prince —how should she herself—survive all that time on the coarse fare and rude treatment of the cottage? And now the Prince called her to his bed-side, and putting out his hand to pull her towards him, begged her to tell him where he was, and what had happened to them. She told him as well as she could.

'I need not get up, need I?' said Max.

'No, dear Prince; rest as long as you like.'

So they sat and talked till near evening, while Katinka sat silent at her wheel. Just before dusk Kerl came in, looking very important. He came before the Prince and saluted him, then opened his shepherd's wallet and drew out a parcel, from which, after much unfolding, he produced a small brownish lump.

'What is it?' said Max.

'Chocolate!'

'Pooh, pooh! chocolate is to drink; it is hot and liquid—not that stuff!'

'Perhaps,' suggested Madame Patschanpowdr, 'there is some method of preparing the drink from that strange substance;—do you know, good woman?'

But Katinka did not know; so this was another failure, and Kerl's spirits again fell.

'Kerl, child,' said his mother, beckoning him aside, 'thou'st had a long search, no doubt, after that queer stuff; but there's another task for thee before night. Go among all the neighbours, and see if thou canst borrow for the lady paper, pen, and ink.'

'Ay, Mother,' said Kerl, 'I'll go, but I must take five minutes first to see after Lili; she's been alone all day.'

A few minutes after, he came back, carrying most lovingly in his arms a little wounded kid. He brought it to the Prince, and said, 'See, poor Lili is getting better; and she knows me and loves me. I found her on the hill the night before I found you, and nearly in the same place. Her dam is dead; and I have to feed her with milk and bread. Would you like to watch her while I am gone?'

Max said he would; and Kerl made a little bed of straw and matting for Lili by the fire, and laid her down upon it. On this the Prince said he would get up, and come and sit close to Lili; he sprang out of bed, but had scarcely put his foot to the ground when he gave a cry of pain, and said one foot hurt him horribly. Madame came up, with a face of great concern, and offered to look at it; but he shook his head, and said angrily it should not be touched.

'Kerl shall look at it,' said Katinka in a decided manner. 'He is very skilful in all manner of hurts and bruises;' and the boy yielded to the authority of her tone.

So Kerl knelt down, and taking the injured foot in his hand, began very gently to take off the stocking. But even this caused the Prince

a sharp twinge, and he kicked Kerl violently with the other foot. Kerl looked up at him with his mild eyes, so that the boy blushed red all over, and stammered out, 'Oh! pardon me—pardon! I will be good—I will indeed! They say a prince should be brave.—Now then!' and screwing up his mouth and clenching his little fists, he sat quite still, while Kerl with great skill drew out a large thorn, and washed and bound the wound.

'Now you and Lili must get well together,' said Kerl; and taking his fur cap, he went out on his new quest, and was seen no more that night. The mother again gave up her bed to her guest, and made herself a little couch in the corner; and all was soon again still.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PRINCE LOWERS HIMSELF IN THE EYES OF MADAME.

In the morning, when Kerl made his first appearance, he brought with him the paper, pen, and ink, which after long search he had found in Sourkrout, the nearest village, the night before. He presented them to Madame Patschanpowdr, and stood wistfully looking to see what use she was going to make of them.

'They are to write a letter to my father,' explained Max, 'to tell him to fetch us away from here.'

'To tell him! Can it speak, then?'

'No, no,' laughed Max, 'but it can tell him, for all that—why, do you never write a letter?'

'Never,' said Kerl.

'What do you do, then, if you want to send news to friends at a distance?'

'I go myself,' said Kerl.

'Ah, but the letter can go much further and much quicker than you can.'

'Why, surely it can't go of itself!'

'No, no, it wants a man and horse to take it.'

'What is the good of it, then? The man could carry the news on his tongue.'

'Hold thine own silly tongue, Kerl!' said Katinka; and as she spoke she looked lovingly at her son, and he at her. 'It's well thou hast clever hands and willing feet, for the brains were forgotten when thou wast put together. Thou must bear this letter by-and-by to Grubel the carrier, that he may take it with him to-morrow to Scratchenbach. But now be off, and get the milk for the young lord, for he is asking for it to-day, though he did not like it yesterday.'

So Kerl brought it, as proud as possible; and Max declared he had never tasted anything so good in his whole life.

It was a sunny morning, and after breakfast Max announced that he must go out; but on putting his foot to the ground he found it was still too sore to walk upon, whereupon Kerl said he would carry him out upon his shoulders.

Madame, in an agony at this upsetting of every kind of decorum, tried to prevent it; but finding the Prince's will too strong for her, called him to her, and whispered, 'At least, dear Prince, recollect yourself. Do not make too free with this peasant boy. If you must ride upon his shoulders, consider that it is an honour to him to carry you—be silent and dignified.' So Madame betook herself to her letter; and what was her disgust a few minutes after, to hear peals of laughter from without, and looking out, to see Kerl capering away, and the Prince astride on his neck in an ecstasy of mirth. What! was it possible? Yes, there he was, actually taking Kerl's rough head between his hands, and bending over to kiss him on both cheeks!

'You dear good Kerl!' said he, 'how I wish I were you! You are so strong and free; you have not anyone always teazing you about how you sleep and what you eat, and seeing that your clothes are put on straight, and telling you how to behave all the day long—and—you never learnt to write, did you?'

'No.'

'Ah! you're lucky; it's the greatest trouble! They are always teaching me something; but you—you do as you like from morning till night!'

'I do what I have to do,' said Kerl; 'and there's always plenty. This last winter went very hard with the sheep and lambs, and I was often out with them all night. We had little to eat, too.'

Max grew thoughtful; this picture of shepherd life was not so much to his mind.

'Now will you come with me,' said Kerl, 'while I take the goats to the hill side? I can carry you all the way.' The Prince assented. On the way they came to a swamp, through which Kerl plunged boldly, to the great admiration of Max.

'Oh! Kerl,' said he, 'what delightful leggings you have got! why, I do believe you don't get wet! How I should like to have some like them, and a sheep-skin coat like yours!'

'So you shall,' said Kerl; 'I make them myself, and I have plenty of leather, and a good sheep-skin by me that will make you a pretty little suit.'

That afternoon Kerl went off with the letter. It was addressed to the Grand-duchess; but that did not matter, as Kerl could not read, neither could Grubel the carrier. Katinka excused herself to her guests, and went out to take the thread she had been spinning to her employer; and the court lady and Prince, left alone, found the hours insufferably dull. Max had nothing to do but to watch Lili, who slept and would not play with him; and Madame Patschanpowdr, without novels, without

fancy-work, without gossip—was a miserable being. She did nothing but bewail the day she had been chosen to take charge of the Prince, and wonder what had become of their attendants, what the Duke and Duchess were thinking about it all, and a thousand other wonders.

Late in the evening Kerl came home, looking very serious; and having given an account of the safe delivery of the letter, he said to his mother, 'I've heard bad news, Mother. Grubel tells me it's all over Scratchenbach that the Duke is really going to make new hunting-grounds all round the Forest; and all the houses here on the heights will be pulled down, and we shall have to go where we can.' And he put his elbows on his knees, rested his head in his hands, and sat silent and sad. Katinka too was much moved; but these things had been said often before, and nothing had come of it yet. She looked stealthily at her guests, to see if they had listened, turned over many things in her mind, and said nothing.

(*To be continued.*)

HOW WE LIVED IN PARIS.

BY ONE OF THE BESIEGED.

Our home was in the Rue Anger. I have slightly altered the name, but I will briefly describe its situation. It leads up close to the fortifications, and runs parallel to the Avenue des Ternes and the Avenue de la Grande Armée. It is not a fashionable neighbourhood. There are many *Cités* whose alleys, rather dark and squalid, echo to the voices of bands of turbulent *gamins*. Many-storied houses lodge on every floor numerous workmen's families, or are let in solitary chambers, whose tenants issue forth as rarely as bats in day-time. There are also a few pleasant villas, with trim gardens, whose verdure may cheat the Parisian citizen into the belief that he is spending his Sunday in the country. But to come to our particular tenement. We settled there in the year 1867. We had for twenty pounds a year three little rooms, and a kitchen which would only hold one person at a time; but there was a large light window, as in all the rooms; and we had, being on the fifth storey, a balcony commanding a wide view of the fortifications, the Parc de Neuilly, and the Mont Valerien, then dumb in imposing majesty. There was a wild neglected park-like garden just in front of us. It belonged to a Madame Ingres, and was pleasant to look on from our windows.

Such was the dwelling in which we passed three quiet years; and as I dwell upon them I seem to see file before me, in peace and sunshine, the members of the little homes that surrounded us. I see their trim rooms, with well-waxed floors, and bright mahogany furniture, the

ambition of every workman who had saved ten pounds. I see them on high market days, in cleanest of white frilled caps, crowding round the stalls piled high with fish and poultry and cool green salads, amongst which gleamed the bunch of scarlet radishes, or the basket of rosy peaches. I remember the Sunday and *fete*-day parties to Asnières and St. Cloud; the stroll in holiday best under the great trees of the Park, or by the green river side, admiring the oarsmen and oarswomen of the canoes, with their eccentricity of costume, and their jests and laughter startling the regiment of anglers, who from early morn till late in the evening stand with such patience, in hopes of catching a gudgeon. I remember the visits to the theatre when town got empty, and authors and actors were liberal of free admissions; and we went and admired the full fair beauty of 'Blanche,' and her rivers of real diamonds, and we heard the thrilling tones of the dark-haired Fargenil, in some passionate frenzy of remorse or entreaty. Once, in the month of July, 1870, we saw the last glories of the Imperial court filling the opera-house with its brilliant state. The Emperor witnessed the *début* of the rising star of opera dancers. Was ever such a slender childish face and figure as that which, in its mist-like halo of white gauze, whirled before our eyes, trembling and borne away, as it were, in an ecstasy of motion at the passionate storm of sound evoked by Weber's tender and weird genius? What a rapture of triumph seemed to thrill the nerves of this child of sixteen, as round after round the house pealed with applause. But the same cold finger of destiny lay on the brilliant men who applauded and on her who gathered up her tribute flowers in that blaze of light. She died of small-pox in the darkest, coldest, hungriest days of the siege. That was the last time many of us saw those Imperial splendours, for directly after came the hubbub about the Hohenzollern candidature. There was, no doubt, a sudden fever of jealousy, which seemed to seize the people—which, however, faltered and reflected when the King of Prussia spoke in measured and moderate terms. But the voice of the nation was declared to be in favour of war, and bands of workmen were said to patrol the boulevards, and shout 'à Berlin!' but I only know one man who went, and he said that he received two francs from the Prefecture for so shouting. The crowd seemed to look on with a certain feeling of distrust. I remember the first news of disaster that reached Paris. One could watch a certain writhing of the national pride; but I think no great misgivings were felt as to the final issue. Frenchmen had yet to learn that Fortune, with stern persistence, could trample their banner under her feet, and drown it in blood, and drag it in the mire; and the audacious forgery that proclaimed to the Bourse a glorious victory, and Prince Charles a prisoner, was received with joy, but almost as a matter of course. What a cruel irony of Fate it was! and what a crash the contradiction of twelve hours later! How grew the doubt, the dismay, the despair; how the streets and cafés were filled with an anxious crowd, as the telegrams came quick and portentous,

then so ominously reticent of facts, that we understood very early that a great national disaster was at hand; and we believed, unlike our neighbours, in the possibility of danger to Paris.

We made up our minds that our only child, not yet two years old, might stand a poor chance amidst the difficulties of a siege; and I decided on taking her myself to England. I stood for a day in a crowd two thousand strong, before I succeeded in passing the gates of the Prefecture, and getting the proper *visés* to my passports. The crowd numbered hundreds of resident Germans, who were all expelled from Paris at this period; and sad was the distress of these poor people at leaving so suddenly the scene of their fortunes and interests. The northern route was already cut off by the advancing armies; and I, with a crowded train of fugitives, sought England by the line of Newhaven and Dieppe, which was the last that remained open. It was a voyage to be remembered for distress and discomfort. Every cabin—indeed, every inch of the vessel—was as full as it could hold. We were like sheep in a pen. I sat all night, with the child in my arms, on a tiny deal box containing her little clothes, and could not get at first even a glass of water. The steward snubbed us, and extorted our poor francs from us; and everyone was too ill and too miserable to resist his tyranny, except one sturdy German cook, who had a notion of how many francs would represent an English sovereign, and who read him a sermon on the impropriety of his behaviour. In the train, that bore us through peaceful English landscapes, what a distressed heart we carried, listening to rumours that communications with Paris would be cut off ere I returned. As provisions in Paris were already rising to famine prices, I made in London a hasty store of two hams, some bacon, and two tins of Australian meat. Then, having slept one night in town, and bade farewell to my baby and kind helpful friends, I returned to France. We sailed by night; the steamer was nearly empty of passengers. I believe there was one besides myself; but we carried a heavy cargo of rice and bacon, consigned to the French Government, for from every port, and by every canal and rail, supplies were now night and day being poured into Paris.

I arrived just in time to hear of the fall of Sedan, and proclamation of the Republic on the 4th of September. All Paris seemed, on that gloriously fine Sunday, abroad in a roar of mingled defiance and exultation—exultation at this waking up in its strength of a young giant Republic. Thrones and dynasties crumbling, all to the voice of the cannon thundering on the fortresses. 1794 had seen a worse pass than this for republican France, when enemies were over-thronging all its borders. They would, with the faith of their forefathers, find their daring in the field and their cunning in the council, and hurl back the aggressive Teuton to his northernmost fastnesses. So spoke, wrote, sang, and yelled, all Paris this month of a busy September. There was throwing up of earth-works, digging of pit-falls for advancing cavalry,

heaping up of casemates, and building of draw-bridges. Nothing could exceed the wonderful speed and dexterity with which all these defences seemed to spring into being. I used to walk along the Avenue de l'Imperatrice—which was said to be mined from one end to the other—and into the Bois de Boulogne, where myriads of workmen were employed felling the timber, and destroying the houses within the fated zone of the fortifications. Then fell those pleasant well-watered shades, where all the beauty and fashion had ridden and driven, where the children had played, sheltered from the summer sun, and the brides in their white veils and wreaths had flitted among the green leaves only a few short weeks before. All this time a distressing spectacle went on, that seemed to fill one's mind with sinister forebodings. All the families who had dwelt in the houses destroyed, or in the outlying suburbs and villages, came for refuge into Paris; and there was for days and weeks a file of fugitives, who seemed half-witted with alarm and confusion. There were crazy carts piled high with poor furniture, and the old scared-looking grandmother seated on the top, with a bird-cage and a baby in her arms, the father and mother and tired children urging on the weary and reluctant horse. This long string of vehicles, of every size and use, had to wait for hours before they could get past the narrow draw-bridges. We saw an old peasant crushed by the wheels in the indescribable turmoil and confusion. These were the van-guard of war. This present population was afterwards accused by the popular tongue of bringing so many useless mouths, and having left their substance buried in their cellars, rather than bring it to the aid of Paris. I only mention these foolish remarks to shew how, in the smallest concerns, there is a gulf of feeling between town and country in France. These invading hordes were lodged in empty half-finished houses, and in those deserted by their rich occupants. The *concièrges* have fearful stories to relate of these *refugiés*, their dirt and their misconduct; and I suppose it was really trying to a porter's mind to see refugee cocks and hens occupying a well-decorated salon, and refugee washerwomen drying their linen amongst gilded furniture. We knew one house where a peasant family had filled a cellar with rabbits, which increased and multiplied during the winter in a prodigious manner; and they made an intolerable stench, perceptible as soon as you entered the door, for they were in a filthy condition. These people would not part with a single rabbit till they went up to famine prices; and the hungry neighbours, in revenge for the nuisance, used to waylay and steal the stragglers with a savage delight. We did get very loose in our ideas of *meum* and *tuum* in the matter of eatables, and a stray pet was not at all recoverable; but there were, on the other hand, quite extraordinary instances of honesty. The *concièrges* shewed a devotion to the interests of their absent masters that was really remarkable. I have known cellars of fine wines, stores of fuel, and provisions of all kinds, remain untouched, and found intact by the proprietors when they returned—the absentees being

quite grieved to find use had not been made of what they had left. But this is forestalling events.

The troops of the regular army were concentrated in Paris in the month of September. I saw great numbers of Kabyles arrive. They rode in carts, or trudged along looking very weary, but so wildly picturesque, these swarthy sons of the desert, in their flowing white garments. They looked chivalrous soldiers in an Arab way; and their keen gleaming eyes and serpentine movements, telling of oriental structure, suggested to memory the stories we had heard of their tiger-like spring and ferocity. I heard of them afterwards, in the first sorties that were made, when they were said to have very cannibal-like proclivities, but fought like fiends; but what ultimately became of them I do not know—they disappeared from the surface of things altogether.

So, in feverish energy, working day and night at its defences, troops concentrating, provisions storing, and population arming, did Paris pass those days, while the foe was steadily advancing upon her like a rising tide, and equally resistless. A great number of *mobile* regiments formed part of the army of defence; with Vinoy's *corps d'armée.* We had also some marine brigades, under the command of their admirals; and these, though a mere handful, did good service as artillerymen in the forts. It was they who stormed the Bourget, with the help of the *mobiles.* One who was there told me they poinarded the Saxons as they cried for quarter. These fine but hardy '*marins*' were the idols of the Parisian, the type of all that was daring and unconquerable. At the capitulation their disgust and discouragement knew no bounds. They destroyed their arms rather than give them up. The Government hastened to send off this dangerous element; but many remained in hiding at Paris, and took a leading part during the insurrection.

On the 19th of September, communications with the outer world were completely cut off; and I watched from my window with a feeling of vague anxiety when the Mont Valerien should make its voice heard. That voice came; I saw a bright green rocket thrown up one night. What the signal may have meant, I cannot pretend to say; but the roar of artillery soon after became continual; it never ceased all through the siege, and we became so used to it, that it did not disturb us much at night, though the whole horizon was alive with flashes like those of a distant thunder-storm. Meanwhile, the entire male population was enrolled in the ranks of the National Guard, each man in the battalion of his district. The sergeant de ville disappeared, object as he was of the lively popular hatred, and the usual functions of the police in keeping order were confided to the civic forces. Never were there fewer crimes and less disturbance than during the period of the siege. We went about on the darkest evening, in streets lighted by dim petroleum lamps, few and far between, as safely as by broad day. It was piteous to see the poor 'Gardes,' from early morning till late in the evening, day after day, and week after week, patiently learning their training.

Thinly and imperfectly clad, one in a uniform, the next in a blouse, with leaking shoes and empty stomachs—for were not the children at home? —through mud and rain, through frost and snow, they plunged and trampled, at first awkward and heavy; but for one who watched their progress, it was astónishing to see how rapid it was, and how anxious was the attention of the men. At length their devotion was rewarded; and happy was he who obtained an arm of precision. But the distribution of such was very small; and many never had a gun of any kind from the beginning till the end of the siege. The equipments also varied greatly. There were battalions from wealthy neighbourhoods who had excellent clothing, owing, I suppose, to their own care; but the *vareuse* served out was often of the most wretched description, so were the shoes. I have known a man refuse to go to mount guard, because he was literally barefooted; and his captain, finding no reply to the difficulty, let him alone. As the winter went on, the garments became so worn and thin, and as the food became scarcer and dearer, the guards looked like a regiment of garret spectres. While these were drilling and mustering—making the line of the outer boulevards, with their long line of wooden huts, teem with martial preparations—their canteens were regularly organized; and all the prettiest and most dare-devil girls donned the wide trouser and the short skirt, the muslin apron, and cocked hat with knot of red ribbons, and strutted about on the highest of high-heeled boots, as *cantinières*. You should have seen them march at the head of their battalion, keeping step, four abreast, and with such saucy independence and superiority to the mere females who gazed at them with babies and baskets on their arms, as was delightful to behold. Some of them were so pretty, and did it so well, that I fancy they must have been actresses out of employment. The presence of these large bodies of men kept up a continual hum and roar like the rolling of the sea. At night their camp-fires blazed in long lines, as they cooked the inevitable soup; and amusing it was to watch the efforts of the impromptu cook. At every corner women earned a livelihood by rigging up little tables, where they sold, at an alarmingly low price, cups of coffee and *petit verre*. This never failed all through the siege; though I shrink from inquiring what the quality of the coffee must have been at last. There was a good deal of work for the women at this time. Materials for blouses and trousers and *képis* were distributed at all the mairies, to make for the troops, and tolerably well paid for; but much time was lost in waiting for the work.

The distress at the end of October was very great. We had seen with satisfaction the immense droves of sheep and oxen that had been driven into Paris. But these became a focus of disease. They killed and preserved by a new process—(a process which, by the way, did not succeed at all. We were nearly poisoned by it. The meat was all condemned, and we thus lost a fortnight's rations)—many hundred sheep when forage ran short; they also killed and salted down a great many horses for the same reason.

And now began for the women the real tug of war. In the first period of the siege a certain number of rations were given to the butchers, who then had it all their own way, and dreadful was the scene of hustling and scrambling that ensued. Of course the weak went to the wall. There were so many women injured and children trampled on, that orders were issued to the mairies of the twenty arrondissements to distribute cards according to the number of persons in a family. A fraudulent declaration was to be legally punished. Now appeared in strong light the talent or the incompetency of the several maires in matters of administration. I will not glance at what others did elsewhere, but I will only say that our maire, François Favre, or his subordinates, appeared to do all they could to make everything as difficult and disagreeable as possible to everybody. The tickets were distributed in the Gare des Marchandises at Batignolles, and three days were specially named, for the whole population, numbering over forty thousand, to provide themselves with them. I stood three hours in the tail without the iron gates. We stood four or five a-breast, and when an outside hanger-on tried to slip up to the head, the whole crowd hissed and hooted, '*à la queue*,' and the National Guards with their bayonets rapidly restored order, and sent back the offender to the very end. We were allowed, when it came to our turn, to pass the gates about a dozen together, and then the guards crossed their bayonets to arrest the further progress of those that took our place. Everyone gained thus a few steps about every ten minutes, and the whole crowd breathed a deep-chested 'Ah!' When within the gates, we re-formed in a fresh *queue*, which took about an hour to work up to the top, and I began to wonder if I should ever get inside the building. I heard a man say behind me that this was the second time he had tried, and if he did not get his meat-ticket to-day, he should sacrifice the cat. This was the first mention I had heard of such a contingency; and it then appeared to me very desperate indeed. Afterwards I should have felt no more surprise than would a Chinese. This is a description once for all of what Carlyle calls the Parisians' remarkable gift of standing in tail. Whatever emergency occurs, the crowd immediately elongates itself in a highly sagacious manner. It often performs its own police, except in cases of very exasperated hunger, and bold must be the offender who presumes to intrude his person where it has no right to be. What a storm of abuse and sarcasm falls on his devoted head; a man can never stand it—a woman sometimes does. It is fair to state that very few men waited in these crowds. For one reason and another, the women bore the brunt of it. There was a kind of rough sense of justice too in these crowds, but I saw the day come when no consideration of sex or infirmity could protect from the pitiless crush. The opportunities for using our meat-tickets were rendered worthy of the struggle we had maintained to secure them. All the meat was sold in the Ternes Market, in a series of stalls, in a narrow alley, having one permitted entrance, the other

served for egress. You were allowed to present your card and receive your ration every third day. Coming oftener you could not get it, (for all the days were marked on the paper,) whatever delicacy of the siege served out on that particular day might tempt you; and if you missed coming, or failed in working your way to the front before all the provisions were disposed of, you could not claim any arrears. The quantity received for two persons for the three days was about half a pound. (300 grammes.) It was an extraordinary thing, that although it was well known how many rations there were to serve, either through waste or dishonesty there was never enough, and the last forty or fifty—sometimes more—went away empty. Once or twice an unusually large crowd remained unfed, and the women made a regular riot, and tore down the wooden barricades. I was once nearly thrown down in one of these crowds, which became daily more famished and more fierce. I was nearly in the front. Those behind made great rushes to bear down the barriers, for there were some very unruly and determined women from Batignolles. I was somehow extricated, but I screamed awfully, and so did those who saw my position, for once down there would have been no getting up again. There was a gentleman on guard, with large light whiskers, and he leaned his elbow on the barrier, and looked with calm eyes on the struggling bedraggled crowd of women, pushing and panting, with torn clothes, and locks in disarray. A Garde civique ventured to suggest that something might be done to promote order. 'Oh, let them alone,' said the fair gentleman; 'if they like to push and squeeze themselves to death, pray don't deprive them of the pleasure;' and he went on smiling at the agreeable spectacle. On another occasion a dreadful looking hag, whose arms were luckily close pinned to her side, threatened to crush my feet with '*des bons petits sabots ferrès; je te ferai danser ma biche.*' I managed not only to save my feet, which she was poking about after, but to descend a little on hers with a slight warning weight, though not iron-shod. That vicious action I record with contrition here. Afterwards when several sad accidents had occurred, the magistrates tardily thought such a vast assemblage might be avoided, and we were distributed to the different butchers' shops of the neighbourhood. There the crowd was tedious but more neighbourly. The wind whistled chill round the corner, and our feet and legs got numb to the bone; but we joked and we laughed, and any woman would have been hooted who might have ventured to declare she was tired of cold and hunger, and wished for an armistice. She would have been pulled to pieces as a 'Prussiènne.'

One day, a dreadfully cold one in the month of December, we were standing at the door of a butcher's shop; the meat had not yet arrived, and we wiled away the time in criticisms on the legs and other peculiarities of a group of officers, who were conferring together at a short distance from us. As the irrepressible laughter pealed along our little line, the tall officer, who had such very long thin legs, which in

their tight black boots mounted to the thigh, looked exactly like drumsticks, turned to us and said politely, 'Mesdames, I have the pleasure of announcing to you that the Government has received most excellent news; the army of the Loire has gained an important victory, and is in full march upon Paris, and the hour of our deliverance is at hand. Vive la France! Vive la Republique!' 'Vive la France! Vive la Republique!' shouted the women, with tears in their eyes, in a tremour of joyous agitation; and the officers moved majestically away.

I regret to say that certain butchers made their profit out of the general misery. Meat was hidden and sold privately at an extravagant price to rich customers. The demeanour of the trades-people in general was intolerable. After having stood half the day at the doors of merchants of sugar and sellers of chocolate, we paid a very high price for a very inferior article, and were treated with an insolence that has no name.

But to return a little to the month of October. There were rumours of an armistice, which roused the popular indignation to such an extent, that the Reds took what they thought a fair opportunity to get up an insurrection. I was startled to hear the drums beating and the tocsin ringing at dead of night. The *émeute* triumphed at first, and placards appeared on the walls, promising, in the name of Trochu, Jules Favre, and associates, that we should immediately proceed to elect the members of our Commune. There was a good deal of discussion about it everywhere. The National Guards in general did not appear able quite to make up their minds about what it meant. I heard some say that these people made a great deal of fuss, but would be more successful in words than in deeds; but in those days the Commune was not seen by the red light of the incendiary fires. We felt merely that we were in a time of violent crisis and change, and not a few muttered that to cure the maladministration and inaction that weighed upon us, 'Le grand Rasoir' ought to go to work for a few days. The end of it however was, that the great mass of the National Guard remained passive; the daring energy of Gustave Flourens, and the *ruse* of old Felix Pyat, were spent in vain. Instead of the promised elections, we had the capture of the ringleaders, and they remained in confinement during the remainder of the siege.

At that time it was almost impossible to really stir up the people. They felt great confidence in the high character of Trochu, and the fear of dissension acted on them like a spell. They were bound together by one faith and dread: faith in the reality of national defence, and the extraordinary resources of Paris—dread, lest any revolutionary perturbation might endanger the efficiency of the government by dividing its attention. Down to the lowest layer of the population, every man, woman, and child, imagined that they had only to work vigorously, and stand sturdily at their several tasks, and their safety was in their own hands. Down to the inmost core of the great heart of the people this conviction had made its way, 'Safety by suffering.' Now or never let

France make a stand. There was found in the pocket of one of the blouses distributed, the following note traced in pencil—

'The snow is thick on the ground, the thermometer is at two degrees below freezing-point. I and my children hope that he who wears this *vareuse* may have the same courage on the battle-field, as we have had to sew it without a fire.'

The calmness of confidence we all felt at first in the genius of Trochu, gave way to a very eager feeling of impatience, as time wore on, and the investing lines grew closer and stronger. The defeat at Chatillon and elsewhere could not be disguised, and was attributed to the want of artillery, and the unsteadiness of the *mobiles*. There was an immense agitation to provide ourselves with artillery on the new system, whose success against us had been so fatally conspicuous; and the small light long-range breech-loading field-pieces were forced on the attention of the Government. Voluntary subscriptions were set on foot, and every battalion was provided with its cannon. Ours, named 'Les Ternes,' stood two days on view, decked with ribbons and boughs. We gave several francs; and a working joiner I know, gave in that time of misery twenty francs, and his wife agreed to it. We also had a concert for the benefit of our cannon in the Salle Wagram; price of admission, two francs. The room was crammed to overflowing with National Guards and their families. An officer of the civic forces pronounced a short discourse inviting our patriotic liberality, (for at the close the *cantinières* went round and made a collection,) and the house came down with applause, especially from his battalion, who wished to encourage him. I believe it was the same gentleman who afterwards handed the lady singers on to the platform, and when the audience applauded their appearance, he always bowed gracefully his acknowledgements, at which the room was quite boundless in its delight. Before the people of Paris could have their cannons, they had to manufacture all the tools for the purpose, in the same way as they found out how to fabricate their balloons. I saw several of the latter, and if they were still as low when they passed over the Prussian lines, they must have been quite a favourable mark for artillery.

We watched eagerly for return-pigeons. I used to hope for one of the microscopically reduced telegrams, but never received one till after the raising of the siege one came, dated November 1870. I remember how in passing through Paris, we always saw some crowd, all gazing with outstretched necks at some irreverent unpolitical bird pluming himself on a bare topmost bough of one of the trees on the boulevard—but who was said to 'look tired.' Once when walking in the Rue St. Honoré a pigeon fluttered up and settled on my head; a man on horseback was following it, and took it away. Every effort was made to send messengers through the besiegers' lines, and some succeeded. There was a celebrated messenger named Richard, a splendid young man of great height and vigour; but after bringing several despatches, his end was

fatal and mysterious. A patrol at night-fall heard frightful cries issuing from a lonely house near the Marne, and after due precautions, for Prussians had been seen hovering in the neighbourhood, they entered, and found a man of extraordinary height, stripped completely naked, and yelling and writhing on the floor. He was recognized as Richard—no trace was found of his despatches, neither had he consciousness enough to explain anything respecting them or himself. He died the same night.

It was towards the middle of November we began to feel the severe pressure of want; for our little stores were exhausted, except a ham we were eating slice by slice on the days we received no meat, and a tin of Australian beef, which I kept till the last extremity. I had at the beginning of the siege laid in a small supply of coal, which held out to the end by careful saving. I bought a tiny stove, which warmed the rooms and cooked our food. I only lighted it twice a day, when my husband came home cold and weary. All the rest of the day I was out foraging for provisions, and I generally contrived to discover something, if it was only a little rice, to keep up my store. When our meals became very sparing indeed, I used to carry to E——'s office, where there was no fire, some bread and a bottle of tea with sugar and rum in it, which I heated with a spirits-of-wine apparatus. He used to find that this gave as much warmth and comfort as anything. When people went to mount guard in the forts or at a distance, they used to take a regular kit—all sort of wrappers, a spirit-lamp to make their own coffee, and whatever delicacies they could lay their hands on. The rich man had his ham at ten francs a pound; the poor man had his *gigot de chien*, cold.

It became very dangerous in those days to let any pet stray. One evening on the Boulevard Percire, a lady acquaintance told me, some National Guards had tried to take away her dog under her very nose. I suppose those gentlemen were particularly ravenous that evening, for two of them were very nearly carrying off my little basket of provisions. Spurred by the horrible thought of losing some gudgeons that had been caught in the Seine, I behaved with a vigour and determination which completely routed the enemy. Of course the only theme of conversation everywhere was *manger*, it beat the weather. I was waiting in a cobbler's shop while a repair was finished, and the conversation among the workmen and women ran on providing a meal in turns, and whose dog was the fattest. There was a very lean grey-hound skulking plaintively about the shop, but it was agreed that *he* was safe for some time to come. On a Sunday there were as many *gigots de chien* sent to the bake-house, as of legs of mutton in ordinary times. In the latter days of the siege it *(chien)* was sold four francs a pound. A cat fetched sixteen francs. Fuel of course became extremely scarce. The trees were cut down that once made such a green girdle of foliage to Paris; there were also large cuttings made in the Bois de Boulogne. This green damp wood did not throw out any warmth, and it smoked horribly, but

the people were not very scrupulous as to where they found this fire-wood. Scarcely a paling or a hoarding remained within the precincts of Paris.

The day was entirely taken up standing *en queue* in different directions, for green fire-wood, horse-flesh, or black bread, and in running about Paris, gazing anxiously in the windows of the different *magazins de comestibles*. The grocer's shops were brilliantly decorated with long lines of scented essences in bottles and cakes of perfumed soap; there were also pickles and preserved mushrooms. (The green peas, &c., had been bought up long ago.) The fruiterers simply displayed huge cakes of something labelled 'refined cocoa-nut butter, excellent for cooking purposes;' or 'pure mutton and beef suet, only five francs a pound.' We once found a large pile of candle-wick in this compound, and I knew women who were specially employed in stripping candles for the purpose. In fact, every article of consumption was as dear and nasty as possible. The chocolate turned blue. The sugar remained like a stone at the bottom of the cup; and as for the jam, it was such a fearful and mysterious compound, that I was solemnly warned to let it alone by a family man who had tried it. All except rice and the above-mentioned articles had disappeared from the market, and were the objects of legends connected with fabulous prices. Ass-flesh was preferred to horse, and realized a high price, it was said to be like veal. When the forage became so scarce, the animals of the Jardin d' Acclimatization that had been sent for refuge to the Jardin des Plantes, were slaughtered, and most of them were sold to the English butcher on the Boulevard Haussmann, who, I fancy, made a good thing of the transaction. I wished for some elephant; it filled the shop to overflowing, and looked like fine roasting beef, and a crowd had gathered to look hungrily at it, but it was too dear—sixteen francs a pound—and choice pieces were dearer. People were driving up in their carriages and carrying it away in baskets. The liver was arranged like *foie gras*, in very small pots, which were eight francs each. In this way the Parisians were enabled to judge of the comparative excellence of bear, reindeer, antelope, camel, zebra, and other animals not generally in the market. As for Chiboust's, and Chevet at the Palais Royal, they were attractive windows to the last, and there was always a fondly lingering group before them, as before every window where any eatable was displayed. On New Year's Day there was a beautiful trout at Chiboust's; and Chevet among other things had a pot of fresh butter, an egg, and a wild duck. I remember seeing in a shop in our quarter of the town, some horrible salt butter, mottled to every hue, two little half-starved ragged girls were admiring it. 'Only sixteen francs a pound,' they cried; 'oh, let us run home and tell Mamma that she may buy some, it doesn't look to have *much* salt in it!' In the Halles Centrales there was always poultry the whole time of the siege, but at fancy prices of course. We soon became accustomed to horse-flesh, though it is not, I consider,

nearly as nourishing as beef or mutton. It made very good bouillon, and it was excellent served up with wine, aromatic herbs, mushrooms, and onions. The latter got very scarce, and cost as much as a franc a-piece.

All this time the bread was getting worse and worse in quality, but it was not rationed. People fed their horses and poultry with it. At length, on the 19th January, bread was rationed, and the struggle for subsistence became harder than ever. The death-rate rose to four thousand, and afterwards to six thousand, a week. The quality of the bread seemed the last stroke that destroyed many. It was very difficult to make it rise; there were all sorts of deleterious substances in it, and bakers have told me since, that a large quantity of saw-dust was mingled with the flour. It gave a sensation of burning and irritation in the throat and chest. But however bad it was, those were hard days when I did not succeed in getting any. The *mobiles*, who used to complain that they often received only half rations, crowded round the bakers' shops and begged those who came out with bread to sell them a little. A tall fine-looking young man one day offered me silver for a very small piece. I was sorry to tell him it was impossible, for it was all I and my husband had. It was difficult to resist the piteous look of the poor fellow, his clothes seemed to hang on his vigorously built frame.

To go back a step on quite another theme. On the 1st of December General Ducrot published a proclamation in a lofty and impassioned style, in which he declared that he was on the point of putting himself at the head of a general sortie; he vowed to the people of Paris that he would never return except dead or victorious. A great and gloomy enthusiasm rose to seething pitch in the popular mind. Oh, stern facts of science! If any burst of patriotic frenzy could have freed Paris, it would have been free then! The drums beat to arms in the first hours after midnight. It was most sinister rolling through the dark and silent streets, calling men from their warm beds and the arms of their children, to go forth and face the forced march in the piercing cold, and the murky battle-field. Who should be taken and who left? I could not remain quiet that day of Champigny, the unceasing roar of artillery and roll of musketry was past all description. I went to the heights of Trocadero, and found a large crowd assembled there with anxious sombre faces. I heard some women tell each other, 'And he has promised he will only return to Paris ether dead or victorious.' There were many carriages with their occupants trying to pierce the haze that hung over the distant battle-field by the aid of glasses. It was curious, the contrast of these richly furred ladies and handsome equipages, with their woeful-looking steeds, whose bones seemed ready to start through their skin, and their coats looked all brushed the wrong way. I leave to military reporters the task of describing the result of that day's battle. We firmly believed on that day, and for many after, that we had gained a brilliant victory; but I don't know how soon the facts oozed out in well-informed circles.

Everyone heard and repeated that a few more strokes such as that, and we should raise the blockade in a week.

I went from the Trocadero into the centre of Paris. The entire population was abroad; a pressing, anxious, quiet crowd. A long line of carts, carriages, and litters, bore a sinister burden to the different ambulances. You saw the pile of mattresses and prostrate figures within. Mothers and sisters pressed forward eagerly to see if they recognized any who belonged to them. Here and there you might meet a franc-tireur carrying a Prussian casque. Some individuals had a crowd collected round them, listening breathlessly to an account from the battle-field. I know a green-grocer who lived next door to us, who, as he owned a horse and cart, was frequently requisitioned for the service of the ambulances. He told me that, after this severe conflict, the wounded were not got in for several days, or rather the dead, for they were frozen where they lay. He said that on that day, when they had collected a cart full, some Prussian officers came and told them in good French where there were some more. In a slight hollow they found a poor fellow already frozen stiff; he had not been seriously wounded, but only disabled; he had contrived to rig up a little flag-staff with his white handkerchief floating as a signal of distress.

It was in January that the bombardment came, to add other horrors to those of cold and famine. On the 24th of January my husband's health, which had been ailing, completely gave way. At eight o'clock in the evening, as I was sitting alone by the light of our miserable blear-eyed candle, with stove lighted, and wine tapioca waiting for him, he staggered into the room, and a stream of blood came from his lips. I seemed for a moment frozen with horror. My darkest dread and misgiving had scarcely been as horrible as this. I soothed him as much as I could, and entreated him to be calm. I called a good-natured washerwoman, who came and lighted a fire in the bed-room, and he lay down while I went to beg our doctor to come and see him or send a remedy. I ran along the dim streets, deserted at this hour, plunging in and out of the holes of water, for all was in ruin and neglect. I groped up unlighted stair-cases, ringing at wrong doors, and bringing people out of their beds, for everyone went to bed as soon as it was dark, to save fuel and candle. At last I procured a remedy, which I was to give every half hour, and the doctor promised to come next day. He came and ordered broth, giving me a ticket to procure it from the ambulance butcher. I got nearly torn to pieces in the crowd, the most eager I was ever in, for each person had some sick relative waiting for him at home; but the meat was cut up before my eyes and carried off in a trice, and I could have none of it. I walked away half-frantic through the market—there was nothing—nothing but the huge unsightly entrails of horses, and the carcases of dogs, hanging up like sheep in ordinary times. I never shall forget the despair that came over me. I begged of everyone I knew, to find if they had anything, but could find nothing.

Next day I got a piece of horse, which I stewed and made into excellent broth. I told my poor invalid it was beef, and he said, enjoying it, 'It is astonishing what a difference there is between beef and horse after all.' It was in those days that Madame Dalbot, the washerwoman, gave me some of her own food, which she got in the canteen; she used to send her boys to wait for it, and she would not be paid for it. She also washed out some linen for me, though they had all been obliged to give up business, as the lavoirs were shut, owing to the want of fuel. I render here my tribute to the generosity of the poor. This last shock had quite broken me down; and when in those days, I saw in the 'Rappel' rumours of an armistice, I felt it was a ray of hope from Heaven. It did indeed come just in time to save us. The rumour changed into certainty. It was received with a kind of apathy. People looked in the haggard faces of their friends, and felt that Paris was sold for the babe's last drop of milk, and the woman's last crust of bread. The National Guard had spent their last fury of despair on the heights of Buzeuval. All the old ones muttering after the defeat, 'No generalship—no leaders—no reserves called—artillery left idle,' (for that splendid artillery for which Paris had bartered its bread had often not fired a shot.) 'Lost—misspent—the generosity, the valour, the five months of bitter sufferings. 'Let us attempt one sortie more!' cried the more fiery of the leaders of the civic forces, 'a *sortie en masse*, old and young, with sharpened stakes for those who have not chassepot rifles.' The answer was the armistice. I think it was hastened by certain rumours and fears of latent insurrections, for quantities of stores were afterwards discovered. Our resources had therefore been criminally miscalculated, or the authorities had hid till the very last minute. I will not describe the triumphal entry of the Prussians, when so much was dreaded and escaped. We all kept within doors; the shops were all shut, and I only saw one Prussian casque in the distance. So ended the first siege.

J. W.

WARWICK CASTLE.

It was in the midst of a cold December night, that the inhabitants of the good old town of Warwick were roused from sleep by the alarm-bell of the Castle—proclaiming that the grand old fortress, which has survived the wear and tear of so many centuries, and is so dear to the dwellers in the peaceful borough, was in danger.

'Midnight scarcely passed and over,' in the dawn of the Church's New Year, when Advent summons the faithful to 'wake out of sleep,' the people of Warwick were virtually called to wake and watch, and rally round their ancient stronghold. The cry of fire soon explained the cause of the alarum. And well was the call responded to. Few who

have lived beneath the shadow of our Castle can help feeling love and veneration akin to awe for its massive

> 'Time-grey towers reared up,
> Gardens and bowers and sculptured halls,'

and even for every stone of its fabric, and the very lichen that clings to its walls.

The quaint old-world cottages, with their half-timbered fronts, pointed gables, and projecting roofs, which nestle close to the feet of the princely pile, still seem to be seeking that shelter and protection, which in days of yore were afforded to the helpless, when the cry of 'A Warwick, a Warwick!' summoned armed retainers to the rescue.

Forty-eight hours ago, from the time I write, and the helmet of the King-maker was one of the treasures of the Castle; now this relic of antiquity has perished, with many another priceless memorial of days gone by—perished with all the trophies that adorned that magnificent hall, which was one of the glories of the land—melted perhaps, or at any rate destroyed, with the crusader's helmet which stood beside it.

What a strange assemblage there was in those noble rooms! The doublet worn by that Lord Brooke, who fought against his king at Lichfield, and was killed by a wound in the eye; the helmet of Cromwell; splendid portraits of Charles I. by Vandyke, full of that majestic melancholy which distinguished the face of England's Royal Martyr; unequalled suits of armour; fire-arms of all ages; classic busts; a sarcophagus of ancient Greece; Etruscan vases; Raffaelle ware; antique cabinets; inlaid tables; treasures upon treasures of art. Many, very many, have been saved, and all the wealth of pictures was most happily rescued from the fire. One cannot be thankful enough, that the world still possesses the grand full-length portrait of Ignatius Loyola by Rubens, a most haunting picture. The founder of the Order of the Jesuits stands in gorgeous vestments, with his eyes raised to heaven, his face in a glow of strong religious feeling, his physical frame full of life and energy, a striking contrast to a picture of him by Titian, which I have seen at Althorpe, taken, I suppose, later in life, where he appears as a shrunk emaciated ascetic. Leonardo da Vinci's portrait of Queen Joanna of Naples is one of those feasts to the eye, from which it is difficult to tear oneself. It is only a few weeks since that I went over the Castle after a lapse of several years, and was more struck than in any previous visit with its wondrous beauty.

After passing through the lodge, the visitor reaches the Castle by a drive cut in the solid rock, deliciously cool in summer, the sides of which are clothed by ivy hanging in luxuriant festoons, and overhung by a dense mass of trees. The view of the gateway, from an open space, to which the drive conducts, is most imposing. An 'ivy-mantled' bridge crosses what was once the moat, and leads beneath an archway, still possessing a portcullis, to the court of the Castle. Immediately facing

the gateway is the keep or mount; to the right, Guy's tower, a lofty battlemented building, and on the left Cæsar's, a wonderful picturesque machicolated tower, one hundred and fifty feet in height; between it and the mount is, or rather was, the long range of the state-rooms, and the ordinary living rooms of the family, so many of which are completely gutted, the outer walls alone remaining. The great hall was paved with Venetian marble, red and white, wainscoted with oak and hung with armour, while its roof was gorgeously carved and adorned with shields and devices. The windows of this glorious room look down to the river below, crossed by a ruined bridge, covered with ivy, briars, and young trees; a cascade adjoins the mill which lies at the base of the rock on which the Castle is founded, and beyond lies the park, with its stately trees. A whole suite of rooms succeeded to the hall, and by the side of them was a passage, at the end of which hung Vandyke's glorious picture of Charles I. on horseback. Few who have ever looked down that passage will readily forget the striking effect of that picture. The royal horseman appeared to be actually riding towards the beholder, so marvellous was the perspective effect; Sir Anthony Vandyke must, one thinks, have been a warm admirer of the unfortunate king, his portraits seem so thoroughly those of a loving hand, and the grand sad features always seem those of a friend one dearly cares for.

In one of the gorgeous drawing-rooms, was a costly table inlaid with precious stones, purchased for the late Earl in Venice, and known as the Grimani table; it is valued at ten thousand pounds, and is of most exquisite workmanship; the four corners are enriched by heraldic devices, such as the Pope's crown, the Doge's cap, the Lion of St. Mark, in precious stones; this table has most happily been preserved. I was always struck, in a pretty room called Lady Warwick's boudoir, with two portraits of Henry VIII.; one when a fair-haired innocent pretty boy of two or three years old; the other by Holbein, of the proud self-indulgent tyrannical king—the Blue-beard of history—it was sad to see how the simplicity and innocence of childhood had been effaced. One of the greatest treasures of modern art contained in the Castle, was the beautiful 'Kenilworth buffet,' made in Warwick, and presented to the present Earl on his marriage. It was carved out of a gigantic oak that once grew at Kenilworth, and represents scenes taken from Sir Walter Scott's Kenilworth. This exquisite piece of carving is also safe.

It must have been an overpoweringly grand sight to watch the beautiful building lighted up by the weird and fitful glare, the illumined parts standing out in fierce relief from those in shadow—light and darkness in fearful contrast—'alternate ebon and ivory.' The chill cold grey December dawn—oh, how inexpressibly cold and grey!—creeping over the horizon; and the interior of the Castle court, a scorching withering blaze of light, giving the untouched towers something of a supernatural appearance.

I have seen the Castle under so many auspices, and I scarcely know

which is the most striking: in the first early morning, looking almost white in the first beams of the summer sun; or at evening, standing out dark and sombre, with its mighty cedars, well-nigh black against 'a daffodil sky.' Or again in winter, with all its lines of architecture traced out in snow, bare trees, with the exception of the cedars, around, a red sun above, and the frozen river alive with skaters below. But I think I have been most impressed with its beauty on a dull day in autumn, when it partakes of the colour of the sky, and looks grey, grand, and solemn; while the trees are scarlet, russet and gold, the park a blaze of glory, the old bridge brilliant as a bed of flowers, and even the quiet lead-coloured river flecked with yellow leaves slowly sailing down its sluggish stream. There is a sycamore near the bridge, which literally seems to light up the country round, so brilliant has sometimes been its colouring, so rich its 'autumn gold.'

The view of the Castle from the park is not nearly so well known as the far-famed one from the bridge, but is scarcely less imposing, recalling somewhat of the grandeur of Windsor. It was, I believe, George the Fourth who said it was too grand for a subject.

One of the Warwick red-letter days is the annual children's treat, when the Earl throws open the park to all the Church schools in the town, and a real Church holiday as far as the children are concerned takes place. The programme, a few years back, was for the children to assemble at church, where a short special service took place. From thence they adjourned to the Market Square, and the National Anthem was sung by some thirteen hundred voices. The children were then marched through the town, the Castle, and grounds, and finally they reached the park, where after tea they dispersed and played till the late twilight of a summer's day.

On such occasions the park is open to all, both rich and poor, gentle and simple.

All authentic knowledge as to the first beginning of Warwick is lost in the mists of antiquity; but tradition is rich in histories of its early days.

We learn * from Dugdale, (p. 298,) who quotes from Rous:—'The first building or foundation hereof he attributeth to Gutheline, (by some called Kimbeline,) one of the British kings, (whose reign was contemporary with the reign of our blessed Saviour,) affirming that it then bore the name of Caer-leon, from the British word Caer, which is the same with Civitas, and his own name—Caer-Guthleon or Caer-leon.'

It was almost destroyed by Picts and Scots, and rebuilt by Caractacus; again destroyed by wars, when Constantine father of Uter Pendragon repaired it and called it Caer-umbra.

Rous says:—'Arthgal, one of the Knights of the Round Table, was

* The writer's authorities are Dugdale, 'Penny Cyclopædia,' Cook's 'Historical and Descriptive Guide to Warwick Castle,' and Local Papers.

first Earl of Warwick; Arth meant the same as Ursus in Latin, hence he tock the bear for his cognizance or badge.' To this member

'Of that great Order of the Table Round,'

succeeded Morvidus, who, 'a man of great valour, slew a mighty gyant in single duell, which gyant encountered him with a young tree pull'd up by the roots, the boughs being snag'd from it. In token whereof he and his successors bare a ragged staff of silver on a sable shield for their cognisance.'

In the days of Merthur-Du, St. Dubritius made his episcopal see at Warwick, in All Saints' Church, where afterwards the Castle stood. During his episcopate, Warwick, according to Rous, was 'a noble citie called Cayr-Gwayr.' 'Kynge Warmond did change the name of this towne, then a citie named Caer-gwar, and called it Warwyke.'

The great Guy appears to have lived in the ninth and tenth centuries. How much is truth, and how much fable, in the story of this hero of romance, it is impossible to say; tradition affirms that he was nine feet in height, and a 'mighty man of valour;' that he was son of Siward Baron of Wallingford, that he married Felicia, daughter and heiress of Rohand, and in her right became Earl of Warwick.

He is said to have killed a wild boar, an enormous dun cow, and a green dragon. A vertebra of the neck of this supposed dun cow is still to be seen at the Porter's Lodge, and was shewn as long ago as 1552, when a Dr. John Kay supposed it to have belonged to a bonasus or urus—creatures extinct in England for many a long year. Cæsar describes 'these uri' as 'little inferior to elephants in size, but bulls in their nature, colour, and figure. Great is their strength and great their swiftness; nor do they spare man or beast, when they have caught sight of them.'

On Earl Guy's return from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, he overcame and killed in single combat Colbrand, a Saracen of gigantic size, who was acting as champion to the Danes.

He afterwards retired to a hermitage near Warwick; and his cave is still existing, in the grounds of a house called after him Guy's Cliff.

After the destruction of the town by the Danes, 'Ethelfleda, daughter to King Alfred, who had the whole earldom of Mercia given to her by her father,' and was wife of the alderman Etheldred, 'repaired the ruins, and in the year of Christ 915 made a strong fortification here, called the Dongeon, for resistance of the enemy, upon a hill of earth,' artificially raised. This 'ladie,' says Rous, 'did greate coste of the Castell, and in especiall of the Dongeon.'

Canute besieged Warwick in 1016, when both the fortifications of town and castle were almost destroyed. 'They, however,' (says the Guide to Warwick,) 'quickly arose from their ruins; and at the time of the Conquest, Warwick was mentioned in Domes-day Book as a borough containing 261 houses.' Turchil, a descendant of Guy, and progenitor

of the present Earl, was Earl or vicecomes at the time of the Conquest, and was commanded by William to fortify and repair the town.

The first historical Earl was Henry de Newburgh, younger son of a Norman Earl, who came over to England with the Conqueror. The title continued in the De Newburgh family till 1242, when Thomas de Newburgh dying without children left his sister his heir. She was succeeded by her first cousin, William Manduit, who was taken prisoner in the wars between Henry the Third and his barons. Both he and his Countess were taken to Kenilworth, then in possession of the De Montforts, and the Castle was completely destroyed—so completely, that in 1315 'it was returned in an inquisition as worth nothing excepting the herbage in the ditches, worth 6*s.* 8*d.*' William Manduit was succeeded by his nephew, William de Beauchamp, 1267.

His son Guy, the next Earl, assisted in seizing Piers Gaveston, the haughty favourite of Edward the Second, who was taken to Blacklow Hill, a short distance from the town, and there beheaded. The event is commemorated by a stone cross, standing in the midst of woods on the summit of the hill, and beneath is the inscription, 'In the hollow of this rock was beheaded, on the first day of July, 1312, by barons lawless as himself, Piers Gaveston, the minion of a hateful king, in life and death a memorable instance of misrule.' The wrath of Earl Guy had been drawn down on the ill-fated man by Piers Gaveston insultingly styling him 'The Black Dog of Arden.' To Guy succeeded the great Thomas de Beauchamp, one of the heroes of Cressy and Poictiers. The present castle was built in his time; and he also founded the choir of St. Mary's, beneath the glorious roof of which he and his countess in costly marble still

'Guard from age to age their trust.'

When quite old, without waiting to 'count the cost,' he sailed forth to the rescue of the British army, who were sorely pressed by the French and afflicted by pestilence and famine; he dispersed the enemy, but was himself attacked by pestilence, and died at Calais in 1370.

Then came Thomas de Beauchamp, who built Guy's tower and finished the body of Saint Mary's Church, where there is a brass to his memory. The great Richard de Beauchamp, his son, was born in 1381. He assisted in suppressing the insurrection of Owen Glendower in the time of Henry the Fourth, and is the Lord Warwick into whose mouth Shakespeare puts the words:—

'There is a history in all men's lives
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd,
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life: which in their seeds,
And weak beginnings lie entreasured.'

Second part of Henry IV., Act III, *Scene* 1.

Shakespeare makes the King call him 'Cousin Nevil,' in mistake for his

successor. He founded the Beauchamp Chapel—a perfect gem of perpendicular architecture—where he lies in brass upon a marble tomb, with a canopy of brass for the support of a pall above him. After the death of Henry the Fifth he was called to take upon him the government of the young king. He died at the Castle of Rouen, 1439.

From his daughter Margaret are descended the Dudleys, Viscounts Lisle; from his daughter Elizabeth, the Willoughbys and Grevilles. His son Henry was created Duke of Warwick, and was called King of the Isle of Wight; his sister Anne was his heir, and in her right succeeded her husband, Richard Nevil, 'the stout Earl of Warwick, the King-maker.'

> 'For who lived king, but' he 'could dig his grave?
> And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow?'

Spite of his many changes and deflections, he always seems to stand out in history as a grand heroic character, and one that Lord Bulwer Lytton has made dear to the readers of that most fascinating of novels, 'The last of the Barons.' One cannot help dwelling in fancy on the days when Richard Nevil reigned in Warwick Castle, entertaining all comers with the more than princely hospitality, which was his wont. The streets of the town, while he sojourned at the Castle, must have been thronged with his yeomen in their red jerkins, embroidered with the cognizance of the bear and ragged staff.

Wealth must have flowed in abundance into the old borough and its surroundings, and a ready sale must have been found for the produce of the farm, the poultry yard, and the garden. Stowe says in his chronicle, 'When he came to London he held such an house, that six oxen were eaten at a breakfast, and every tavern was full of his meat; for who that had any acquaintance in that house, he should have had as much sodden and roast as he might carry upon a long dagger.' Lady Georgiana Fullerton, in 'A Stormy Life,' gives a charming account of the Nevil family. The King-maker left no son; and the Duke of Clarence, husband to his daughter Isabel, became the next Earl of Warwick, and he added to the strength and beauty of the Castle. His son Edward was beheaded for conspiracy, and the title lay dormant for forty-eight years. Richard the Third, of hateful memory, erected the bear towers at the Castle.

In the reign of Edward the Sixth, John Dudley, Viscount Lisle, a descendant of Margaret, daughter of Richard de Beauchamp, was created Earl of Warwick; he was that Duke of Northumberland, who was beheaded on Tower Hill for attempting to place Lady Jane Grey upon the throne. Ambrose Dudley, his third son, and brother to Robert Earl of Leicester, was created Earl by Queen Elizabeth; he was called 'the good Earl of Warwick;' he died childless in 1589, and the title became extinct, the inheritance reverting to the Crown. There is a beautiful tomb to his memory in the Beauchamp Chapel.

James I. raised Robert Lord Rich to the Earldom in 1618, in whose family the title continued till 1759, when it again became extinct. This

family, however, never held the estates, not being descended from the old line.

Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, was born in 1554, and educated with his cousin Sir Philip Sidney at Shrewsbury, and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was a learned, wise, and accomplished gentleman, a courtier in the time of Queen Elizabeth, a Chancellor of the Exchequer, Privy Councillor, and Knight of the Bath, in the reign of King James the First, who created him Lord Brooke for 'his faithful services to Queen Elizabeth' and himself, 'and that he was of noble extraction, being descended from the blood of the Nevils, the Willoughbys, and the Beauchamps.'

The Castle of Warwick was bestowed on him, which was then in a ruinous state, the stronger parts of which were used as the county gaol. He restored it at an enormous expense, and made it, according to Dugdale, 'not only a place of great strength but extraordinary delight; with most pleasant gardens, walks, and thickets, such as this part of England can scarcely parallel, so that it is now the most princely seat that is within the midland parts of the realm.' Fulke Greville was stabbed by a servant in the ancient Chapter-house of St. Mary's Church. Round his tomb are the words: 'Fulke Greville, servant to Queen Elizabeth, Councillor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney. Trophæum Peccati.' His cousin Robert Greville, the owner of the leathern doublet, succeeded him. He (sad to say) joined the Parliamentarians, and was appointed Commander-in-chief of their forces in Warwick and Stafford. In 1642 the grand old Castle was a stronghold of rebellion, and was besieged by the Royalists; it was, however, relieved by Lord Brooke. His son redeemed the loyalty of the family by assisting in the restoration of Charles the Second.

It was not till the last year of George the Second, 1759, that the title of Earl of Warwick came into the Greville family. Francis Greville was created Earl on the death of Edward Rich, and obtained a special grant to bear the time-honoured crest of the grand old line, namely, 'a bear erect, argent, muzzled gules, supporting a ragged staff of the first.'

His son George made great improvements in the Castle. He was succeeded by the father of the present Earl, who the writer well remembers as a venerable old man, with a grand face well worthy of one descended from so long and noble a line of ancestors.

The present refined studious bearer of the title had made improvements to the Castle, and was intending filling his ancestral home with a large party for Christmas, when the fearful catastrophe of Sunday the 3rd of December, 1871, has made him, with the exception of his London mansion, well-nigh a houseless man. 'Money and zeal and taste,' says a leader in The Times, 'may do a good deal to repair the loss; but the old has to be made new, and the dismal word "restoration" has to be written over the pile believed to be unique for its long enduring identity as a mediæval and still inhabited castle.'

L. S. R.

AN AMERICAN DIOCESE.

BY AN AMERICAN CLERGYMAN'S WIFE.

I HAVE been so much interested and informed and helped in various ways by reading over the pages of some old Monthly Packets which have lately fallen into my hands, and I feel so indebted to their Editor, who has unconsciously and often strengthened my hands and heart, that I have wondered whether I could in a minute measure pay the debt, by writing down for The Monthly Packet something concerning Minnesota and its large-hearted devoted Bishop.

I am told your English maps fall far behind in portraying the rapid development of states and territories in this western part of the United States. Can I, without map, give you an idea of localities about us? Even we dwellers in the West find it difficult to keep up to a distinct local knowledge of the states and territories just formed and continually forming, through which the Union Pacific Railroad has run its course, and the more northern country through which will pass the Northern Pacific Railroad, which starts from the shores of Lake Superior, in our own state of Minnesota.

Following the great chain of lakes from the St. Lawrence, you come last to Lake Superior, whose north-western shore forms a small part of the eastern boundary of Minnesota, fifteen hundred miles from the Atlantic sea-board, and about the same distance from the Pacific. The Red River of the north takes its rise near our western boundary, and flows northward through British America into Hudson's Bay; and from Lake Haska in Northern Minnesota, the Mississippi rises, and flows southward to meet the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. West of Minnesota lies Dacotah Territory, and what was called the Bad Lands by the Indians, a country of wonderful geological formations and strange fossils; then going westward, are the ranges of the Black Hills, beyond which, about the head-waters of the Missouri River and its large branch the Yellow Stone, lies a country of evident volcanic formation, whose cañons and hot and sulphur springs will in the course of years attract world-wide wonder: this country is bounded westward by the Rocky Mountains, beyond which lies Oregon and Washington, with a coast range of mountains before you come to the Pacific Ocean.

Thus, Minnesota lies in the heart of the continent; and one may perhaps pardon the pioneer Minnesotian, somewhat given as he is to large talking and gasconade, if, when he strides over his prairies, he feels that he plants his foot on the crest of the world—for *the* world to him is this great and wonderful western continent, and other countries are mere appendages and accessories to the empire which is here to be built up, and of which he feels he is one of the foundation-stones.

Minnesota lies in about latitude 43° to 49°, and about longitude 90°

to 100°. It is a country of broad stretching prairies, water-courses which in summer dwindle away to almost brooks, and numerous lakes, abounding in fine fish and water-fowl. The northern part of the State is thickly wooded with pine, but no evergreens are found elsewhere; and but little growth of deciduous trees, save one stretch called the Big Woods—some one hundred miles in length, and from ten to twenty in width—which crosses the State diagonally near the Minnesota River.

You read traces of French adventurers in the names of towns, counties, and streams—French traders, who early penetrated into these western wilds, and amalgamated with the Indians, lowering the tone of Indian morals, and preparing the way for the still more depressing influence of the American trader. These French traders expended the faint traces left upon them of Roman Catholic faith, in giving the name of a patron saint to town or river: thus—St. Paul, St. Anthony, St. Peter, St. Croix, and many other Sts., alternate with Le Lueur, Nicollet, Faribault, &c. Happily, many Indian names are still allowed to cling to old sites and haunts.

Shall I tell you something of the Indians? The tract now comprising Minnesota was originally occupied by the Ojibiwas or Chippewas in the northern part, and the Dacotahs or Sioux in the southern and western. These tribes have been for a long time at deadly feud. The first Indian Church Mission in Minnesota was planted at Gull Lake by Mr. Breck, amongst the Chippewas. One converted Chippewa, Eumegabowk, (Mr. Johnson,) has studied and been ordained, and is now working, an earnest priest, amongst his Red brethren on the White Earth Reservation, in the northern part of the State. Through the other parts of the State the Sioux roamed freely; and though a Presbyterian Mission had been established at what is now St. Peter, and also at Lac-qui-parle, nothing had been accomplished for them, when in 1859 Bishop Whipple was consecrated to take charge of the just formed diocese of Minnesota. He came here in the prime of his manhood—earnest, devoted, self-denying, with a heart of such quick warm sympathies, that none, from the roughest frontier's man, through every grade of hardened and conscience-seared men, with which this wild west abounds, could withstand his personal appeal. I have seen them—these hard-fisted, rough-looking men—sit as if entranced, and with tears in their eyes, while the Bishop stood in their midst in some log school-house or cabin, telling them the old old story of the Master Whom he loves; and it has seemed as if an Apostolic unction was indeed upon him to win men to his Master's service.

Imagine what to such a man would be the thought of thousands of heathen living wild and barbarous lives within the fold given to his charge.

The United States Government, with a most unwise policy, has always treated the Indians as if each tribe was an independent nation; and while making treaties with them, has never subjected them to the laws of the country; and the white men who went amongst them as traders seemed also to escape the dominion of the law. As emigration pushed

westward, and land was needed for settlements, Government would buy large tracts from the Indians, and make treaty that they were to confine themselves to certain portions called Reservations.

In 1860, Bishop Whipple made his first visit to the Sioux. He came from Faribault, his residence—through the Big Woods in an open waggon, through mud-holes and over corduroy roads, of which an Englishwoman can form no idea—to St. Peter, then a frontier town of one thousand inhabitants. A settlement I called it then in my ignorance; a city it called itself with true Western arrogance. Was it not laid out in magnificent wise on paper, with squares and parks, and whatever else in the imagination of a pioneer would give it a metropolitan character? Did not the little wee house obtained for a parsonage stand on the corner of Minnesota Avenue and Broadway?—a way so broad, that it stretched unbroken for hundreds of miles westward!

St. Peter is built on the west bank of the Minnesota River, about seventy miles west of the Mississippi. The Big Woods here touch the river on the east, where the bank is low and flooded every spring-time. The west bank of the river rises high, and from it spreads westward a level prairie of a mile in breadth, to a bluff which rises suddenly like a great terrace; above this is another mile of level land; then another great terrace, mounting which, the land spreads westward farther than the eye can reach.

Thus on a bright June morning spread before the Bishop the dead level, broken here and there by a group of dwarf oaks, looking like little islands in a great sea of tall waving prairie-grass. West from St. Peter seventy miles stood Fort Ridgely, the frontier fort; and twelve miles beyond that, what was called the Lower Agency, where the Sioux traded and the Indian agent lived. Here the Bishop, assisted by his accompanying presbyter, held the first service for the Sioux Indians, and made the beginning of what, from the holy-day on which the service was held, was called the Mission of St. John the Baptist. There came Mr. Hinman a few months later, just in deacon's orders, there beginning his life of missionary labour, which has already earned him not only a good degree, but the admiration of all who know him. The good work began and went steadily on. The Bishop—how often in the summer heat and the winter's bitter cold he travelled across the woods and prairies to watch this seed of his planting!

And now I must say a word of Bashaw, the faithful horse, who was always welcomed as if he were indeed one of the Bishop's family. I do not know his pedigree, but gentle blood shewed itself in him; and he never tired, though he wore out mate after mate who travelled beside him. He knew his master's voice, and heeded it like an obedient child. I have been behind him when we seemed flying over the snow-covered prairie on the wings of the wind, and his master, without the least pressure on the rein, said, 'Now Bashaw! so, so, old fellow, not so fast!' and his ears quivered at the sound of the loved voice, and his pace was slackened, though the overflowing spirits shewed in the dancing feet,

which, though trying to go slowly, pranced on the tips of his hoofs. We old Minnesotians cannot forget Bashaw. I wish I had space to recount these visits of the Bishop; one must suffice.

It was the last of February, and the weather was changing. At night the mercury would drop—one shivered to think where; but the high mid-day sun told day after day on the ice-bridge of the river, until on the very day we were looking for the Bishop it gave way under a passing team. A man watched near the river until night-fall to give warning, but no Bishop came, and we felt that his good angel was in some way guarding him. In the bitter cold gray of the next morning, in came the Bishop, to make his toilet and eat his breakfast in civilized fashion. He had driven within six miles of the river the evening before, and hearing that the St. Peter crossing was unsafe, turned through the woods to seek another; reaching Kusota, some miles above, at dark, he found he must wait until the night's freezing had made the ice passable. He went into a little house which called itself a hotel; not a bed for him to sleep in—never mind, he could, as he had often done before, wrap himself in a buffalo robe, and with his feet towards the fire, lie down on the board floor: but his quick eye saw that something was amiss in the family, and soon he found his way to the rude cradle, where the mother was watching over a sick child. He is something of a doctor for the body as well as the soul, and made some suggestion for immediate relief; but he saw that the child must die. A few of his warm persuasive words so told on the parents, that immediate preparation was made, and not only the little dying sufferer, but the other children of the family, were made in Holy Baptism lambs of the Good Shepherd's flock. This—his Master's work, for which he had been turned aside from his journey—done, he wrapped himself up, and slept on the hard floor until morning. After an early mid-day dinner, he started for Fort Ridgely. The weather changed, and the mercury dropped far below zero. He could scarcely see a foot around him for the blinding snow; the prairie road was entirely covered, the horses at fault. He felt in his pocket—his little compass, which ought to have been there, was gone; if he had had it, he could have told in which direction the river lay, and would have turned his horses thither; on its banks were trees, he had matches, and could kindle a fire which would keep himself and his horses from freezing until daylight: but he could only do what without doubt he does daily, utter the earnest prayer of faith, and give the faithful Bashaw liberty to find his way. Ah! was not the same good angel guarding him? for ere midnight he reached the Mission-house just saved.

Twenty miles west of the Lower Agency, at the mouth of the Yellow Medicine River, was the Upper Agency. About these two places, gathered in June of each year thousands of Sioux, even the wild Yanctons from the Upper Missouri, to receive the annual payment from Government—so many dollars per head to each family. The scene was wild and thrilling: the wild warriors, the patient laborious

squaws, the little pappooses; no house but the Agency and Mission buildings; the tepees scattered about, the greedy traders, the lookers on. Thus they had gathered on the June of 1862, but no Government officer came with the money. June passed—July—August; thousands were gathered there: the heat was great, there was not enough food; the young warriors grew fierce as they recounted the many grievances; sickness came, some children died from absolute lack of food, the ferment increased; and led by Little Crow—an unprincipled Indian, who had been by turns as unfaithful to his brethren as now to the Whites—on Monday, the 20th of August, the terrible Indian raid began, which to Minnesota was in measure like the Mutiny in India to the English. I cannot write of the horrors. The Bishop was in St. Paul when the news reached there, and went with the Governor to see Colonel Sibley, an old pioneer, whom the Governor begged to take charge of the troops, which must be sent at once to quell the outbreak. Yes, he would go, but he needed a certain half-breed, who lived in Faribault, a most skilful scout. The Bishop said he would see that the man was in St. Peter to meet the Colonel on his march up the river. Faribault is some seventy miles from St. Paul. The Bishop rode all night, and reaching home in the early morning, rang the church bell, gathered the people together, and before night was *en route* to St. Peter with a company of armed men and the desired scout, who waited two days for the Colonel and the down-river company to make their appearance. Here the Bishop stayed a week. He is quite a surgeon, and he would work all day in the temporary hospital, and be ready at night to speak loving and inspiriting words to the scared crowd in the little school-house. Between five and six thousand refugees gathered in St. Peter from the scattered settlements and stray cabins along the border. The Indians came within six miles of St. Peter, but a merciful Providence stayed their march. It would do no good to recall the horrors of those times. It seemed as if life could never settle down again into a peaceful gentle routine. But now it seems a distant past. St. Peter is not now a border settlement, but a growing town, whose two railroads bring shrieking engines daily almost to our doors.

I have often had the place on the prairie pointed out to me where the Indians used to hold their scalp-dances and orgies, when preparing to go on the war-path against the Chippewas. Was it not a near contrast of sacred and profane rites when, more than two years ago, one sunny April afternoon, a little procession of seven surpliced priests, led by our parish school-children, came over the green prairie to nearly the same spot, chanting the 132nd Psalm, and with prayer and thanksgiving laid the corner-stone of our dear little church? When the rite was over, and we stood by the foundation-stone and watched the little procession wending back, and as the last white robe disappeared within the Parsonage, the concluding words of 'Jerusalem the Golden' came softly to our ears, it seemed to me one might happily say one's *Nunc Dimittis*.

The Consecration day was really a greater day for us; but the contrast between the near savage past and the present did not strike one as in the open-air service. And besides, in the Consecration was *the* Service, round which all others cluster as their great centre—the Service which carries one away from worldly thoughts and contrasts, and makes one feel a mere cohering drop in the great flood-tide, into which gathers all the prayers and praises of mortal men, whether offered in grand old cathedrals or in forest aisles—that service in which

> 'Angels and living saints and dead,
> But one communion make,
> All join in Christ, their vital Head,
> And of His love partake.'

CORRESPONDENCE.

GENTLEWOMEN AS TEACHERS IN NATIONAL SCHOOLS.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I am anxious to call the attention of your readers to what appears to be a field of remunerative labour for gentlewomen, already too long overlooked. I mean the calling of National School-mistress.

Just now, under the impetus given to primary education by the passing of the New Act, qualified teachers are at a premium; and yet, in to-day's *Times* an appeal is made for contributions to assist some of the hundred and fifty starving ladies who are seeking employment through the agency of the Victoria Office. Some of these would surely do well to qualify themselves for employment in Government schools.

The calling is not without dignity, and moreover affords opportunities of the highest usefulness in the service of Christ and His Church; for a teacher's influence is powerful, not only with her scholars in school-days and in after life, but also with their parents, and through them on a whole parish.

To be a Sister or Deaconess generally implies the possession of some private means; and consequently many ladies whose inclination would lead them to such a vocation, are hindered by their poverty from carrying out the desire of their hearts. Such women would make invaluable school-mistresses. On the other hand, it is the experience of many clergymen since the passing of the Revised Code, that unsatisfactory pupil-teachers must often be taken—girls who are neither fitted by character, talent, nor disposition, for their work, and are accepted simply because the right sort are not forthcoming. These girls cannot grow into good mistresses; they have no strong religious or moral influence over the children; and one cannot but fear, that now there is to be no test of the religious teaching on the part of the Government Inspector, the temptation will be overpowering to all but the most conscientious teachers to push on the mere secular instruction at the expense of the Bible and the Catechism.

That ladies have hitherto held back from this calling is probably due to the fact, that residence in a training college or pupil-teachership had to be encountered in order to obtain a certificate; but in this year's Code a wicket is opened that in a great measure obviates the difficulty. It is now conceded, that any assistant teacher who serves for one year in an inspected school, may obtain a favourable report from the Inspector, and will thereupon be admitted to examination for a certificate the following December. The examination only covers those subjects which form the ground-work of every lady's education, and a woman of average intelligence should be able to rub them up to examination-point in the year she serves as assistant; during that time she would gain the technical knowledge of school management and teaching, with which she must also become familiar.

Salaries range from £40 to £70 a year, generally with rooms and other extras

besides; and £80 is occasionally offered—a sum that compares favourably with the remuneration of private governesses. £20 or £30 a year is the usual payment of an assistant, sometimes as much as £40.

The objection to my proposition lies in the supposed loss of caste which a lady would incur in accepting the mistress-ship of an elementary school; and this is undoubtedly a difficulty which has to be faced; for the lady who tried the experiment would very likely be looked down upon for doing it by many of her friends—not, however, by those whose regard was best worth having; for surely it is more noble to work than to beg, and to many a well-born woman the choice only lies between the two. An empty purse does not, unfortunately, imply a full mind; and those ladies who are turned adrift to earn their bread are frequently the persons whose opportunities of culture have been the fewest, and who cannot therefore ever look to obtaining situations as accomplished private governesses.

Is it not better to teach the three Rs honestly and well to the labourer's child, than to profess to impart a knowledge of languages and accomplishments which one never thoroughly mastered?

I submit, therefore, that the position of national school-mistress is one that ladies should seek to fill, that it allows considerable independence and usefulness, that the remuneration is fairly good in proportion to the attainments required, and that to earnest Christian women it is one that affords opportunities, equal almost to those of a Sister of Mercy, of 'going about doing good.' M. T. V.

Further information will gladly be given by Miss Hubbard, Leonardslee, Horsham, Sussex.

HINTS ON READING.

Among books that it may be useful to mention is *The Inner Life: Hymns on the Imitation of Christ.* (Parker, Oxford.) They are founded upon Thomas à Kempis, and, the author tells us, are partly intended to assist the meditations and devotions made privately while waiting during the Holy Communion. We take a verse almost at hap-hazard, to shew how calm and beautiful they are.

> 'Speak, for Thy servant heareth; sweet and low,
> As One at hand, yet from the very Heaven,
> The still small Voice Thy chosen servants know,
> To whom the messages of grace are given.'

The Gates Ajar offended so many by their rash familiarity with things unseen, yet attracted so many on the other hand by a certain glow of ardour, that a sober-minded little book by Miss A. M. James, called *The City which hath Foundations*, (Macintosh,) may soothe and settle numerous minds, who will be specially grateful for the letter from Sir John Taylor Coleridge with which it commences.

Real Folks, (Low,) by *real* meaning not sham, is after the pattern of Mrs. Whitney's books, not quite so good as *We Girls*, but better than *The Old-fashioned Girl.* Speed of writing leads a little to mannerism, we are afraid; but there is always much that is excellent in these.

Doll World, by Mrs. O'Reilly, (Bell and Daldy,) is thoroughly delicious to everyone who ever knew how properly to love and respect a doll.

Two good grown-up stories, fit for readers of a higher class than the S. P. C. K. usually provides for, are—*A Steadfast Woman*, and *Rina Cliffe.* We have coupled them together, but the *Steadfast Woman* is greatly the superior. Two of the same Society's lesser books, which are really good and useful, are *Like Other People*, and *Lucy Harris;* and the penny wrapperless tracts have of late been revised, and greatly improved in both pith and doctrine.

John Barrow; or, Coals of Fire, (Warne,) is a good little book on slander and forgiveness; and *Evening Conversations*, (Stock,) as well as *Conversations on the Lord's Prayer*, might be found useful with Bible-classes, though the young people make much too long answers to be often imitated.

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

MARCH, 1872.

THE GATE OF DEATH.

BY S. J. STONE, B. A.

'Grant, O LORD, that through the grave, and gate of death, we may pass to our joyful resurrection.'

Collect for Easter Eve.

THE watching Church was near her Easter hope;
The waiting earth was close upon her spring,
Soft breezes wooed the woodland buds to ope
And woodland choirs to sing.

Yet was not Lententide nor winter past,
Still were the lands of leaf and flower forlorn;
And Christian souls kept one more quiet Fast
Or ere their Festal Morn.

It was Death's hour: but close are Death and Life,
The long loud storms had breathed their latest breath;
In dying is the agony and strife,
But solemn peace in Death.

So had the awful Friday passed in pain,
And souls were calm that had not ceased to grieve,
Since in their sorrow Hope drew close again,
Again with Easter Eve.

One lay and waited as the hours went on,
Watching the shadows deepen round his bed:
One whose long Lent of life was almost gone,
And winter well-nigh sped.

Spring was so near him, and the glorious Feast;
  And his believing soul in calm foretaste,
E'en in that death-hour from all trouble ceased,
  Nor needed to make haste.

And one was watching with him, young and fair,
  But fairer than in beauty of her youth,
By that sweet patience which meets earth's despair,
  Secure of Love and Truth:

His Love, His Truth, who cannot change or lie,
  Lover of souls and LORD o'er Death and Hell;
Who saith, 'In Me all things below, on high,
  For you are always well.'

Her heart was full of tears and almost rent,
  Well-nigh too full for life, yet her child's will—
A will not lost but with her Father's blent—
  Lay satisfied and still.

Husband and wife: so dear, so near, that earth
  Had nought for each without the other good,
Yet son and daughter by one heavenly Birth,
  Beneath one Fatherhood.

And Heaven is more than earth, and so their love
  Was more than earthly, even as their life—
In souls so sure of hidden bliss above
  No sorrow grows to strife.

'My children do not part, and cannot die;'
  Yesterday taught them by the Cross in sight,
To-day by that dark Sepulchre hard by,
  Morn by its promised light.

She sat beside him till the night grew deep,
  Her eyes on his, his hand within her hand,
The perfect peace she saw had power to keep
  Her own heart in command.

Not much they said: Love unto love can tell
  Its inmost feeling, though of words be none,
By look, by touch, in thought they commune well,
  Whose heart and soul are one.

Yet twice he spoke: once, when as day grew dim,
  And a bell ceased upon the still March air,

She sang the Church's Psalms and one sweet hymn,*
And prayed the Vigil Prayer.

Then first he said, '"The Grave and Gate of Death"
Are near this Eve: LORD! let my soul be borne
Through them to Thee with the first light and breath
Of Thy victorious Morn.

I will "remain in patient watch" till day—
This gloom is holy, for it once was Thine—
Then, O my Righteousness! with Thy first ray,
Bid me arise and shine.'

Again was heartfelt silence for an hour;
Then one came in, whose voice well-known and dear
Brought prayer and counsel and the Word of power
The contrite love to hear.

Beautiful were his feet. When he was gone
Light seemed to linger and the calm increase,
Flowing from those last words, the benison
Of the eternal peace.

The hours crept on: till dawn was close, and still
She watched beside him. Once she thought he slept,
Nor knew but it was death, and then her will
Failed in her, and she wept.

No sound, but tears upon his hand could tell
Her anguish; and with love that could not chide,
He whispered, 'Dearest, even this is well,
HE wept when Lazarus died;

'He knows His sheep; God-Man; and in His ears
Your cry is holy; even *Hope* can weep:
"I go," He said, and went, amidst His tears,
"To wake him out of sleep."

'Like Him you weep—and I— O love, my wife,
I weep too!—but our tears do Faith no wrong,
The heirs together of the grace of life,
Our parting is not long;

'Yet now we part; and e'en the "little while"
Seems long to love: but oh! if life is sweet,
Sweeter it is to lay it with a smile
At our dear Master's Feet.

* See Hymns Ancient and Modern, No. 105.

'My darling, this is all; speech fails; stoop low,
Tenderest face I love so!—now, before
Sight, sense, fail also, and I cannot know
Even you—kiss me once more.'

She kissed him. O how piteously her soul
Longed to go with him, even while its cry
Lay hushed in reverence, for its trust was whole
In its great agony.

She kneeled, her arms about him, by the bed,
And watching the dim eye and fitful breath,
Seemed with her still white face beside his head
A very Bride of Death.

Slowly the darkness shrouded all the room,
As the spent fire and watch-light died away;
Slowly again came creeping o'er the gloom
The sense of the new day.

A low broad window looked toward the East;
And as a hand before a taper's gleam
Glows red, its curtain folds, as dawn increased,
Veined with rich life did seem.

His face was from it: but in fear anon
She saw his spirit saw, by the set eyes,
The loosened clasp, the gesture as of one
Preparing to arise;

Then one faint sign; whereat—as if she knew
Behind it all the Beatific Sight
Lay veiled—with awful hand she backward drew
The curtain from the light.

Blest Light, blest Morning! beautiful it shone
Just over the dark hills with orient rays,
Which like the summons from a trumpet blown,
Poured full upon her gaze.

He slowly turned to look from where he lay:
Then once or twice, like one most blest, he sighed,
Then laid his pale hands close as if to pray,
And, gazing still, he died.

Christ's Morning! ceased before it the old law
That bound in prison-house the yearning soul,
Which fled to taste the glory that it saw,
Freed from its long control.

'Dimittis, Domine!' was that the prayer?
'Here have I seen Thy Promise, Risen LORD;
Bid me depart to find Thy Fullness there,
According to Thy Word.'

* * * * *

And she?—she waits; alone but not forlorn,
And learning more to long as less to grieve,
Keeps, with an ever brighter hope of morn,
Her quiet Easter Eve.

THE TEMPTED LIFE OF THE SON OF GOD.

In every part of that Divine master-piece of portraiture exhibited in the Gospels, we have two distinct features standing boldly forward. On the one hand, there is the majesty of undiminished Godhead; and on the other hand, the deepest abasement of tried and suffering Manhood. And these two elements are blended together in a manner as immeasurably beyond the grasp of intellect as is the Incarnation, upon which their blending depends. There is unbounded dignity in all the lowliness, and there is unsparing humiliation in all the glory. Calvary was the lowest point of the abasement; and yet we cannot mistake the majesty of that scene. We almost fancy we see the halo of Deity in those drops that redden every thorn-point of the Redeemer's Crown. World-wide sovereignty—the drawing of all men unto Him—is so evident in that terrible lifting up. The analogy is so striking, between what we are gazing on, and what was revealed in vision to the prophet when he 'saw the Lord sitting upon His Throne, high and lifted up, and His train filled the Temple.'

'Impleta sunt quæ concinit
David fideli carmine,
Dicens, In Nationibus
Regnavit a ligno Deus.'

The Cross is so conspicuously a throne, and the crimson streams that, as it were, swathe the holy limbs are so unmistakably a robe of glory, that mid-day darkness and shivered rocks and opened graves are hardly needed to make us confess that 'truly this Man was the Son of God.'

Or when we see Him in the climax of spiritual agony in the Garden of Gethsemane, the real majesty seems scarcely hidden. There is such perfect unity of that adoring Will with the Will of Him to Whom its prayer is made, that perforce we feel Him to be more than man. The

record must be an exaggeration, if He Who speaks is other than He Who can with truth declare, 'I and My Father are One.' A ministering angel helps to lift the veil: but even without his aid we could not fail to recognize the majesty.

And it would be easy to trace the same thing through every detail of that wondrous Life. In all the journeyings up and down the land, some incident constantly reveals the Son of God. Human weariness makes Him rest, while He retires in haste through Samaria to find refuge in obscurer Galilee from threatening enemies at Jerusalem. The same weariness makes Him sleep, when, after a long day of toil and teaching, He crosses the Lake to seek the repose which the eager multitudes at Capernaum denied Him. But when He sits down at the entrance of Sychar on Jacob's Well, or when He lies 'asleep on a pillow' 'in the hinder part' of the Galilean fishing-boat, there is ever the unfathomable depth of a sublime discourse, or the omnipotent enactment of a mighty miracle, which will not suffer us to lose sight of the Godhead in that weary Human Form. 'The Son of Man hath not where to lay His Head;' and He spends whole nights in prayer upon the rugged hills around Gennesaret, where 'foxes have holes,' and by the jungles of the Jordan-bed, where 'birds of the air have nests:' but those dreary solitudes cannot hide the glory. It may come out most obviously in the closing scene on Olivet, when the cloud received Him Heavenward; but it was there from the very beginning as well. Even the stable at Bethlehem cannot hide it, though cattle are sharing their Maker's resting-place. Beautiful and picturesque is the old legend, that tells of the pole of heaven stayed, and the birds of the air in tranquil calm; the labourer at his meal, and his hand motionless as he raises the food to his lips; the sheep being driven, yet standing still, and the shepherd's uplifted arm remaining held aloft; the goats lowering their heads to the stream, yet none of them tasting the water; and all the course of nature held breathless and amazed for the moment when its Lord is born. It is very beautiful, but we would not wish it true. We would not wish to see in outward act what beneath the veil we can yet discern—how, in that strange mysterious awe, 'the ox knoweth his Owner, and the ass his Master's crib,' as Jesus lies beside them.

There is, however, in that series of marvellous contrasts, one scene where the glory is not indeed less glorious than elsewhere, but less readily caught by the superficial gaze. Perhaps it is the scene where even the deepest gaze will find it hardest to recognize that glory. It is on the Hill of the Temptation. Calvary, and the humility which was completed there, was, we may well believe, the stumbling-block by which Satan fell, as some glimpse of it was revealed to him through the ages. We can trace a world of truth in the myth, so quaint and yet so terrible, of the 'Devil's Confession,' and the intensity of his indignation at what was imposed as a condition of absolution—a single bow towards the crucifix:—

'Bow to a God so lost to sense of shame
As to take human nature and man's name!
* * * * *
One Who died
Upon a gallows, with a mangled side!' *

But the human mind can more readily accept the mystery of the degraded Body than that of the tempted Soul of Jesus. Just as the unembodied spirit could not bend to the idea of a God assuming the burden of the flesh, so man's earthly nature is fain to renounce a God who submits to spiritual trial. It is the same pride that manifests itself both in the rebellion of the angel and in the unbelief of the man. And it was a difficulty to the human mind from the very first. For the Church had scarcely crushed the Arian heresy, and established the truth that the Lord Jesus is Very God, 'of one substance with the Father;' the hard-fought battle of 'Athanasius against all the world' was scarcely ended; when this other detail of the mystery of the Incarnation was the rock on which many a Christian struck, and made shipwreck of his faith. For the Godhead of the Lord he would, if need be, lay down his life; and he acknowledged that Godhead clothed in Human Flesh: but the Human Soul, the part which can be tempted to sin, he failed to understand. The Divine Word, he said, occupies its place. So he denied an essential part of the Saviour's Manhood, and destroyed the reality of the Incarnation.

We know what temptation means in ourselves. It seems a simple and natural thing to us—that struggle of the lower desires against the higher; the animal powers arrayed against the spiritual, or the powers of the selfish intellect resisting those of the divinely-inspired conscience. We can understand S. Paul when he describes the conflict going on in his own soul, and tells us how oftentimes it went so sorely against him, that he did the evil which he hated, and left undone the good which he desired. It all seems intelligible in the soul of a mere man. But when we read of Jesus our God being tempted—actually tempted to commit sin by the prince of darkness himself—it seems contrary to all our ideas of His Nature. It is the last thing that we should look for in the records of Incarnate Deity.

If we would gain a correct view of it, we must first understand clearly what the Law of Temptation is. It is part of that general Law of Nature which requires that men must arrive at perfection by means of opposition and resistance. Temptation is the form in which that general Law is applied to the soul, corresponding with the forms in which it is applied to the body and the mind. To the body, the very same labour which wearies it, and which, if pursued to excess, will injure it, is also the exercise which gives it strength so long as that body is able to endure it. So to the mind, the study which wearies it, and which also, if pursued to excess, will weaken and impair it, is

* Baring-Gould's *Silver Store*, p. 18.

nevertheless the discipline by which its faculties are developed, so long as the mind can freely engage in them. And the relation of the soul to temptation is exactly parallel; for the very trials which allure the soul into sin, and so too often prove its ruin, are at the very same time the means which develope its strength, and increase its power of resisting sin, so long as that soul can bear up beneath them.

The temptation works upon the soul in a very simple manner. We commonly speak of three sources from which it springs—the devil, the world, and the flesh. But in reality they cannot be separated. They all bear their part in every temptation. Satan tempts us always; but he has no power to make us sin. God could never suffer the presence of a being possessed of such a power. Still less are the 'pomps and vanities of this wicked world' a source of any absolute evil. To assert the contrary in either case would be to set up, like the heretics of old, a second omnipotence by the side of God. The devil is only a tempter; and the outward objects of the world around us are only the instruments that he uses. By these he acts upon the third power, which we call 'the flesh,'—that is, our natural desires, or our human will; in one word, our *self*. So a temptation is produced within the soul.

The distinction, therefore, between temptation and sin is infinite. When the natural desires are drawn by the allurements of the Tempter into active resistance against the Will of God—then, and only then, is there sin. But they may be wrought upon ever so strongly by Satan and through the world, and yet may remain in perfect harmony with the Will of God. These natural desires existed in our first parents from the beginning. They passed day by day beneath the shadow of the Tree of Knowledge, thirsting for its forbidden fruit without one moment's thought of tasting it, and longing to know its lesson of good and evil without one moment's thought of gratifying the desire. At length, when Satan pressed them with new earnestness, their weakness yielded, and there was sin.

And since these natural desires are inseparable from manhood, our Blessed Lord Himself shared them with the rest of mankind. Though the harmony of His Will with that of the Father was so complete that it could not be broken, yet His Humanity involved resistance against His natural Will. His prayer could not stop with 'Thy Will be done.' It must be also 'Not My Will.' He must subject Himself, as man, to the working of the great law of opposition, in each part of man's complex being. For the reality of His Human Nature was in no way altered, and in no way modified, by union with Deity. It remained, in all its parts, perfect and true Humanity. His was a real Human Body, the flesh and the bones of a Man, made of the substance of His Mother: and that Body was subject to pain and weariness, like any other; only, by reason of its union with Deity, it was free from sickness and disease. It was even to pass through the grave and gate of death; only, by reason of its union with Deity, it could never know corruption. And His was also a true Human Mind; increasing in wisdom, as His

Body increased in stature; needing to be trained and disciplined, as much as His Body; only, by reason of its union with Deity, it was free from the possibility of error. And His soul also was truly Human. Like the souls of others, it needed discipline to mature and perfect it; only, by reason of its union with Deity, it was free from the possibility of sin. So He was tempted.

It was so through all His Life: but the best clue to trace it out will be found in the detailed record of the Temptation at the beginning of His Ministry. Eastward of the Jordan, and 'up' into some offshoot of the mountain-range of Abarim which looks down upon the river—(well may we fix upon the deepest nook of the most secluded district in the land)—thither, 'immediately' from His Baptism in the waters below, the Spirit led the Son of Man. Alone 'with the wild beasts,' shut out from human comfort and sympathy, He prayed and fasted. 'And He was there in the wilderness forty days, tempted of Satan.'

The personal Tempter, therefore, was with Him. It is indeed a strange scene for us to contemplate. There are two, side by side and alone; the one, possessed of all goodness and all wisdom, unable to be deceived, and unable to sin—our God; and the other, that being who had been cast out of the heavenly kingdoms for pride and rebellion, and was suffered to rule among the powers of evil—his soul filled with deadly hatred for the God Who had judged him, and with hatred no less deadly for all those whom God had created in His own Image and for His own glory. Yet it was no short-sighted malice that brought Satan here. He could hardly have come with certain knowledge that his attempt must fail. He knew indeed the Power of God—that Almighty Power that had cast him out of Heaven; and he knew that to God there can be no temptation, much less could the slightest departure from the highest right be possible with Him. But here was God made Man. And might it not be that thus He had somehow become less of God—that union with manhood had in some way undeified His Deity? Satan had found it easy to overcome Eve at first, and Adam with her, and their descendants after them. That was his experience of manhood. But he had failed to overcome God. For many ages he had been forced to desist from that effort. That was his experience of Godhead. Then how must all the miserable passions of his soul—the malice and the hatred that he had indulged so freely against man, and had kept so long pent up against God—how must they all have been kindled at the thought of this new Being which was presented to him now—God in Manhood! What if the time was come at last when all his old visions might be realized, and all his pride be satisfied—when God might be overcome at last, and he, the conquered outcast, might be lord of all! Such we must believe to have been Satan's thoughts when he came against his Maker. The picture is intensely horrible; yet we must face it, for we cannot tone down its colours, or modify its startling outlines.

The Tempter came, too, with his accustomed instruments, the outward objects of the world, to allure in turn the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life. It was the very same threefold weapon that he had used so long and so successfully in waging his deadly warfare against the souls of men: and he plied it with all that skill which he had gained through many ages. He strove to arouse the lust of the flesh, by urging the Saviour to produce the bread which His hunger-stricken Body so sorely needed. He strove to arouse the lust of the eyes, by urging Him to assume dominion over all the outward glory of the kingdoms of the world. He strove to arouse pride within Him, by urging Him to cast Himself down uninjured from the pinnacle of the Temple. But to yield to the suggestion would have involved, in every case, a withdrawal of that submission in which the Human Will of Jesus must stand to the Will of His Father in Heaven. The whole purpose of His earthly Life was expressed in the words: 'A Body hast Thou prepared Me: then said I, Lo, I come, to do Thy Will, O God.' Satan wished to see an act of opposition between that Human Will and the Will of the Father. But such opposition, had it been possible, would not merely have involved a withdrawal from the work of Redemption, but would have been essentially a sin. So He remained unmoved: Satan was baffled: 'and when he had finished every temptation, he departed from Him for a season.'

(To be continued.)

THE WARFARE OF IMMANUEL.

Ye little ones of Jesus! meekly bending,
The tones which speak us all-unworthy[1] done,
Sing out ere breaks the awful orison,[2]
Your voices with the first hosannas blending;
He comes, but not from Olivet descending,
Sion He seeks, but not the sin-doomed town,
Creatures of earth[3] declare His pathway's tending,
Though not on ass's colt He comes now down.
He seeks not spear which starts, nor hand which staunches,
The blood, amid the mountain's varied throng;
High thoughts cast down He asks for His palm-branches,
And for His way-strewn raiment selfless song.
Veni! O come! O come, Immanuel!
No more for us to die; in us to dwell.

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[1] 'We do not presume.'—*Communion Office.*
[2] Consecration Prayer.—*Ibid.*
[3] 'These Thy creatures of bread and wine.'—*Ibid.*

Pierced ere My hour by shafts of death and sin,
Ill words, revealing ambushed enemy;
Crowned ere My hour with souls who come to Me,
I work all day the city-walls within.
But when the sun sets and the stars begin
To light His path Who taught their orbs to glow,
I pass the gates, I leave the strife and din,
And to My friends beneath the hill I go;
One whom I wakened from his four-day sleeping,
One whom I raised from sev'nfold death, and one
Who household vigils round the Master keeping
Leaves not her sister now to list alone.
Sweet human love! I taste thy joys at even,
At dawn I go away to make them heaven.

In the eternal Garden men are trees;
Out of the Church, that kindly soil, their stem;
The Wind that stirs, the Dew that waters them,
The Spirit, waking heav'nward energies;
Awhile they cling to living trellises,
Parent or guide or glorious-gifted friend;
Awhile on some lone moor the traveller sees
The heav'n-supported branches heav'nward tend.
But when fair hero-records stir their being,
Yet wake no shame at homely tasks not done,
Will not the Lord, the leafy promise seeing,
Look for fair fruit, and looking, still find none?
Will not, at time of fruits, the word be said,
'How is the barren fig-tree withered!'

To bring thy guilt before the eyes of men,
To seek the Master while He sits at meat,
To wash with tears, to wipe with hair, His feet,
To gift His head with precious ointment; then
To follow Him o'er town and hill and glen,
To give Him of thy wealth by field and mere,
Much-weeping and much-loving Magdalen,
Is all thou askest, all thou knowest, here.
Now come again, the costly nardus bearing,
And swift anoint Him ere He go away;
The raiment of the grave He is not wearing,
But thou shalt deck Him for His burial-day,
And thou shalt hear Him say that deed shall be,
Where'er the Gospel sound, a memory.

Sweet Idyll-singer, who thy hero, tell.
He was not born; he sprang from ocean-spray;
He did not die; he, wounded, passed away
Avilion's island-valley to indwell.
Who shall declare Thy birth, Immanuel?
Who Thy sweet death which life to all would be?
Thy gentle spirit was not left in hell,
Thou mak'st Thy bitter wounds our victory;
And Thou, to help us on our heav'nward journey,
Thyself yet not Thyself, again com'st nigh—
The holy knighthood, first in field and tourney,
Robbers that cease and foes that seaward fly,
The knight who wrongs his king—O Idyllist,
Is this but Arthur? Is not This the Christ?

Beside the northern lake poor fishers we;
All night in sadness we had toiled in vain;
At morn One said, 'Let down the net again,'
And myriad fish were in the barren sea.
In mighty fear I cried 'Depart from me,'
And now 'Depart from me' I cry once more;
My sin shrinks back from Christ's humility,
As it fell prostrate at His pow'r of yore.
Lord, dost Thou wash Thy sinful servant's feet?
Dost say th' unwashed in Thee has portion none?
Then, Lord, in this my flesh Thy work complete,
On hands and head Thy perfect Will be done.
But all are clean which touch not earth. Lo! I
Their feet will wash whom Thou shalt purify.

O strong desire for that last Paschal eve!
O mournful plaint of the wronged Saviour-friend!
As with wild tendrils garden-flow'rs may blend,
So love and woe Christ's accents interweave.
'Ye will not come to Me that ye may live'—
'The Bread Which is My Flesh shall death destroy'—
Thus ever it is His to joy and grieve
At those abounding founts of grief and joy;
Thus ere He gives mankind the Bread of Heaven,
And types and shadows pass in Christ away,
Of His true servants He but sees eleven—
'One of My twelve shall soon his Lord betray!'
He promised Bread upon the breadless plain;
For one He promised, and now wills, in vain.

Who on the breast of Jesus Christ do lie?
They who for Christ in act or will forsake
Father and calling by the pleasant lake,
In ampler seas a nobler toil to ply;
They who aye list the onward-calling cry;
Who, if a little while they fear and flee,
Come back repenting and the Cross stand by
And share the pain and wait the victory;
They who take home to their heart's heart the Mother,
Her on whose bosom Love Incarnate lay;
They who say, 'Little children, love each other,'
By life and voice until their latest day;
These see the City-portals, pearls unpriced,
These lie upon the breast of Jesus Christ.

Is it a darkness,[4] that heav'n-instinct hour,
Last of a day of summer's sunny balm,
When night steals o'er the meadows like the calm,
In grey old age, of stainless youth the dower,
When night's own censer, the fair daphne-flower,
O'er flow'rs that sleep a sleepless incense flings,
When men cry 'hush!' within the garden-bower,
'Hush! in the wood the nightingale! She sings.'?
Is it a darkness when the night-stars glisten
And eyes are blind around the morning bed?
Not less the heart may speak, the Love will listen,
Ev'n o'er death's dark the Light of Life will shed.
God give thee eyes 'midst gloom the Sun to mark!
God guard thy day from sinners' sunless dark!

Thou Who sent'st bread from out the heav'n of azure,
And mad'st the desert-rock a limpid spring,
Fain I once more Thy Dying-gift would sing,
Faint echoing to its fall Thy music's measure;
Of harvest-field and vineyard seems That Treasure,
But white-winged Silences[5] around It throng;
Enough for man to kneel and drink Its pleasure,
Only the Lamb can sing the Lamb's high song.
What dost Thou do, Love, ere Thy Sleep and Waking,
Among Thy friends, the ancient Paschal o'er?
Of love our nature for Thy ownest taking,
Of love our ransom, canst Thou love yet more?
Thou bringest unclean lips Isaiah's Coal,
God, for man's life, of earth's poor fruits the Soul!

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[4] 'Judas went out, and it was night.'
[5] 'With Angels and Archangels.'—*Communion Office.*

Hast seen in mountain-land or read in lay,
(Thy heart and he abreast o'er moor and crag,)
How the hunt's glorious prize, the royal stag,
For the dear life will fleet, like time, away?
They rouse him from the ferns at break of day,
Long hours the sedge and heather know his bound,
Beneath the setting sun he stands at bay,
And large despairing tear-drops drench the ground.
This is Thy life, O holy Hart of morning!*
In its first dawn Thou fleddest Herod's steel;
Hunted long hours with hate and wile and scorning,
Within the garden Thou at night dost kneel;
There 'neath the olive-boughs Thou wait'st the Rood,
Not weeping natural tears, but sweating blood.

Not that the ills of time are manifold,
Not that some dear desire is strangely crossed,
Not o'er some darling sped, we sorrow most,
But that our brother to our cry is cold.
'Christ fasted forty days,' we stern are told;
'Christ prayed all night, no son of Adam nigh;'
Ah! when the dark wave o'er His being rolled,
He had not raised His heart to such calm sky.
Three times He prayed the Everlasting Father,
Three times He turned for men's poor help to plead,
'Withdraw this cup, but do Thy Will the rather'—
'What! could ye serve not one short hour My need?'—
Oft as we sadly turn from slumbering friends,
The strengthening Angel, Jesus Christ, descends.

O for the prophet's sorrow-surcharged song!
O that my head were waters and my eyes
A fount of tears to prosper my emprize!
That I too all day long and all night long
Might weep for Adam's immemorial wrong,
Might weep for all which nails Christ to the Tree,
Might weep the many woes which o'er Him throng,
As if of all ill stars a galaxy!
O I have stood beneath a lengthening shadow,
And watched the runners first their strength control;
As grew the race their feet scarce pressed the meadow;
Last, as for life or death, they strained to goal.
So, Lamb of God, Thy life on earth be viewed!
Thy grief first runs, then rushes, to the Rood.

* 'Hart of the Morning' is the title to the twenty-second Psalm.—Bible Version.

One sang—still singing heav'nly-sweet in death—
His lyre attuned to the first Christmas Day,
'What sound first woke the angels' Gloria?
"Lo, in a manger swathed Christ slumbereth!"'
Wilt hear what Christ at His life's ending saith?
Wilt mark the word at which armed men fall low?
'Lo, Jesus I, of lowly Nazareth!
If ye seek Me let these My firstlings go.'
Ah me! what profit, the Good Shepherd smitten,
In a scorned name a moment's victory?
Lo! on the Cross, in threefold symbols written,
A Name o'er ev'ry name that Name shall be;
Satan shall fall back thence in ruin untold;
Christ's sheep shall go their way to Christ's new fold.

Who doth without the high-priest's palace weep?
I, Peter; I who, when the Lord foretold
The sheep's dispersion from the Shepherd's fold,
Answered, 'All fleeing, I my place will keep;'
Who thought to follow Him from steep to steep,
Ev'n when He warned me of this shameful hour,
With Him to toil and rest, to wake and sleep,
Were prison or were death His earthly dower;
Who late upraised the sword against the foeman,
While Love outstretched a healing hand for sword;
Who, bound to own His Name to Jew and Roman,
Ere twice the cock crew, thrice denied my Lord;
He turned and looked on me; and I, each day,
Will weep, weep, weep, my span of life away.

Art thou, O brother, slave of deathful sloth?
O come and listen on our isle's south shore;
A sadder voice the winter sea comes o'er
Than knew the mournful seer of Anathoth.[7]
It is the Bridegroom sorrowing broken troth;
It is the Prince of Peace with standard furled;
O shall we say the bounteous Heav'n is wroth
Or cry, repenting, 'Sin is in the world'?
'The Christus I, the Son from Heav'n descended;
Thou sit'st to judge Me now, but thou shalt stand
Before My judgement-seat when time is ended,
And quick and dead are rendered to My hand.'
Thus spake the Love ere death—O wake and fear;
Wars and war-rumours say the end is near.

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[7] Written during the Franco-German War.

Come nigh and smite my face and rend my hair;
Contemner of my baseness, spit on me;
Against my soul in hate's consistory
Scourges and thorns and bitter cross prepare.
I have crowned self with crowns which none may wear
But He Who gave me being; I with pride
Have robed me as with scarlet; be my share
All which they mocked the King with ere He died.
Sweet Lord, by me the crown of thorns was woven,
By me the Cross set up 'twixt earth and sky;
My life was nigh to hell as grass to oven;
But Thou for me upon the Cross didst die;
And I for Thee would do and bear 'midst men
All which for all Thou didst and barest then.

'Silent and calm, by king and judge confessed
Guiltless of ev'ry crime men charge on Thee,
Know'st not that death and freedom are of me?
Why thus to many words nought answerest?'
Why to Christ only makes the judge behest?
Do sheep at shearing ought of warfare wage?
Why sits the pelican with crimson breast
O'er her young brood in many an old-world page?
The lamb goes meekly from the fold to slaughter;
The nest beside the river knows no cry;
The Son of God is mute while Sion's daughter
Without the judgement-hall shouts 'Crucify!'
Can He be Son of God Who 'bides such ban?
But now His hour is come. Behold the Man!

Behold the Man! from the sweet Heav'n behold Him,
Angels of God! upon the Cross He hangs;
Joy came from Heav'n to earth in Christ; but pangs
Are in the happy place now deaths enfold Him.
Ah, since the traitor to the chief priests sold Him
Ye have been camping on the starry verge;
But might beyond your might shall all uphold Him,
Though they who sang His birth should chant His dirge.
'Think ye I war as sin, My foe, is warring?
Then at My prayer their flaming swords had waved
Twelve angel-legions, My one purpose marring,
For how then had a ruined world been saved?
Sheathe then the sword, My friends, beneath, above;
I war, I conquer, but by suffering love.'

Lily of the valleys, Flow'r the whole world scenting,
Crushed by the storm beneath the Death-tree's shade,
What art shall limn thee, gracious Mother-maid?
What 'songs of night' are sad as thy lamenting?
Thou canst not win from those sharp nails relenting,
Thou hast not pow'r that thorn-crowned Head to ease,
Thou feel'st the soul-sword of thy Son's presenting,
Thou canst not soothe its pain by ministries.
But hark! to thee and to the holy brother
Whom Jesus loves, who lay on Jesus' breast,
'Behold thy son!' He cries, 'Behold thy mother!'
Eternal God in suffering manifest.
Mother of God! in this world's lonely wild
Be thou the Mother of each pilgrim child.

Lo! with the wicked I do make My grave;
Lo! I foreact the awful judgement-day;
I hear a voice upon My left hand say,
'If Thou be Christ Thyself and us now save.'
My first-fruits! O My first-fruits! thou dost crave,
Thou at My right, a worthier gift of Me;
I in My Blood thy robber-stains fair lave,
I in My kingdom will remember thee.
The blood of Abel in the field outflowing,
He crossed the river set two worlds between;
There after-souls have gone, there thou art going,
But That which thou shalt see there none have seen,
The Breaker first gone up, th' eternal King
To Paradise a saved soul welcoming.[8]

Time is in sickness like a wounded bird;
The spirit flies to home and rest afar;
But wings which beat against a viewless bar
By men who wander free beneath are heard.
Ye faithful dead, ill speaks *your* time this word;
Your day of pain was long, but angels seven
Sent from the Cross around you ministered,
And turned the weary hours to opening heaven.
Angels the words by Love Incarnate spoken
From the sharp bed where He so long had lain;
The patient three-hour hush by angels broken,
They could not break the mighty three-hour pain.
Lo! when at last His lips were closed, His side
Opened to send one Angel more, the Bride.

[8] Micah, ii. 13.

'Tis said[9] by men amid the sunset roaming
That when red orb first touches wave or hill,
There comes on all a shudder damp and chill
By field and town and ocean shoreward foaming.
It passes when the light is merged in gloaming;
O it is orphan nature's sunset-sigh;
For earth, air, sea, and all which heav'n is doming,
Their heart knows anguish that the sun should die.
All day men roam the love of God forgetting,
But evening voices to the soul cry 'Hark!
The Sun of Righteousness in blood is setting;
What wonder if the mortal sun be dark?
What wonder if the heart of rocks lament,
The Rock which bears the universe sin-rent?'

Was it to crave of the sharp Cross its Burden
Earth at Christ's dying bared her heart of pain?
By deathful germs long ages vexed amain
Has she now skill the Lord of Life to warden?
Let men their hearts against the Christ still harden,
Earth in her heart the Christ shall wall and dome;
O never yet such Seed was sown in garden!
O never yet had Holy God such home!
What mean with Christ the myrrh and aloes storëd?
He needs not sweetness Who makes all things sweet;
And wherefore do men weep where sins are buried
Which shall not rise again sad eyes to greet?
But all is dimness save to go away
And keep with tears and prayers that Sabbath day.

Immanuel! Immanuel! Hours rolling,
The time and times and half-a-time die well;
Though soul and flesh a season sundered dwell,
God is with us, all creature-force controlling.
God is with us—hope's prisoners *here* consoling—
Triumphing *there*—on either half-way shore;
God is with us, corruption's death-knell tolling
Where late to rest the Victim slain they bore.
God is our God; He faints not, nor is weary;
He sleeps so light He hears earth's feeblest sigh;
Of unborn hearts He lists each *Miserere:*
Ah, doth He list the faltering lips which try
To sing His war with sin and death and hell,
God battling in our van, Immanuel?

ARTHUR MIDDLEMORE MORGAN.

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[9] Dr. Neale mentions this in a story for children about the Decimated Legion. He applies it to the inward experience of those who witness the dying of a good man.

EVE.

'Which is the mother of us all.'

I.

O MOTHER, Mother, with thy sunny hair
  Leaned on the Knowledge Tree—
Our hearts but tremble into love and prayer,
  What time we think on thee.

Thou standest in the shadow old and dim,
  With those wet eyes of thine,
A little sadder than the cherubim,
  And hardly less divine.

The conquerors, passing near thy resting-place,
  Might droop their boughs of palm,
The singing angels for a little space
  Cease that triumphant psalm.

For Earth still sends a burst of sobs and tears
  To dash the rising song;
Thy own sad children wailing through the spheres,
  'How long, O Lord, how long?'

II.

O Mother, Mother, with thy sunny hair
  Leaned on the Tree of Life—
To me thou art a symbol, passing fair,
  Of the Lamb's bride and wife.

I see thee with thy dream of trouble spent,
  Thy joy not yet begun,
Thine eyes upon the Mother Mary bent,
  And hers upon her Son.

The marriage-feast is spread—but all is kept
  In waiting for the bride,
She was wakened, while her Bridegroom slept,
  Out of His wounded side.

The guests are thronging; in His Mother's eyes
  The old petition see—
'They have no wine!' and He once more replies,
  'Hast *thou* no trust in Me?'

His Face is full of such a tender light,
  She asks no further sign;
She knows the water, could she see it right,
  Is turning into wine.

III.

And thou, our Mother, lifting up thy brow
  From off His Mother's breast,
The same meek faith is shining from it now,
  That last shall still be best.

Thou listenest, as thy children one by one,
  Out of the darkness come,
Into the shining of the Holy Son,
  To bid us welcome home.

Glad eyes, yet swimming with repentant tears,
  Beseech us not to grieve;
Thy heart is with us through the long long years,
  O Woman, Mother, Eve!

M. C.

SONGS OF OTHER CHURCHES.

BY LOUIS COUTIER BIGGS, M.A.

XIII.

BOHEMIAN HYMNS. *(concluded.)*—HUNGARIAN HYMNS.

THE following article, so far as the hymns of Bohemia are concerned, comes to me from the Rev. A. H. Wratislaw, being written by him, as was the last article, specially for these pages.

In our last number an outline was given of Bohemian hymnology, with specimens of various dates. It was, however, but an imperfect sketch, and may well be supplemented by both additional remarks and additional specimens.

John Huss was not a star rising out of the blackness of darkness, but one that had several brilliant precursors—Conrad of Waldhausen, an Austrian naturalized in Bohemia, (1360–1369,) Milicz of Kremsier, a Moravian, (1363–1374,) and Matthias of Janow, (1380–1393,)—the last of whom excelled him in intellectual power and originality of thought, though not in clear-sightedness, vigour of character, and energy.[1] The

[1] A full account of these three men will be found in 'The Contemporary Review' for February, 1870.

celebrated Neander devoted a paper—which he read before the Academy of Science at Berlin, on August 13th, 1847, and afterwards printed—to the consideration of Matthias of Janow's writings and character.

'The study of the writings of Matthias of Janow,' he says, 'if one goes directly from them to that of the works of Huss, shews that already, quite independently of Wycliffe, a reaction against the Hierarchy in Bohemia, proceeding immediately from the religious interest and from sympathy with the religious wants and requirements of the people, had formed itself—a reaction which, although it still attached itself to the dominant ecclesiastical system, was yet already based upon the principle of the German Reformation, reference to CHRIST alone and His Word in Holy Scripture.' Then follows a noble parallel between Matthias and Luther—a parallel which Neander alone could have drawn; for he—with the exception of the Bohemian Palacký—is perhaps the only person who has studied the entire writings of the former remarkable man, the MS. of them having been sent expressly for his use from Prague to Berlin. We formerly shared the popular belief, that Huss was intellectually a mere disciple of Wycliffe; a perusal, however, of this treatise of Neander's, and a comparison of various extracts from Matthias of Janow with Huss's lately reprinted Bohemian works, has convinced us that Huss was indebted to Wycliffe, the 'Master of deep thoughts,' as he calls him, for little but philosophy and exegetic theology; everything else was of native Bohemian growth, and proceeded either from himself or from Matthias of Janow.

It is impossible to conceive that such a movement could have been unaccompanied by religious poetry, although the Jesuit crusade against Bohemian literature has left us but scanty remains to select from. We give a hymn, which appears to have been written in a time of famine—sometime after the year 1378, but before the end of the fourteenth century. Two stanzas, asking respectively for the prayers of the Virgin and the Saints, are omitted.

Our GOD Almighty rose
From death, to save His foes;
Then praise we Him on earth,
As Scripture bids, with mirth.
Kyrie eleison.

Three days He buried lay,
He might no longer stay;
Pierced were His Hands and Feet
For man's Salvation sweet.
Kyrie eleison.

JESUS, Thou didst arise,
Ensample to our eyes,
That we shall live again,
And aye with GOD remain.
Kyrie eleison.

JESUS, our LORD most dear,
Thy realm and subjects hear,
Us sinful Christian men,
By all Thou suffeedst then!
Kyrie eleison.

O holy Mary's SON,
Forgive each sinful one;
LORD JESUS, in our need,
Thou Who art risen indeed!
Kyrie eleison.

O heavenly King most dear,
Thy Czeskish people hear;
Relieve us from this dearth,
And plenty grant on earth.
Kyrie eleison.

In answer to our cry,
Peace and tranquillity
Grant, Jesus, glorious King,
That all Thy praise may sing!
Kyrie eleison.

Forgive our sinful state,
From error liberate;
And grant us bounteously
Thy Church's unity!
Kyrie eleison.

It is marvellous how ill-informed are even the best English writers with regard to Bohemian history, especially during the Hussite period. Even Hallam, in his admirable 'View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages,' falls into some of the most extraordinary popular errors. Passing over the ordinary mistake as to the safe-conduct given by the Emperor Sigismund, then King of the Romans, to John Huss—which was intended, not to secure him from condemnation, but to ensure him honourable treatment and a fair trial before condemnation—we find him stating that the Hussite leader Ziska's successes were 'the more marvellous, that he was totally deprived of sight.'[1] He certainly lost the sight of one eye in his youth, but the remaining one was perfectly serviceable, when he won his first victories over Sigismund in 1420. Neither did he actually lose his sight till July, 1421, from an arrow-shot at the siege of the castle of Rabi, when his renown as a general was thoroughly established. His peculiar followers were not the Taborites, as stated by Hallam, but those who after his death, in 1424, took the name of Orphans, occupying a middle position in point of doctrine and ceremonies between the Calixtine-Utraquists[2] and the Taborites, much as the Lutherans occupy a middle position between the Church of England and the Calvinistic Protestants. Nor did the Bohemians fly to arms on account of the atrocity committed by the Council of Constance in burning Huss, but because of the systematic and cruel persecutions directed against all who rejected the authority of the See of Rome. The first serious conflict took place in November, 1419, more than four years after the death of Huss. If writers like Hallam can be thus in error, what wonder that entire misconception as to the character and position of the Bohemians should prevail in England, where people are entirely ignorant of the language and literature of this extraordinary nation, gaining their only knowledge of it from 'La Prusse Israëlite-Allemande' of Vienna? Indeed, the great terror of the Viennese is, lest Pesth and Prague should supplant Vienna as the capital cities of the Austrian Empire; and hence it comes that the Bohemians are, as Palacký says, the best-calumniated nation in Europe.

However, the Bohemians can always appeal to the evidence of that branch transplanted to a foreign soil, which is so well known under the

[1] An interesting, and on the whole accurate, account of Ziska may be seen in a little shilling book by the Rev. W. E. Houldey, published by the S. P. C. K.—L. C. B.

[2] Both these names are derived from their demand of the Eucharistic Cup for the laity. *Calixtines*, from *Calix*, a Chalice; *Utraquists*, because they received '*sub utrâque specie*,' in both kinds.—L. C. B.

name of the Church of the 'Moravian Brethren.' If the branch be good, the root must have been good; and nowhere in Protestant Germany are the truest principles of Christianity more fully carried out in practice than among these Moravians, whether at home or in their missionary establishments. Let us listen to a paraphrase of The Lord's Prayer, from the pen of one of their ancestors, the Bohemian Brethren, which appears in the collection, first printed in the year 1505,[3] from which we have already given an extract in our last number.

Death to each man draweth nigh,
Old and young alike must die;
None can hide himself from death,
Or redeem his fleeting breath,
Only to his God for aid can flee,
For our ever-loving Father He.

Towards Him gazing in the sky,
Mind and heart uplifted high,
Let us every wish upraise,
Hope in faith through all our days,
In the Name of Christ our only Lord,
And His grace entreat with one accord.

Father, Who in Heaven art,
Look on us in earth apart,
Us, who Thee in faith revere,
Honour Thee with loving fear;
Cause us not, O Lord, for aye to die,
But be pleased to hear our prayer and cry.

Hallowed be Thy sacred Name,
From Thy love a gift that came;
Hallowed be Thy only Son,
Who new lineage hath begun;
Those in whom Thy Name doth bright appear,
Grant them to the end to persevere.

Let Thy Kingdom come below,
Conquered by Thy Christ in woe;
Grant that we partakers be
Of the Church's unity;
Grant us in Thy truth to persevere,
In Thy endless kingdom to appear.

Be Thy Will this earth upon,
As it is in Heaven, done;
That we may Thy children be,
And Thy heirs adopted free;
With Thy Will may live agreed alway,
And in Christ may truly Thee obey.

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[3] 'In 1531, Michael Weiss published the hymns of the Bohemian Brethren, translated into German, with the addition of several of his own.'—*Lyra Germanica*, II., p. viii.

See, O Lord, our present need,
Give Thou us our daily bread;
Thou, Who didst the Manhood give,
That we might in Spirit live,
Deign to us to grant Thy Godhead too,
Strengthen us, that we our work may do.

Lord, our debts forgive us all,
Specially each weaker fall;
As we others do forgive,
So forgiven may we live;
For Thy Son's dread wounds and tortures drear,
O accept His intercession dear.

Lead us not temptation in,
Lest that weakness gender sin,
Which the devil doth devise,
Which from appetite doth rise,
Which is fired by worldly vanity,
Tempting Hope against Faith's warning cry.

But deliver us from ill,
From the foe, malicious still,
From the overpowering might
Lent him here in our despite:
Grant us in Thy truth below to die,
With Thee evermore to reign on high.

Yea, Amen! we Thee implore,
Trust Thy promise evermore,
In the heavens to ratify
That for which on earth we sigh;
That Thou wilt do this of Thy great grace,
In Thyself alone our hope we place.

A collection of National Songs, with tunes, was published by Karel Jaromir Erben in 1842–45, at Prague. Most of these are of a secular nature; but there are a few of a religious character, which partake so nearly of the nature of hymns, that we feel our collection would not be complete without specimens of these, which we believe to have been taken down from the lips of peasants. Our first specimen is entitled '*Zadost Staroczechu*,'—

LONGING OF THE ANCIENT BOHEMIANS.

That to us the Lord God
Would grant His dear love,
Our sins would forgive, and
Grant Heaven above!
For nought else we wish,
But only just this,
That to us the Lord God
Would grant His dear love!

Our second specimen is 'A Little Child's Evening Hymn,' the melody belonging to which is extremely beautiful:—

Sweet be my slumbers,
  Peacefully sleeping,
CHRIST and good Angels,
CHRIST and good Angels,
  Watch o'er me keeping!

Far from my bed be
  Evil and sorrow;
Guard me to-night, LORD,
Guard me to-night, LORD,
  Guard me to-morrow!

We trust that the specimens we have given of that part of the old Bohemian literature, which consists of hymns and poems of a devotional character, will interest our readers in the fate of this cruelly treated, but persevering and energetic, people. Once it stood alone against the whole power of Rome and the Empire, for the sake of truth, knowledge, and righteousness; it was betrayed and crushed for two centuries and a half: may it not now claim at least a few kind words and a few kind wishes, in recognition of the services it formerly rendered to the whole human race?

THOSE of our readers who have been interested by the articles on Hungarian History, now appearing in this magazine, may perhaps be glad to see some specimens of translations from the Magyar hymns. There is said to be scarcely a village in Hungary which lacks its poet; and doubtless, any enterprising explorer who possessed some knowledge of the Magyar tongue, might find numerous hymn-writers among these. But the language is little known; and considering that it has 'nothing in common with the languages of Europe,'[1] we need not wonder at its being so rarely studied. I am indebted to Miss Selina Gaye for sending me in English prose the three specimens which I have here attempted to versify in the somewhat peculiar original metres. I hope to add some further examples, with particulars as to their authorship, next month.

HYMN FOR THE EVENING OF GOOD FRIDAY.

The suffering One,
His conflict done
In quiet grave at rest is laid:
My rest, if in Thy steps I tread,
Shall so be won,
Thou suffering One!

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[1] See the account of it in 'Sketches from Hungarian History,' The Monthly Packet, New Series, Vol. V., p. 86. The north of Hungary is occupied by the Slovaks, whose literary language is the same as that of Bohemia, though their spoken language is very dialectic. Some of these Slovaks have been amongst the best modern writers in the Bohemian language.

Thou mayest rest there,
Who everywhere
Wast doing good Thy whole life through;—
Who seeketh thus to live and do,
When life doth cease,
He findeth peace.

That thorn-girt Brow
Yet resteth now:
His noble Heart became His rest,
For, sunk upon His sacred Breast,
His dying Head
At rest was laid.

His conflict done,
The Suffering One
In quiet grave is laid to sleep:
My rest, if in Thy steps I keep,
Thou Suffering One,
Shall so be won!

The author of the preceding hymn is Székász Jozsef, an evangelical pastor in Pesth. It is taken, as well as the other two hymns now given, from the prayer-book which is most widely accepted by the Hungarian 'Evangelical Church.'

HYMN TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Holy Spirit of the Father,
Be my Leader as I go,
When the tempests round me gather,
When my tears of sorrow flow.
If I suffer, comfort me;
If I faint, my Helper be;
Lest my heart's best comfort perish,
Thou my hopes for ever cherish.

Spirit, Love and Wisdom giving,
Thou Who blessing dost outpour,
Heavenward may my soul be striving,
Winged by ardent zeal, to soar.
Let my life's small narrow sphere
Shew my faith's reflection clear,
Be my bliss in others' gladness,
Be their joy my cure for sadness.

Spirit, source of truth and pleasure,
Thou Who courage canst inspire,
Make my soul's eternal treasure
All its longing and desire:
That, though nought on earth be mine,
I may keep the joys divine,
Life of this world freely spending
For the gain of Life unending.

SPIRIT, of blest peace the Giver,
  And true rest, within me dwell;
When I evil seek, deliver;
  Bless me, when I would do well.
  Till the turf is o'er me laid,
  Let Thy peace on me be shed;
Peace, when dawns the judgment morning,
Be my soul's complete adorning.
  Amen.

A PRAYER FOR LIGHT.

Thou, O GOD, the Fountain art, bestowing
  Through the Universe Thy fadeless Light;
Thou the Source, whence rills of light are flowing,
  With their radiance flooding Heaven's height:
Thence is drawn the life of every flower,
Life which earth and starry worlds are sharing;
From the ocean of Thy Brightness shower
One soft beam, from night our spirits clearing.

Give Thy Light to all who, power possessing,
  In the fear of Thy great Power must live;
Give their councils Light, that through Thy Blessing,
  They may all for holy wisdom strive.
Let Thy Light Thy people's teachers lighten,
Lest they blindly lead poor sinners blinded;
Let Thy Light Thy children's spirits brighten,
That they may to sing Thy praise be minded.

Send Thy Light abroad, that so each nation
  May to realms around true brother prove,
And, set free from strife and emulation,
  All together may be joined in love.
That thereby Thy Kingdom may be hastened,
(Which Thy SON redeemed, His Life-Blood shedding,
On the mournful Cross of suffering fastened,)
Holy peace and grace to all men spreading.

Fill with Light this land we love so dearly:
  Oh, illuminate each shadowy dell,
And each plain, by virtue's sun too rarely
  Visited, wherein our brethren dwell.
That the sweetest fruits of holy learning
Nearer Thee men's inmost hearts uplifting,
May with blessing fill, and bring returning
Each poor hopeless soul in error drifting.

Give Thy Light, that Faith and Hope unfading
  And blest Love, may ever with us stay:
Faith to Thee, FATHER of blessing, leading
  All Thy children by the appointed way;
Love, which, when in purest ardour glowing,
Dust with fellow dust on earth uniteth;
Hope, which plants her step on death's o'erthrowing,
And true virtue with its crown requiteth.

(*To be continued.*)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CIX.

'KING RICHARD IV.'

1491–1499.

MARGARET OF YORK, the widow of Charles the Bold of Burgundy, continued to hate Henry Tudor with a deadly and consistent hatred. To her he was the base pettifogger who had climbed into the seat that her father and brothers had fought and died for as the right of their birth, and was now staining the honour of that seat by his intrigues and jobbery instead of honest fighting.

Now there was a lad growing up at Tournay who had been always considered as the son of respectable parents of the burgher class named Warbeck. His Christian name was Peter, which with the Dutch diminutive *kin* became Peterkin or Perkin. Some of the English chroniclers say Perkin was a nickname for a coward, and that the English sailors so called him from his want of spirit. He is said to have been educated by a converted Jew, to whom Edward IV. had stood godfather. At any rate, he was well instructed in all the learning and accomplishments of the day, and having been much among the sailors at the port, spoke several languages, in especial English, and was much noticed by the Yorkist exiles. He was tall and handsome, with much native dignity of manner, and many thought him like the house of Plantagenet. At length a report arose that he was no other than Richard Duke of York, the younger of the two boys who had disappeared in the Tower. To this day it is not certain that he was not. The story of the smothering by Dighton and Forrest halted in many important particulars, and indeed was only brought forward upon Perkin's appearance. His own account was thus: 'That tyrant, blinded and glutted with the cupidity of ruling and sovereignty, commanded Edward my brother and me to be slain and despatched out of this mortal life. Whereupon that person to whom the weighty and cruel charge was committed to oppress and destroy us poor innocent infants and guiltless babes, the more that he abhorred this heinous and butcherly order, the more he feared to omit it; and so wavering in mind and dubious what to do, and the length, willing in part to abstain from so cruel and facinorous a homicide, destroyed my brother and preserved me; like the good priest Josada, which saved little Joas, when all the children of the blood royal were commanded by Athalia the queen to be slain and destroyed. And further, to the intent that my life might be in a surety, he appointed one to convey me into some strange country, where, when I was furthest off, and had most need of comfort, he forsook me suddenly,

(I think he was appointed so to do,) and left me desolate, without friend or knowledge of any relief or refuge.' He then adds, that after many wanderings, his aunt, the Duchess of Burgundy, welcomed him 'as the only type and garland of her noble stirp and lineage.'

The balance of probability points to his having been really the illegitimate offspring of the dissolute Edward, during his residence in Flanders in 1470, at the time of Warwick's brief restoration of Henry VI. This would make him about a year older than the real Richard.

Margaret might have known of his existence, and perhaps aided in his education. This would explain both her interest in him and his own stately appearance and kingly manner; but it is one of the questions of this strange affair whether the Duchess Margaret consciously prepared an imposture out of sheer hatred to Henry VII., or whether she really believed Perkin Warbeck to be one of the lost princes.

The old English chroniclers, who are strong against him, lay the whole blame on Margaret, who they say instructed him in all that could assist his personation, and then sent her 'mawmet'*—*i.e.* puppet—into Portugal in the train of Lady Brompton, a Yorkist refugee. Thence, in 1491, he took ship, and landed in the Cove of Cork, where, as before had been the case with Lambert Simnel, he found his tale readily accepted, partly no doubt for the romance of the thing, and partly for the pleasure of a rising. O'Water, the Mayor of Cork, 'a salvage Irish governor,' declared in his favour; but the Earl of Kildare was more prudent than on the last occasion, and returned an evasive answer.

The French court was only glad to hear of such a means of annoying England. Henry VII. had made so many promises to Maximilian, that when the marriage of Charles VIII. and Anne of Brittany was concluded, he was forced to resent it. The Parliament was only delighted to have a valid excuse for a great war in France, and granted him all the aids he could require; and many persons sold estates to equip themselves, expecting to be repaid by French plunder. With a considerable force, Henry himself crossed to Calais; and Charles, by way of counter blow, invited the so-called Duke of York to his court. The invitation was gladly accepted, and about one hundred Yorkist exiles flocked round the stranger at Paris, while the Sieur de Concressault, a French gentleman whose real surname of Monipenny testified to his Scottish parentage, was appointed to command a guard of honour which was given to him.

Henry laid siege to Boulogne, but after a languid fashion, never making an attack in earnest, and soon publishing in the camp that his allies had disappointed him. Finally, he concluded a peace with Charles, on the promise of £149,000, to be paid in instalments. He had told his parliament that he would make the war pay, but they did not expect that it would be only to himself; and there were many who

* Mahomet, to old English writers, synonymous with idol, image, doll.

said 'he used his wars to plume (pluck) his nobility and to feather himself.'

Another condition that Henry tried to make was that Perkin Warbeck should be delivered up to him. This would have been against Charles's sense of honour; but he consented to harbour the young man no longer, and allowed Concressault to assist him in an escape to Flanders, where the 'diabolical Duchess,' as Hall does not scruple to call Margaret, welcomed him openly as her nephew, called him the White Rose, and assigned him a guard of thirty men, in murrey colour and white.

Her open support of his claim led to a good deal of dispute and annoyance in England. Henry sent messengers to Tournay, who made out the Warbeck parentage; and the King then appealed to the young Archduke Philippe, the real Sovereign of the Low Countries, as son of Marie of Burgundy, to dismiss the impostor. The council of government were divided in opinion as to the man's identity, and finally returned for answer, that though Philippe, out of friendship for Henry, could not assist the adventurer himself, he had no power over the Dowager Duchess, and could not prevent her entertaining any guest she pleased in her own dower lands.

There was quite a resort of Englishmen to 'the Prince of England,' as he was termed. Some were Yorkists who believed in him; others were spies of Henry's who denounced the rest. On their accusation three knights were actually apprehended for high treason, and suffered death; and Lord Fitzwalter, of the house of Ratcliffe, was imprisoned at Calais, and three years later was put to death on an attempt to escape. Sir Robert Clifford seems to have believed in the *soi disant* prince, and was deep in his counsels; but gifts and promises won him back to Henry; and finding that his pardon was to be purchased by betraying his associates, he declared Sir William Stanley to be in the plot. It was an immense surprise to the King, who owed to Stanley the victory at Bosworth, and was very unwilling to proceed against him; but to everyone's surprise he confessed his correspondence with Warbeck, and was beheaded. Some said that his guilt consisted merely in having said, 'Were I sure this were Edward's son I would not fight against him,' and that the huge wealth which the King obtained by confiscation of his property was the real reason that he was put to death; but Henry probably felt that his only security was in making terrible examples of the danger of holding any intercourse with the pretender. However, when Perkin made a descent upon Deal, the country people rose and repulsed him, driving him back to Flanders, which Henry punished by removing the mart for English wool from Antwerp to Calais.

If Henry's crooked policy met with success in some quarters, it did harm in others. James IV. of Scotland could not particularly wish to keep on the throne a neighbour who encouraged his own subjects in plots for kidnapping him; and a short time after the discovery of old Bell the Cat's scheme for deporting him to England and to Henry's

tender mercies, he politely received an intimation from the Duchess of Burgundy that the Prince of England would visit Scotland, and made ready Stirling Castle for his reception.

There Perkin was welcomed with great state, and gave much satisfaction by his noble appearance and good manners. He was judged not to have the perfect aptitude for court etiquette to be expected in a prince reared in his natural sphere; but he had much grace, noble sentiments, and was well accomplished both in mind and body. James fully accepted him, and even gave him for a wife his own cousin, Lady Katharine Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Huntley and of a daughter of James I. There is a curious letter still preserved, from Warbeck to this lady, complimenting her on her 'eyes as brilliant as stars,' her 'neck which outshines pearls,' her 'fine forehead,' her 'purple light of youth,' her 'fair hair,' and calling her his soul and consolation, the brightest ornament of Scotland. She really was very beautiful, and deeply attached to him, and was known as the White Rose of Scotland. He also had a correspondence with most of the sovereigns of Europe, in especial with Fernando and Isabel; but to them he committed himself by saying that he was nine years old when taken to the Tower, whereas Richard of York was certainly eleven.

After a course of entertainments, James, early in 1496, sent forth letters to muster his army for his friend's support. Roderic de Lalain brought over a force of French and Burgundians, raised by the Duchess of Burgundy, and there was a correspondence with the English Border gentlemen; but the Scots for once were averse to the war, and were slow to assemble, and the same John Ramsay who had once been the favourite of James III., and was now in the counsels of James IV., was betraying them to the English king, and persuaded the King's brother, the Duke of Ross, with the Earl of Buchan and others, to defeat the enterprise as soon as the Border was crossed, by seizing Warbeck in his tent and delivering him up to Henry.

However, Warbeck by the help of the Duchess raised fourteen hundred adventurers of all nations; and in 1497 James collected his forces at Ellamkirk, and they marched into England together, setting forth a proclamation in the name of Richard IV., King of England. Very few however joined him, and the Scots made war in their usual fashion, with horrible and barbarous ravages. Perkin, bred up to a cultivated life in peaceful Flanders, was greatly distressed, and besought that his people might be spared; but all the answer he got from James, was, 'Sir, methinkith you take much pain for the realm of another prince.'

Pity was nothing but weakness in the eyes of the fifteenth century. Hall calls this stern answer 'reproving the lightness of this young fond foundling;' and of the foundling's own sentiment of compassion says, 'It is a world to remember in this place of a certain kind of ridiculous mercy and compassion, by the which Perkin was so sore moved, that it

seemed him to regard nothing more than the commodity of another man.'

Certainly, horror at bloodshed might seem to be an evidence against his being the son of the victor of Towton and Tewkesbury. This seems to have been his only token of cowardice. He was not delivered up by Ramsay; for the Scots found little to subsist upon, and on the approach of an English army, insisted on being led back again; so James retreated, taking Perkin with him, and returned to the gaieties of his court, while the Homes availed themselves of the state of hostility of the two countries to make forays on the Borders.

The tax which this war rendered necessary led to a great outbreak in Cornwall, where the populace cried out for the execution of Archbishop Morton the Chancellor, and led by one Flammock, an attorney, and Joseph, a blacksmith, advanced into Somersetshire, where Lord Audley joined them and led them across the country as far as to Blackheath. It was not a rising in favour of 'Richard IV.,' only against paying taxes, and its progress was so easy because the army was away in the north, opposing the Scots; and when the troops returned, Henry only waited for a Saturday, which he regarded as his lucky day, and then caused the Earl of Oxford to fall on the rear of the rebels, while he himself withstood them in the front. The Cornishmen stoutly defended Deptford Bridge, but when that was taken fled, and all the leaders were made prisoners; Lord Audley was beheaded, the other two hanged, and the rest were pardoned, probably because they do not seem to have shewn any cruelty or barbarity on their march.

James made another attempt to advance into England; but his people would not take up Warbeck's cause, and the Spanish ambassadors undertook to make peace. Don Pedro de Ayala was the ambassador to Henry; Don Pedro de Puebla to James, with whom he seems to have been much struck. He says, he was 'as handsome in complexion and shape as a man could be,' and spoke Latin, French, German, Flemish, Italian, and Spanish, besides 'the language of the savages who live in some parts of Scotland and on the islands.' Also, he was well read in the Bible, devout books, and English and French histories, ate no meat on Wednesdays and Fridays, and would not ride even to Mass on Sunday for any consideration. He heard two Masses daily, and said all his prayers; he was liberal in almsgiving, and 'rarely even in jest a word escaped him that was not the truth;' and what Puebla called a miracle was that he had never seen 'a man so temperate in eating and drinking out of Spain; indeed, such a thing seems to be superhuman in these countries.'

Ayala and Puebla, with most of the Scots on their side, persuaded James that he could not maintain the cause of Warbeck any longer; but he could not be persuaded to give up his guest to his enemies; he treated him with royal honours to the last, and when at last obliged to part, made another feigned attack on England, carrying with him the favourite

Scottish cannon, Mons Meg, while his great captain, Robert Barton, in his best ship, conveyed the adventurer and Lady Katharine from Ayr to Cork. The Irish would not rise in Warbeck's favour; and he therefore proceeded to Bodmin, where he found the Cornishmen quite ready for a fresh plea for insurrection; and placing Lady Katharine for security at St. Michael's Mount, he marched at the head of three thousand men to Exeter. There the citizens held out against him bravely. One of the gates he burnt down; but they, 'repulsing fire by fire,' kept up the flames he had raised till they had dug a deep trench behind, which effectually kept him out. He gave up the assault, and advanced as far as Taunton, where the royal army came in sight. Perkin put his forces in array at night, and rode up and down encouraging them; but the sight of the great well-ordered army of England, to which he had only wild Cornishmen to oppose, made him give up his cause as hopeless, and in the night he left them to their fate, took a swift horse, and rode with sixty men to the New Forest, where he took sanctuary at Beaulieu Abbey. When his departure was discovered, the Cornishmen submitted to Henry, who hung their leaders; and after the others, bare-headed and with halters round their necks, had besought his mercy, he let them go home as best they might.

He himself advanced to Exeter, whence he sent a party to bring him Lady Katharine from St. Michael's Mount. She came into his presence blushing and in tears, and her loveliness touched even his cold heart. He treated her kindly, and sent her to London, with 'a goodly sort of grave and sad matrons,' to his queen. She remained as her attendant, and was still called, for her beauty, the White Rose of Scotland.

Severe fines were laid on all the villages which had assisted Perkin, and exacted with great rigour; while the King sent troops to surround Beaulieu. He would not violate the sanctuary, but it was impossible to leave it, and constant persuasions were addressed to the fugitive to come forth on the promise of pardon. He yielded at last; and the King spared his life, though he would not see him, but on the return to London caused him to ride at some distance in the rear to the Tower. Everyone watched him with curiosity, and when he entered the Tower, expected never to see him more; but he was presently conducted to Westminster, where for six months he lived, apparently at large, but really never allowed to stir out of sight of his keepers, and continually brought before commissioners who examined him on every circumstance in his life.

This lasted about six months, and then he succeeded in making his escape; but the tidings were no sooner known than the King's guards were all on the alert, every port was watched, and he was obliged at last to surrender himself to the Prior of Shene. Intercession was made for him to the King, who again spared his life, but caused him to be put in irons, conducted from the front of Westminster Hall to the stocks in Cheapside, and at each place made to read a confession, probably drawn

up by the commissioners who had examined him, declaring himself to be a native of Tournay, son of John Warbecke, and so on. After this he was imprisoned in the Tower, where the state captives seem to have lived together rather as if they were in a castle. Here he made acquaintance with the young weak-minded Earl of Warwick, whom at that very time a shoe-maker's son, named Ralph Wulford, was personating—like Lambert Simnel—in Kent. Henry must have been wearied out with these impostors, for he did not spare this third, but put him at once to death.

After about a year's captivity, Warbeck was found to be conspiring in the Tower. He must have been a very winning and attractive person, for all who came in contact with him both believed his story and were bound to his cause. Not only the poor half imbecile Edward of Warwick was gained over by him, but also four of the warders in the Tower, who undertook to murder their lieutenant, Sir John Digby, get the keys, and conduct the two captives to some place of safety, where the one might be proclaimed as Richard IV., and the other, as Duke of Clarence, might raise the retainers of his house. The plot was discovered, and they were brought to trial; but it was believed by some that Henry had employed agents to tempt the two unhappy young men into treason, that he might have an excuse for ridding himself of them. They were not tried together, but Warbeck, after long deliberation on the forms of law, was indicted for having come into the kingdom to levy war against the King, and on the 23rd of November, 1499, was drawn to Tyburn with his first adherent, John O'Water, Mayor of Cork, and there, he having confessed on the faith of a dying man that the statement he had read in the stocks was true, they were both put to death.

Warwick's trial had been going on at the same time before the House of Lords, though he was not technically a peer, his father's attainder never having been reversed, and he never having taken the oaths, having been a prisoner ever since his birth; and he was now twenty-nine. He was arraigned for having conspired with Warbeck to raise sedition and destroy the King. He probably hardly knew what the words meant, but he pleaded guilty as he was bidden; and there was no mercy for him, innocent as he was. The personations of him, and the eager attachment of the people to the last male Plantagenet, made Henry feel his throne insecure while that feeble guileless life continued. Foreign powers regarded connections with his family as dangerous; and he confirmed the sentence by which Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, was beheaded on Tower Hill on the 24th of November, 1499.

So, with the fifteenth century, closed the family which had been the most able and distinguished in Europe for at least two centuries.

The only heirs of Plantagenet were now females: the Queen; her four sisters—of whom Cecily was the wife of Lord Wells; Anne, of Thomas Howard, afterwards Duke of Norfolk; Katharine, of William Courtenay, eldest son of the Earl of Devon; and Bridget, a nun at Deptford.

Margaret, the sister of the unfortunate Warwick, was married to Richard de la Pole. This nobleman was the son of Elizabeth Plantagenet, the sister of Edward IV., by her second marriage. Her eldest son, the Earl of Lincoln, had died in Lambert Simnel's conspiracy; but her second marriage had given her two other sons, Edmund Earl of Suffolk, and Richard. The other two daughters of Richard of York, Margaret, Duchess of Burgundy, and Anne, Lady St. Leger, were childless; so that royal blood was comprised in these few families, together with Henry Stafford, the young Duke of Buckingham, a descendant of Thomas, son of Edward III.

Lady Katharine, the White Rose, remained at Henry's court, without ever returning to Scotland. She afterwards married Sir Matthew Cradock, with whom she seems to have led a happy life. She lies buried with him in Swansea Church, in Glamorganshire. Happily she had brought Perkin no child to perpetuate the claim; but she bore one daughter to Sir Matthew, Margaret, who married Sir Edward Herbert of Ewyas, who in the time of Edward VI. became Earl of Pembroke.

(To be continued.)

THE PILLARS OF THE HOUSE;

OR,

UNDER WODE, UNDER RODE.

CHAPTER XXV.

DON OR MYNHEER?

'Hear the truth—
A lame girl's truth, whom no one ever praised
For being patient.'

George Elliot.

One morning, after a private interview with Alda, Mr. Underwood entered the drawing-room, hilariously announcing that Alda was a lucky girl this time, for now she had a man in no fear of his relations.

Geraldine was glad of the need of getting into the carriage directly, and that her transit to Mr. Renville's was too brief for any answer to be needed to her companion's warm satisfaction. Affairs of this sort had come so thickly upon the family in the course of the last eighteen months, that she did not feel the excitement of novelty; and she wished so little to dwell on the present, that at the museum, the absorbing interest of her life-study drove out the immediate recollection of the stranger life-study she had left.

There could be no question as to the veritable cause of Alda's conduct

to Ferdinand; but Cherry was too much ashamed of it to rejoice in her own justification, scarcely even hoping that Marilda would perceive it.

Most likely Alda would have preferred staving off the crisis a little longer—at least till those keen eyes were out of sight—but she had now to do with a man whose will it was not easy to parry, and whom delay and coyness might have driven off altogether. Cherry did not see her till they met at luncheon; and there was Sir Adrian, who promoted the little lame girl to a shake of the hand. Alda looked gracious and unusually handsome, being, in fact, relieved from a state of fretting uneasiness; Mrs. Underwood was beaming with triumph; Marilda—again there is no word for it but—glum!

There was a rose show at the Botanic Gardens; but Cherry had declined it, and Marilda immoveably refused to go. After they had seen the other two ladies set off, resplendent under Sir Adrian's escort, Marilda announced her intention of driving, as she often did, to the City, to fetch her father home, and more cordially than of late, offered a seat to Cherry, if she did not mind waiting.

The City to Cherry's ears meant Ferdinand, whom she would not face for worlds; but she told herself that it was not like Bexley, where everyone who went to the bank was sure to be presently seen at Froggatt's, and she would not reject this advance from her cousin.

Indeed, Marilda wanted to talk, and freely told all she had been hearing. The baronetcy was in the third generation, having been conferred on the original transmuter, a Lord Mayor, with whom his son had toiled for the larger half of his days, and comparatively late had bought an estate, and married a lady of quality. He had not long survived, and his widow had re-married. Of her nothing more was known; but her son was so entirely his own master, that her opposition was not likely to be dangerous. Sir Adrian had the reputation of great wealth; and though he partook of the usual amusements of young men, there was no reason to suppose that he did so to an extent that he could not afford. Altogether, it was a brilliant conquest; but 'How one does hate it all!' concluded Marilda.

This was all the amends Cherry received for the reproach that had so keenly wounded her. Probably Marilda had really dismissed the charge; but hers was not a fine-grained mind, used to self-examination or analysis; and she acted on a momentary impression, without much regard to the past or to consistency. Her affections were deep and strong; but partly from circumstances they were like those of a dog, depending rather on contact than esteem. She had accepted Edgar and Alda as brother and sister, and whatever they did, stood by them with all her might; nor did she ever so much as realize that Alda had been wrong, and she herself misled. She would rather believe it the way of the world, and part of the nature of things, than open her mind to blame Alda.

Besides, the sense of not understanding Cherry, and the recollection

of the effect produced on her by words apparently quite inadequate, the seeing her power of talking to and amusing gentlemen with whom she herself had not an idea in common, Edgar's tender fervent pride in her, and Alda's half contemptuous acknowledgement of her ability—all this contributed to give Marilda a certain shyness, awe, and constraint, that sometimes looked cold, and sometimes cross, and puzzled Cherry, who never dreamt of being formidable.

When they reached the house of business, Marilda went to her father's room, for since his illness she often helped him to wind up his correspondence; and Cherry sat in the carriage, her attention divided between a book and the busy traffic of the street.

Presently she saw a tall lean figure in black, with a deeply-cut sallow face set in grey whiskers. She knew it for the Vicar of St. Matthew's; and he, after bowing and passing, turned, and coming to the window, said, 'Will you kindly tell me the right address to Mr. Audley, in Australia? Clement left it with me, but I have mislaid it.'

'The Rev. C. S. Audley, Carrigaboola, Albertstown, West Australia.' And as he repeated it with thanks, she could not restrain herself from stretching out a hand in entreaty, and saying, 'Oh! pray, pray tell me! How is he? Mr. Travis?'

'Your eldest brother's letter has done him a great deal of good.'

'Please tell me about him,' implored Cherry, colouring. 'We have known him for so long before. How does he bear it?'

Mr. Fulmort let himself into the carriage, and sat down by her, saying, 'He is bearing it as you could most wish.'

'I longed to know. I feared it would be very terrible. His is not an English nature.'

'It has been a great struggle. That first night he never went home at all, but wandered about till daylight. I found him at five in the morning, sunk down on his knees in our porch, with his head against the church door, in a sort of exhausted doze.'

'Oh, well that he knew the way!' sighed Cherry. 'No one ever was so cruelly treated!' she added with frowning vehemence. 'And then?'

'I took him to my rooms, and made him rest, and I went to Brown's and excused his non-attendance. By the time he went to your sister he had quite mastered himself.'

'He must. She never told about it; but we are sure she was quite overawed.'

'He came back quite calm, with a certain air of secresy, and has gone on with a sort of stern quietness ever since,' said the Vicar, lowering his voice. Only on Sunday—he is one of our collectors at the Offertory—he brought up his alms-bag bursting with bracelets and rings, and things of that sort.'

'Poor Fernan!' how like him to do it in that way!'

'I think it relieved him. He is perfectly free of bitterness towards

your sister—allows no flaw in her; but he is striving hard not to retain animosity against your uncle.'

'It is deserved by no one but her!' exclaimed Cherry; 'and there's worse to come. I don't know whether I ought to mention it; but it will be better for it to come to him from you.'

'*It* is true, then?' said Mr. Fulmort, understanding her directly. 'My sister told me it was reported.'

'It was only settled yesterday evening. I am afraid *this* is worse for him than if it had been anyone else.'

'So am I. It seems to be the crisis of a long emulation. I begged Aston—my brother-in-law—to ascertain what was thought about it in the corps; and he said that though poor Travis had never got on well with the other men, there was a general feeling that he was not handsomely treated.'

'That wretched man betted—'

Mr. Fulmort kindly but decidedly checked her. 'You had better not dwell on such reports. Things for which we are not responsible must be made the best of when they bring us new connexions. Our friend is not unprepared, and I will take care he does not hear this casually.'

'Thank you—oh! thank you! Give him my—' she caught herself up and blushed—'my very best remembrances; and tell him,' she added, carried away in spite of herself, 'that he must always be like one of ourselves.'

'It will be a great comfort to him. Nothing can exceed his affection and gratitude to your family—indeed he said, with tears in his eyes, that to your brothers he "owes his very self also." I hope nothing will disturb that friendship.'

'What will he do? Set about some great work somewhere?'

Mr. Fulmort smiled sadly. 'It is not safe to rush into great works to allay disappointment,' he said. 'I think he is wiser to keep steadily to his occupation, at least for the present; but he is giving his whole leisure to his district and the evening classes. I am glad to have met you.—Good-bye.'

It was lucky that Cherry had plenty of time to subside before the return of Marilda and her father. The latter was much exalted by the explanation he had had with Sir Adrian and his man of business. The rent-roll was all that could be desired, and so were the proposed settlements; nor was there any fear on the score of the family. The lawyer privately told Mr. Underwood that the mother, Lady Mary Murray, was a most gentle lady, without a spark of pride, and very anxious to see her son married.

Nor did her letter belie this assurance. She expressed gladness that her son's choice should be a clergyman's daughter, and warmly invited Alda to come and visit her at the Rectory, and make herself at home among the new brothers and sisters there.

It was gathered—partly from Sir Adrian, partly from gossip—that

Lady Mary, a scantily-portioned maiden, had been too timid and docile to withstand the parental will, which devoted her to the wealthy old baronet; but in her widowhood she had followed the inclination that had been pooh-poohed by her family in her girlhood. As a country clergyman's wife, her homely quiet existence had less and less influence over her son; and there was no danger of Alda finding in her an imperious mother-in-law, though, except as a connecting link, she would be valueless as an introduction. She was absolutely foolish enough to be romantically delighted at her son's marrying for love; and Geraldine fell in love with her on the spot, on reading her letter—one of the very few which Alda shewed, for in general she kept her correspondence to herself. She avoided Cherry, and only talked to Marilda of externals.

Nothing was to be definitively arranged till Felix had come to London, and given his approval to the draught of the settlements, of which he and Mr. Murray were to be trustees. He was so much grieved and ashamed, that much urging from Wilmet was needed to convince him that he ought not to leave the whole to Tom Underwood; but as a counterpoise there was Cherry to see—and oh! joy of joys! to fetch home. So he consented to go up on a Saturday afternoon, and return on Tuesday; and thus it was, that one evening in July Cherry was gathered into his arms, murmuring 'Felicissimo mio, what an age it is since I have had you!'

Good-natured Mrs. Underwood had made it a family party, including Robina and Angela, the worthy dame having little notion how slightly they appreciated the honour, nor how curiosity, and love of Felix and a holiday, contended with very tumultuous and angry sensations. That Alda had never taken the smallest notice of Angela's confession, did not render her cold kiss the pleasanter, nor the circle less awful as the party sat round, awaiting the arrival of Sir Adrian. There they were, nine uncomfortable people, sitting on gilded blue damask chairs, too few and too far apart for a comfortable whisper; the two youngest very conscious of their best white frocks; the two eldest—the one in a flurry of anxiety and suspense, the other in a fret of impatience and testiness; and Marilda—having announced her opinion that Sir Adrian would shirk it, and not come at all—in a state of glumness. Edgar, however—an exception both to the discomfort and the seat—threw himself into the breach with the story of the mysterious disappearance of a nun, (Cherry suspected it of being *ben trovato* for the nonce,) and when that was worn out, and the master of the house insisted on ringing for dinner, and the mistress was almost in tears at his hunger and temper, and her own fear of rudeness, while Marilda only declared that it was no more than the due of tardiness, it was Edgar alone who had strength of mind to declare that patience ought to end, and to pull the bell.

The guest arrived with the dinner, looking so sulky about the eyes, that Cherry suspected him of having delayed while pitying himself for the ante-nuptial infliction of this party. However, he proved to have

some justification, for a little stiffness of movement in giving his arm to Mrs. Underwood elicited that he had bruised his shoulder in a fall; and that good lady, pursuing the subject with less tact than solicitude, drew from him that he had been mounting at his banker's door, when his horse shied, and got its head away from the groom, but was caught at once by a clerk sort of fellow. A showy brute, with an uncertain temper. He should get rid of it.

Angela had been nudging Edgar all the time, to make him ask what horse it was; and as he turned a deaf ear, her voice erected itself with the shrill pert sound that is the misfortune of girlhood—'Was it Brown Murad?'

Sir Adrian had to look to find out where the voice came from before he answered in the affirmative.

'Then he isn't a brute at all!' said the same voice, with great decision. 'He is as gentle as a lamb, and will eat bread out of your hand if you know how to use him properly!'

Her cheeks were crimson, and she was greatly displeased that Edgar and Geraldine should both begin talking of other things with all their might.

Sir Adrian had more of the art of conversation than poor Ferdinand; and as politics came up, Edgar declared himself to have become a voluntary victim to unanimity between the three contracting powers, who had harmoniously joined in rending his carcase. He left them, nearly as soon as the ladies did, to discuss the business part of the affair, and came to the aid of Cherry and Robina, who were vainly trying to convince Angela of the inexpedience of her outbreak, and obtaining in return the sentiment, 'I don't care what he does to Alda. It is her choice, but not poor dear Brown Murad's, that he has got such a master!'

'You have done your best to make him fare worse.'

'Now, Edgar, you only want to frighten me.'

'No. If Vanderkist does not entirely forget the pertness of an *enfant terrible*, it will just add another sting to his dislike of the poor beast.'

Angela fairly burst into tears, and ran away to the school-room, whence she returned with a bearing so magnanimous and desperate, that Cherry and Robina dreaded lest she should be meditating an apology and an appeal on behalf of the horse; so that they were much relieved when the carriage came to take the young ladies home, before the consultation in the dining-room broke up. Even then Angel did not wholly abstain, but when Alda gave her mechanical kiss, she said, 'Alda, please don't let Sir Adrian be unkind to that poor dear horse!'

'Silly child! What fancies you take into your head!' said Alda, laughing, with a good-humoured superiority such as she had not shewn at home. 'You need not fear but that whatever belongs to him is made happy.'

Angela returned an unfeigned look of astonishment, and exclaimed, 'After all, I do believe you are really in love with him!'

'Angel,' said Edgar, putting his hand on her shoulder, 'I called you an *enfant terrible* just now; but you are too big for that indulgence, unless you mean to be equally hateful to friend and foe.'

Angela shook off his hand, and tossed her head disrespectfully, but went off in silence. Sir Adrian only came up-stairs to say he had promised to look in on Lady Somebody; and Alda bade good-night as soon as he was gone. She had evidently nothing to say to Felix that night, nor the next morning, though he waited about after breakfast to give her the opportunity; accompanied the family to their very dry church; and then, announcing his intention of repairing to St. Matthew's, was seen no more—not even at dinner-time, when his absence was somewhat resented by his hosts, and vexed Cherry a good deal.

However, he appeared before ten o'clock, made an apology about his unexpected detention, and when the family circle broke up, obeyed Cherry's wistful look, and followed her to her room.

'Was it about Fernan?' she asked.

'The clerk sort of fellow who stopped the horse?'

'It did cross me, but I thought it too good to be true. How was it?'

'He had been sent on some business to the bank, and was almost at the door when Sir Adrian came out. The groom may have been holding the horse carelessly. Sir Adrian spoke angrily; the horse started, got his head free, and reared, throwing him down with his foot in the stirrup, so that he would have been dragged if Fernan had not got hold of the bridle, and his voice quieted poor Brown Murad in a moment.'

'Dear good fellow! I hope Sir Adrian did not punish him.'

'He is too valuable for that, I hope; but Sir Adrian did not spare abuse to man or beast, and threw a thank-you to Ferdinand as if he did not recognize him. Most likely we should never have heard of the adventure if it had not jarred the weak place in poor Fernan's back. He did not find it out at first, and stayed at his work the rest of the day; but it has been getting worse ever since, and I found him on his sofa, lengthened out with a chair.'

'That most horrible of sofas—all bars and bumps! Poor Fernan!'

'He only told me he had got a sprain in catching a rearing horse; and then I leapt to the conclusion, and made him tell me. He says he has hurt himself in the same way before, and that the Life Guards surgeon told him there was nothing for it but rest.'

'Rest, indeed! like St. Lawrence's gridiron—all but the fire! What did you do for him?'

'Wished for Wilmet, and remembered Lance's telling me that I was of no use to myself nor anyone else.'

'Fancy Lance saying that! But you didn't really do nothing?'

'Luckily Edgar came in search of me, and shewed what resource is. He had up the landlady, and as usual captivated her. She produced

'No. I declare I can forgive Alda anything rather than this!'

'She does not know what she is saying when she is in an ill-used mood—especially of me. Indeed, I believe I ought to have been more guarded. Shall you tell her about the horse?'

'Certainly not.'

'And are you letting this go on without speaking to her?'

'I have written twice.'

'She never told me. What did you say?'

'A prose—I fear in the leader and heavy father style—which probably she never read; and the answers were civil enough, but meant that she would please herself.'

'You really do not mean to say anything?'

'If she asks my opinion, I must; but she does not. I am not here to give my consent to the marriage, but to see fair play in the settlements.'

'Do you think that right?'

'Remember, we know nothing against him, except his conduct to Fernan.'

'We know he has not much religion.'

'Cherry, I should put that objection forward decisively if she were a younger one, for whom I am bound to judge; but she is only a year younger than I am, and has seen more of the world. She must know more about his principles than I can, and be able to judge whether she chooses to trust to them. No argument of mine would make any difference to her; and I have not the right to thrust in objections unasked.'

'O Felix!'

'What?'

'Is not that rather "Am I my brother's keeper?"'

'I hope not. You see, the sort of fatherly relation I bear to you all has never existed towards her. She was given quite away; and where I do not suppose even a father's remonstrance would avail, I do not feel called upon to alienate her further by uplifting my testimony unsought.'

'No, it would hardly do her good; but it would clear your own conscience.'

'It might bring dissension and harsh judgement on my conscience. Nothing can be most conscientious that is not most for another's good; and I do not think forcing an additional opposition or remonstrance, on mere grounds of my own estimate of him, would be useful. You observe, too, that our cool manner of treating this brilliant match is token enough of our sentiments.'

'Then you won't go to the wedding?'

'Not if I can help it; and I don't think my company is desired. Remember,' as he still saw her dissatisfied, 'it is not the same thing to be an overt scamp and what you and I do not think a religious man.'

With a sudden impulse Cherry burst out laughing. 'If the great Sir

Adrian could only see what the little country bookseller thinks of his alliance?'

'Don't let pride peep out at the holes in our cloaks,' said Felix, kissing her.

She could not refuse herself the satisfaction of letting Marilda hear the real history of the accident; but she could extract nothing but 'Indeed.'

Altogether, Marilda disappointed Cherry. She went so entirely along with the stream, only now and then remorselessly giving way to a tremendous fit of crossness towards everyone except her father, never seeming scandalized by any doing of Alda's, and snubbing Cherry if she shewed any sort of disapprobation.

Felix stole the first hour of his busy day for Ferdinand, and then was distressed to leave him outstretched in his dull, close, noisy den, ill adapted for the daylight hours of anything but blue-bottle flies; though neither heat nor idleness was quite so trying to him as they would have been to an Underwood. He had a cigar and newspaper; but when books were proposed to him, allowed that reading bored him. When Felix shifted the cushions, however, under them was a deep devotional mystical work; and colouring a little, he owned that nothing interested him but reading and slowly digesting fragments of this kind. And Felix felt that it would be unreasonable to regret the snapping of the tie that bound him to Alda.

After some hours of business in the City, Felix came back, but was amazed to hear that Mr. Travis was gone. The landlady, seemingly rather hurt at the slur on her attentions, said that an elderly lady had come and taken him away, leaving an address. This led Felix into Finsbury Square, where he was startled to see waiting at the door a big carriage, the panels and blinkers displaying the Underwood rood. On his asking for Mr. Travis, a neat young maid took him to a down-stairs room, where Ferdinand was lying on a large sofa, accepting luncheon from a big stout housekeeper-looking body, and—Marilda Underwood, her bonnet off, as if quite at home!

'Felix!—Granny, have you never seen Felix Underwood?'

Mrs. Kedge turned round and held out her hand. 'I've never seen Mr. Felix Hunderwood,' she said; 'but there's no gentleman I 'olds in 'igher respect.—Sit down, Mr. Felix, and take your bit of noonchine.—Mary, give him some weal.—I could have had some soup if I'd known I was to be so honoured; but I am a plain body, and likes a cut from the servants' dinner—and so does Mary, for a change. So,' before he could insert his civil reply, 'Vell, we've brought off your friend; I 'ope you think him in good 'ands.'

'The kindest hands,' said Felix; though, as good Mrs. Kedge discoursed on hopodeldoc and winegar as sovereign for a sprain, he began to think the change a doubtful good, and was glad Ferdinand seemed chiefly sensible of the motherly care of the old lady.

Marilda offered her cousin a seat in the carriage, when after the meal she set forth to take her father home, there to hold conference with Mr. Murray and the lawyer.

'This is your doing,' he said gratefully, as they drove off. 'How very kind!'

'Grandmamma always liked him,' said Marilda. 'He is so respectful, and he plays backgammon.'

'It is much better for him than that doleful room, which was only made endurable by its being near his friends the curates.'

'They will come to him there. Granny does not mind. She used to think they starved Clement; but of late they have come to be great friends with her, and come to her for rag, or broth, or hospital tickets.'

'Does she go to their church?'

'Oh no, she wouldn't to save her life—she thinks it quite shocking; and there are two young merry ones who have regular quarrels with her, teazing and making fun, and she scolding them, but so fond of them, giving them quite large sums for their charities. She really delights in them.'

Marilda spoke far more freely to Felix than she ever could to Cherry, but still she steered clear of Alda and her affairs. Only she did ask him earnestly to avert all additional care and anxiety from her father in arranging for the settlements, and above all to hinder any question over which he could become excited. Then, as he promised to do all in his power, she asked him what he thought of her father's health and looks. He could truly say that he thought he was much better since last autumn, and she looked cheered; but the few words she whispered made it known to him that she was all this time living in a watchful state of continual anxiety—being in truth the only person, except perhaps Edgar, who really understood what last year's attack had been, or the dangers of another. If her mother and Alda knew, they did not realize; and he could perceive both the burthen, and the manner in which it rendered her almost passive, except in obviating discussion or alarm.

Of the former there was no danger at the conference. Mr. Murray was just as anxious as Mr. Underwood and Felix could be, that the five thousand pounds that had been promised to Alda should be settled upon herself and her younger children, together with a fair proportion charged upon the estate. He was a pleasing person, a perfect gentleman, of mildly cordial manners, accepting his new connexions with courtesy and kindness. He was evidently charmed with Alda, whom he wanted to take home with him to be introduced to Lady Mary, before returning to choose her outfit. This was to be completed by the end of the month, that the honeymoon might interfere as little as possible with the moon fatal to partridges.

Felix was right. His presence was not desired. The father's part naturally belonged to Thomas Underwood; and though an invitation

was not wanting, Alda did not remonstrate when Felix spoke of the assize week requiring him to be at Minsterham, and of Charles Froggatt having come home in such a broken state of health, that his father's presence in Bexley could never be depended upon. She had no desire to display the full dozen *geschwister;* but to Cherry she qualified things a little: 'I suppose, as Felix will not come, one of you will stay with him?'

'Of course I shall! You know I'm wedded!' And she merrily held Lord Gerald's ivory visage close to her own.

'I knew you would shrink from it. And those two children at Brompton—it will be the middle of their holidays, and it will not be worth while having them; besides, it would be encroaching, as Uncle Tom gives all those dresses—and one never knows what that Angel might do.'

'Never,' said Cherry, in full acquiescence, and sure of the same from Wilmet.

'But Wilmet and Stella must come. One of the little Murrays will pair with Stella; and I want Adrian to see her. You will not feel slighted, Cherry; I know you had rather not.'

'Much rather not,' said Cherry, for Alda was really speaking considerately. Indeed, Alda was taking such a leap out of the same sphere, that she could afford to be gracious to 'the little deformed one,' as Sir Adrian most inappropriately termed Geraldine. She graciously accepted for a wedding-present an intended portrait of Stella, and rejoiced heartily at Cherry's prize for the life study.

Never had Cherry, however, been happier than in getting home, away from constraint, away from fine houses, away from half-comprehended people, back to free affection and mutual understanding.

'One's own cobweb for ever! The black caterpillar is crawling home again to the dear old nettle!' she cried.

'But you are not sorry to have gone,' said Felix.

'If only to get back again.'

'But they were kind.'

'I don't want people to be kind; I want them to be one with me.'

'My dear! you did not seem unhappy. We thought you enjoyed yourself.'

'I did. I was only unhappy once. I liked things very much, and shall more now I have time. It was such a bustle and whirl; and I felt so obliged to make the most of it, that it seemed to wear my senses. Don't you see, it was like snatching at flowers; and now I can sit down to make up my nosegay, and see what I have gained.'

Cherry almost expected Wilmet to decline, in her hatred of finery and general dissatisfaction; but Wilmet's love of Alda was too strong for her not to long to be with her at such a crisis of her life, and she was eager to accept the invitation, without fearing that the effects of her absence would be as direful as in the previous year.

The party at home were not by any means disconsolate. Felix was very busy, for Charles Froggatt had come home, a repentant prodigal, and slowly sinking under the disease that had carried off his more worthy brothers; and the father could seldom persuade himself to leave him for long together, and besides, needed cheering and comfort from his young friends. But Lance and young Lamb were working well and helpfully; and William Harewood spent almost as much time at Bexley as his brother had done.

He had passed his examination with flying colours, and had previously matriculated at Oxford; and thus being emancipated from the choir, which had kept him close at home, he seemed to think it liberty to be always at Bexley. As a Harewood, Wilmet let him do as he would—sleep in the barrack, and be like one of their own boys; and Lance's neighbourhood seemed to be all he wanted, though little of Lance's company was to be had, except in walking to see him bathe in early morning, and in long walks after seven in the evening—and for these the long July days gave ample verge. Robina, Angel, and Bernard often benefited by these expeditions into the dewy fields, redolent of hay, and came home in that delightful twilight that seems as if it would never be darkness.

Bill professed perfect content in the day hours. He was a voracious reader, and would remain for hours in the reading-room intent on some pursuit; and what perhaps was a still greater attraction, he could talk, and find listeners.

Cherry only now understood what Lance had always maintained—that that shock-headed boy was full of thought, poetry, and ability. He had shed his school-boy slough; and he had moreover adopted the Underwoods, and for the first time learnt what an appreciative woman could be.

His poem of this year was so good, that Lance and Robin thought Felix shockingly blind because he refused to put it bodily into the Pursuivant, though allowing that it was much better than anything that would appear instead; and the short pieces that the lad was continually striking off were only too good for the poet's corner, where, however, they gave an infinity of pleasure and satisfaction to two households at least. The poet—March Hare, as he signed himself—was an odd mixture of his father's scholarly tastes with his mother's harum-scarum forgetfulness; and the consequence was such abstraction at one moment, such slap-dash action at another, that he was a continual good-natured laughing-stock. To talk and read to Cherry seemed to be one of his great objects in life. He began it with Robina; but gradually Cherry, partly as critic and sub-editor of the Pursuivant, partly on her own merits, became the recipient of ten thousand visions, reflections, aspirations, that were crowding upon the young spirit, while she tried to follow, understand, and answer, with a sense that her powers were being stretched, and her eyes opened into new regions.

And then, if a stranger appeared, he sank into the red-headed lout; or if he had a message or commission, he treated it senselessly. Lance used to send Bernard up—as he said, to see him into the right train; and in the home party in the evening, his wit and drollery were the cause of inexhaustible mirth—Willie, as Robin and Angela agreed, was better fun than all the weddings, and even all the sights that London could give. Sometimes they were weary with laughing at him, sometimes with the lift he gave their minds; for even Angel understood and followed, and was more susceptible than her elders gave her credit for; and certainly she had never been so good as she was this summer, though it was still a flighty odd sort of goodness.

And all this time there was not a word between him and Robin of that evening walk. Whether he thought of it or not she knew not; but with her the recollection had a strength that the moment had not had. It seemed to be growing up with her. It was a memory that went deeper—far deeper than was good for her, poor child, since there was no surface chatter to carry it off; but the maidenliness of fifteen shrank with a sort of horror and dismay from the bare consciousness that she had allowed herself to think that those words of his could be serious, even while they had formed in her a fixed purpose of striving for him; and every mark of kindness or of preference assumed a value unspeakable and beyond her years, while her whole self was so entirely the good, plodding, sensible, simple child, that no one detected the romance beneath. Did the object of it, himself?

Meantime Wilmet had found Alda much gratified by her reception at the Rectory, though confessing that she was glad that it was not in her immediate neighbourhood, since Lady Mary Murray belonged to a severe school of religious opinions, and was antagonistic to gaiety and ornament, both secular and ecclesiastic. What effect they and Clement might have mutually had upon each other was not proved, for he had found a pupil, and was far away; but as Alda herself owned, Wilmet would have been the daughter-in-law to suit them.

Wilmet and Marilda were very congenial in their housewifely tastes and absence of romance, and above all, in a warm and resolutely blind love for Alda, never discussing the past, and occupied upon the trousseau, without an *arrière pensée.*

Sir Adrian was civil to Wilmet, but he never would acknowledge the resemblance between the twin sisters; and as Wilmet wore no ear-rings, and kept her hair in the simple style that John Harewood had once pronounced perfect, he had only once been confused between them, and then was so annoyed, that Edgar said he was like a virtuoso, who having secured some unique specimen, finds the charm of possession injured by the existence of a duplicate.

Even in the Murray family there might be those who questioned whether the beauty were equal. Either the smooth folds and plaits of the rich brown hair pleased a homely taste better than fanciful varieties,

or housewifery and early hours were better preservatives than London seasons; or maybe the stately sweetness of the original mould was better and more congenially maintained in the life of the true 'loaf-giver or lady' of the laborious thrifty home, than in the luxurious dependence of the alien house, and the schemes, disappointments, and successes, of the late campaign.

At any rate, at three-and-twenty the twins were less alike than of old; and if Alda had the advantage in the graces of art and society, Wilmet had a purity of bloom and nobleness of countenance that she could not equal. If Wilmet were silent, and by no means so entertaining as Geraldine, her little companion thoroughly compensated for any deficiencies. Everyone was taken by surprise by Stella's beauty, after the three intermediate sisters, who had little pretensions to anything remarkable in that line. The child was of the same small delicate frame as Cherry and Lance—in fact, much what Cherry might have been with more health and less genius to change those delicately-moulded features and countenance. The colouring of the blue eyes and silken hair was rather deeper than the prevailing tint, and the complexion was of the most exquisite rosy fairness and delicacy, giving a sense of the most delicate porcelain—the movements and gestures perfectly graceful, and the innocent chatter delightful, from its eagerness and simplicity. She was in everyone's eyes an extraordinarily lovely and engaging child; and she could have reigned supreme over the whole house if she had ever perceived her power, or emancipated herself from her loyal submission to 'Sister.'

Many a time did Wilmet's restrictions vex her hosts, and call forth Edgar's epithets of dragon and Medusa. Luckily the child was of the faithful spirit that honestly trusts its lawful authorities, fears forbidden sweets, and feels full compensation in the pleasure of obedience. One day, when a refusal to take her to the theatre had caused great indignation, Sir Adrian, who was by no means insensible to her charms, enlivened an idle moment by trying to excite her to rebel.

'I would not stand it, Stella—not I! Tell her stars have no business to be hidden.'

'It's no use,' said Stella. 'Sister says when once she says No it is for always.'

'How very dreadful! She must be cured as soon as possible!'

Stella looked greatly perplexed; and Edgar—the only other person present, looked on in great amusement.

'Let us organize a combination,' continued Sir Adrian. 'What should we come to, if women were allowed to keep to a single No?'

'Which would be the greatest sufferers?' muttered Edgar.

'It would be very nasty if Sister didn't,' said Stella, understanding him verbally more nearly than he had expected.

'Indeed!' said Sir Adrian.

'Yes. One would never know when to make up one's mind.'

'One's mind! You little china fairy, have you got the mind of a midge?'

'Yes, *I* have!' said Stella, with an emphasis that Edgar at least understood as an allusion to the difference between herself and Theodore; and a little in fear of what might come next, he said, 'Mind enough to assert her woman's privilege, though how she may come to like to be bound by it is another thing.'

'Look here, little one,' continued Sir Adrian, 'we'll not let Sister alone till she comes round, and then I'll put you in my pocket and take you.'

'No, thank you,' said Stella, retreating.

'I thought you wanted to see the fairies?'

'I did; but Sister knows best.'

'Come, now! I'd give something to know where, in her secret soul, this little thing would like to send all the sisters that know best?'

'To the Neilgherry Hills,' said Stella, with surprising promptness; 'that's where Captain Jack is!'

'A capital location!' cried the baronet, laughing triumphantly. 'Well done, little one! Send her off—and then we'll have pine-apple ice, and smart frocks, and go to as many plays as we please! You know what it means to have the cat away.'

'That was what Bernard said when Wilmet was away, and Alda at home,' said Stella; 'but it was very miserable. It was the very horridest portion in the whole course of our lives!'

'Long may it so continue, Stella,' said Edgar. 'You'll get no change out of her, Vanderkist.'

'It's an odd little piece of goods. I can't make out if it is a child at all,' said Sir Adrian. 'I can't believe it is more than drilling.—Now, my little beauty—no one will tell—walls can't hear—honour bright—which are you for in your heart of hearts—Sister Wilmet and propriety, or Alda and—liberty?'

Edgar listened curiously; but Stella had that good genius of tact and courtesy that sometimes inspires children; and she made answer, 'Wilmet is my own dear sister, and I am very glad it is Alda that you have got.'

'Well said, you little ingenious morsel!' cried Edgar, laughing with delight, and catching her up in his arms. 'What does nature design this little being for, Adrian? To marry a great diplomate?'

'To do execution of some sort, I should say,' returned Sir Adrian; 'unless such alarming discretion cancels the effect of those eyes. Never saw a pair more meant to make hearts ache.' And he sauntered out of the room.

'Why, what now, you star of courtesy? has he kindled the spark of vanity at last, that you are craning over to the big pier-glass—eh?' said Edgar, with his little sister still in his arms.

'I only want to see what he means that is so horrid in my eyes,' said Stella; 'please shew me, Edgar. How can they hurt people so?'

'It's a way they have, Stella,' he gravely answered, 'when they are clear, and blue, and big-pupilled, and have great long black lashes.' And he looked with proud pleasure at the reflection of the sweet little puzzled face beside his own brown beard.

'But your eyes are just like that, Edgar; and so are everybody's, aren't they? Why do you laugh, Edgar? I wish I could go home, for I don't understand any of you.'

'So much the better, Sister would say. I declare, I must risk it, and see the effect. I say, Stella, don't you know that you're a little beauty, that they are all raving about? There!'

'Oh yes,' said Stella composedly; 'I know people always do like things for being little, and young, and pretty. And then they don't see Tedo, and he is so much prettier than me, you know.'

'You impracticable child! What! have you no shade of a notion that it is a fine thing to have such a phiz as that one? Did you never thank your stars that you weren't as ugly as Martha?'

'Do you worship the stars, Edgar? For I heard Clem say you were very little better than a heathen; and I suppose worshipping the stars is better than worshipping idols.'

'Is that malice, or simplicity—eh? Never mind my creed. You are my sister at this moment, and are to answer me truly. Do you know that you are a beauty? and are you glad of it?'

'I shouldn't like to be ugly,' said Stella; 'not so ugly that I couldn't bear to look at myself. But if I was, they wouldn't leave off being kind to me at home.'

'Nor abroad either,' said Edgar, kissing her. 'You've got the tongue that is nearly equal to the eyes, my Stella.'

Stella's simplicity might soon have been put in the way of further trials, for there was a serious proposal of adopting her in Alda's room, and promises of excellent education and an ample provision; and when Felix's decided though grateful refusal arrived, Mr. and Mrs. Underwood spoke angrily of his folly, as selfish, and almost undutiful to his father, who had freely trusted them with the two elders; but Edgar cut this short. 'No, no, my dear good governor. That won't do; Felix knows that if my father could have seen the results, he would ten times rather have let us fight it out in the Irish cabin at home.'

'I am sure,' exclaimed Mrs. Underwood, 'we have done everything for you, Edgar! It is enough to cure one of offering to do anything for anyone!'

'Just what I say,' was Edgar's grave response; but he added, with his natural sweetness, 'Not but that I believe, in the common herd, we should have been, if anything, worse than we are now. We brought the bad drop with us. You did not infuse it.'

'Speak for yourself, Edgar,' said Marilda, rushing to the defence as usual.

So the family was only represented by two sisters and one brother at the wedding, which was solemnized by Mr. Murray at the parish church, and was a regular common-place smart affair, with carriages, favours, and crowds of spectators in much excitement to catch a sight of the beautiful bride.

Murrays mustered in force, and Mrs. Underwood's felicity was complete; for the titled uncle was so glad to see his sister Mary happy about her son, that he came in full state, and made a very gratifying speech all about nothing. While Wilmet thought of her own soldier on the Neilgherry hills, and felt how widely her path and that of her twin sister must diverge. And Mr. Underwood enjoyed the compliments to the 'more than father,' and congratulated himself on having truly done well by poor Edward's child.

'I only wish he were here to see her!' he cried, with an effusion of almost tearful delight, as he handed Lady Vanderkist to her carriage.

(*To be continued.*)

DOMINIE FREYLINGHAUSEN.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

CHAPTER XV.

A visit to the Flats had always appeared to Franzje in her childhood the very acme of delight; and even now that she was—to her own thinking—grown up, a certain prestige still hung about it which made her proud as well as pleased to be Aunt Schuyler's guest; but on this particular occasion, so much of her heart had been left behind in the city, and such a tumult of conflicting feelings was going on within her, that she could only half appreciate the simple enjoyments into which she had been accustomed to enter with so much heartiness and zest. She remembered that she had been left to cheer Madame, and all through the first day made valiant efforts to take a hopeful view of the Dominie's proceedings, and suggest that even if the Colonel did not succeed in persuading him to turn back, a feeling of compassion for his pastorless flock might at the last moment prevent his actually embarking; but in her own heart she did not believe that any such change of purpose would take place. It was a sort of relief to her restlessness to find that even her staid old friend was restless also; and when Madame said, 'Come, Franzje, we must not give way; we must set ourselves steadily to *do* something, it is better than talking and thinking,' she gave a ready assent, and entered upon the task proposed—the

dusting and arranging of the valuable china ornaments in the summer-parlour—with great good will, though not with the interest she would once have felt. The queer-shaped bowls and quaint figures, which at another time she would have paused to examine and chat about, now passed through her listless fingers with scarcely a word of comment; and even when Madame proceeded to unveil all the great mirrors, and give an air of habitation to the room, Franzje could scarcely rouse herself to admire, or even to ask whether the change from the winter to the summer house was about to be effected. She half wanted to solicit Madame's advice with regard to Mr. Vyvian, and yet she could not bring herself to say a word upon the subject. That yearning to open her heart, which had taken her to the Manse in the morning, had met with such bitter disappointment, that her feelings now seemed frozen up and incapable of expression.

'Besides, she will ask me, perhaps, whether I really *wish* to marry him,' said the girl to herself; 'and just now I do not seem to know whether I do or not. Only a few hours ago I was wishing it with my whole heart, and thinking to be able to win even the Dominie's consent; but now I see that that could never have been—that it was nothing but my foolish fancy which ever made it seem possible. Can I go on longing for what I can only have at the price of doing wrong? How can I be happy, or make him happy, if I am wicked and undutiful? No; if Father refuses his consent, I must take it as the Voice of God to me, telling me I am not to have the thing I had set my heart upon. Oh! it is no use asking advice, for I see the right at last only too plainly. If I could but speak to him, and make *him* see what it is that severs us, it might not be quite so hard to part as it seems at this moment!'

So she kept silence; and when the weary afternoon wore to an end, and the Colonel came back tired and dejected, with failure written on his frank open face, she heard the history of his fruitless mission without a word, and then crept apart to the little room in the winter house which Madame had assigned to her, feeling that she had always known it would be so, and that she was too heart-sick to be capable of any fresh sense of disappointment.

She scarcely knew how the evening was got through; but with a new day came renewed energy and spirit, and she followed Madame from the parlour to the store-room, and from the store-room to the barn, the next morning, with somewhat of her old smiling helpfulness, though now and then her manner grew a little absent as the thought came, 'I wonder whether Mr. Vyvian is with Father now; I wonder what Father is saying to him.'

After the early dinner, the Colonel rode into Albany to see M. Cuyler, and Madame announced her intention of taking a walk, and going to call on her sister-in-law, Madame Jeremiah Schuyler, who lived not far from the Flats. She invited Franzje to accompany her, and the girl

herself could never tell *exactly* what it was that made her decline the invitation; for mingled with a vague longing for perfect quiet and solitude was a sort of instinctive feeling that it would not be well to be absent from the house that afternoon, and also a half unconscious desire to avoid a tête-à-tête with her old friend. She had to endure a little playful scolding for her laziness, interspersed with some fragments of sound advice about not giving way to the luxury of woe; but finally she was left to wander at will about the large bright rooms of the summer house, while good Aunt Schuyler—her own heart heavy enough—trudged forth as briskly as her embonpoint would permit, with a little basket containing some delicacies for a sick nephew upon her arm. After she was gone, Franzje stood in the portico for a while, talking to the birds; and then went and had a long gaze at the picture of Esau in the dining-room; and finally took her knitting, and sat down for a while near one of the windows in the drawing-room, gazing out from time to time towards the river, and the tree-fringed line of the high-road which ran along its bank. The white railings that skirted the little bit of private road leading from the front-door of the Flats were gleaming now in the sunlight, though not so distinctly as they had gleamed in the moonlight on that memorable night of which Franzje was thinking; but suddenly the broad belt of sunshine between them was broken by a shadow, and a clatter of hoofs announced the approach of an equestrian. Franzje knew who it was even without looking, but almost involuntarily she started to her feet; and Mr. Vyvian caught the movement and the eager glance, and doffed his hat to her with gallant grace as he rode past the window. A flock of little negroes appeared as if by magic from some of the back regions directly he got to the door; and confiding his horse to one of them, he desired another to conduct him at once to Mademoiselle Ryckman; so that instead of being ushered in with great state by old Peter, his entrance was announced by a comical little black boy, who, throwing wide the door, bawled out, 'Fine big gentleman to see Mamselle!' and then took to his heels precipitately, as if he feared the gentleman would demolish him.

Certainly the expression on Russell Vyvian's face that afternoon was not of the pleasantest: there was pride and pique in every curve of his handsome mouth; and underneath all the polish of his manner, as he exchanged greetings with Franzje, was an angry sense of injury, not allayed even by the unmistakeable interest and inquiry and sympathy which he read in her transparent eyes.

'I have had my answer from your father,' he said hastily, as he took the chair she offered him; 'the reason that I am here is, that I refuse to accept that as final—that I refuse to have my suit dismissed by anybody but yourself; though, of course, I conclude that you were purposely sent out of my way, or came out of it of your own accord.'

'I do not think there was any set purpose in my coming,' said the voice, which sounded clearer and sweeter than ever from the contrast

with his own sharp agitated tones; 'I came with my father when he brought the news to Aunt Schuyler yesterday, and when she asked me to stay, he seemed to wish that I should.'

She did not specify *what* news, something kept her from uttering the Dominie's name any more to those unsympathizing ears; and besides, her instinct was rather to soothe than to augment by an unnecessary word her proud suitor's irritation.

'And you have been very comfortable here, I suppose, and cared nothing about what has been going on in your absence,' he rejoined.

'Oh, if you did but know!' she cried out with sudden emotion, a little sad quiver breaking the sweet repose of her lips. 'It has seemed so hard to stay here and be quiet while so much was being decided; only I tried to think it was best, and that perhaps you would not even care to see me again.'

'Then you mean to force me to accept your father's decision—you mean to cast me off?' he exclaimed passionately; 'and you would have me think it all filial duty, I suppose, and not the miserable result of your long bondage to the Dominie, whose cowardly departure even has not sufficed to set you free.'

If he had meant to taunt her into relenting and compliance, he was not long in finding out his mistake; the nature, so gratefully sensitive to the least touch of tenderness, was not to be moved by fierceness, was not even awed by it. There was brave determination in her voice as she replied, 'I made up my mind last Sunday that I must do what was right, even if it led to giving you up, only it has taken me longer to see that it *does* lead to that. It is my shame and blame that I did not see it sooner, that I have misled you, Sir, and listened and been happy when I ought to have turned away, even at the risk of seeming ungrateful.'

The speech, that had begun with such a stately ring in it, faltered into self-accusing lowliness as she uttered this last sentence, and for an instant the flaxen head was bowed, so that he could not see her face. She had refused to be ashamed that night—that wonderful night, when love had stirred her soul, and seemed to her as innocent as it was sweet; but now shame seized and covered her in the presence of the man whom she had allowed to love her, and whom she could never marry.

He saw his advantage, and was not slow to use it. Rising from his seat, and standing close beside her, he said earnestly, 'I will not reproach you now with the misleading; Franzje, you admit that my love made you happy. Why not accept it once and for all, then, let who will say nay?'

He was looking down at her with a softened glance; and as he stood there leaning against the wall in all his handsome grace and bravery, he was the very ideal of a lover, the very embodiment of a girl's romantic image of the wonderful hero who is some day to win her heart. Perhaps there was scarcely another maiden in Albany who

would not have thought him irresistible; even to Franzje he might have seemed so but one short week before.

She looked up at him, and the limpid loveliness of those guileless eyes had never struck him more forcibly than it did at that moment; but there was no response in them such as he had hoped for—only a kind of humble brave regret, a sort of yearning over the past, which yet to her was too utterly past ever to be revived again.

'It would not make me happy now if it could all come back,' she said; 'I thank you, and I beg of you to forgive me; I seem to have done wrong to everybody—even to *you*.'

He was scarcely to blame for not fully understanding her.

'I cannot comprehend what has changed you, Mademoiselle,' he said haughtily; 'your coldness and your penitence alike are a mystery to me. Is it possible that you were only deceiving me when you let me pour out my heart to you, and answered me in words which, few as they were, seemed to mean more than a hundred protestations from the lips of shallower women? Can it be that you do not care for me at all? Or is it only that you have not courage to face your father's opposition, even now when he has no longer the Dominie at his back, and mean to play the dutiful daughter, and console yourself with the calf-love of young Barentse when you have driven me beyond recall?'

He had poured out his words in an impetuous torrent, but she had heard and understood them every one; and yet for an instant she did not speak, only looked up at him once more with that innocent sad appeal.

How could she make him see wherein her fault lay? How could she tell him that there had been delusion, though not deception, that she had let herself love him under a mistake, believing, because she wished to believe it, that love and duty were not really at conflict, that in some magical way all that barred her from him would melt into air, and she be free to give herself to him without doing wrong to others? Nay; and how could she tell him too, that, with eyes opened by the shock of sorrow, she was beginning to see that what she had loved in him had not been so entirely his true self as what she had imagined him to be, that the soft glamour which her fancy had cast over him was being dispelled by the hard light of truth, and that in the last twenty-four hours she had learnt to understand in a measure why her father and the Dominie so urgently desired to sever her from him?

So for that minute both were silent; and he had leisure to watch the delicate colour come and go, and to note the fair swan-like curve of the slender throat; and to think that even now, in her changeableness and perversity, this was just the one most perfect woman that he ever had seen or should see—the one whom nature had formed to shine as a star in whatever sphere she might be placed. Oh! how often did he see her in his dreams afterwards, with that black ribbon cunningly twisted in her flaxen hair, with that thick sombre dress falling round

her in folds which no other Albanian girl could have made graceful, and only seeming to set off her pearl-like beauty, and enhance by contrast the vivid tints of her lips and eyes! The beauty which had first attracted him kept its hold upon him to the last, all the more so because Franzje was at the moment utterly unconscious of her charms, and evidently had not sought to heighten them by the smallest adventitious aid. Not even the blue snood had been donned in expectation of his coming; and yet he saw that she *had* expected him, and wondered to himself whether he would have had a chance of a more favourable answer had he taken her quite unawares. He did not know what to say to move her, for he had lost the key to her mind; all that lighter and more frivolous side of her, that girlish vanity and romance which he had known how to trade upon, seemed to have died out suddenly, and left her sad and earnest and resolute, with nothing but her sweet young beauty to bear witness to her girlhood.

It was not really long, though it seemed so, before she answered him.

'I have not meant to deceive you, Sir,' she said sorrowfully; 'only so short a time ago as yesterday I was still trying to think that I might yield to your wishes, and yet not do wrong; but I cannot think so now; and when we have seen the right we *must* follow it, there is no other way.'

She was as inexorable as Fate—this young girl, who had ceased to listen to the voices of passion and of pleasure, and to whom duty was becoming all in all; but she was a woman still, with a woman's sensitive faithfulness towards what *has been;* and there was a suppressed fire in her voice as she went on, 'I would not have you think, Sir, that it is through cowardice I say so, or that I shall marry anyone else, even if my father presses it, which I do not believe he will. I may not have made you a good return for all that you have lavished on me, but you have shewn me what love is, and I can never play at it now with any other person, nor forget what it has been to me in these last few weeks.'

She was not quite seventeen; and before them both, as she spoke, rose up the long stretch of lonely years which might come to test her resolution. She looked down the vista undismayed, but he answered with scornful incredulity, 'You say so, Mademoiselle, and I have no doubt you mean it—*at this moment;* but should our regiment pass through Albany again when the campaign is over, and should I then be still among my gallant comrades, and not lying stark on some battle-field with a French bullet through my breast, I shall doubtless find you the wife of some comfortable Dutchman, who has enriched himself with the spoils of the poor Indians, and can wrap you in the furs he has cheated them out of, and make you the envy of all your companions by his store of four-posters and crockery-ware. As for me, had I had your love to cheer me on, I might have carved out fame for myself with my

good sword, and brought you those distinctions which some women covet more than wealth or ease; but it is useless to speak of that now.'

It was a little too high-flown to be quite real, but she was too young to detect that; he felt himself a sort of unappreciated hero as he uttered it, and spite of his injustice towards her, she could scarcely help thinking him so too, and was touched—as he had meant she should be—by that picture of him lying dead on the battle-field, with a bullet through the heart which *she* had made desolate. There came into her face a tender pathos and pity, which yet was not relenting—a visible longing to soften to him somehow the rejection which she *could* not turn into acceptance. He went on, trying to work upon her feelings with a moving description of the anguish to which she was consigning him, and the loss of faith in all womankind—in all truth and troth—which her defection would bring about in his soul; and once in her emotion she rose up and stretched out her hands towards him, but drew them back again just as he was about to seize them and cover them with kisses. For a moment he almost fancied himself master of the situation; but then again his want of that delicate chivalrous honour, with which her imagination had invested him, led him astray. He committed the blunder of making a great point of what he called his honourable conduct in offering to marry her, and of her ingratitude in not appreciating this handsome treatment; and then the innocent mind of the young Albanian, which had no experience of heartless flirtations, no knowledge of the then proverbial lightness of a soldier's love—which had never pictured to itself the possibility of a wooing of which marriage was *not* the object, revolted from him in utter surprise; and a fresh gulf seemed opened between them just at the very instant when he was flattering himself that she might still be his once more.

It was that intense conviction of his own wonderful goodness in running all risks of scorn and ridicule from his brother officers, and lasting displeasure from his parents, by making her an offer of marriage, which made his rejection so peculiarly irritating to him. He had broken from M. Ryckman with bitter words of anger and insult, feeling as if his marvellous condescension had met with a most unhandsome return, and never even perceiving that after his open professions of love to Franzje, the offer he had made was simply her *due*. That he would never have made it, if his over-mastering love for her had not created a sort of necessity for binding her to him permanently by the one only tie which in her case was possible, was perhaps rather clearer to him; but he did not think less of himself on that account. His love to Franzje was only a higher form of the selfishness which was innate in his character; he wanted her for his own happiness, and was content to think that hers must follow as a matter of course; but still, it *was* a higher form—a something to lift him from the low level of ordinary self-indulgence in which he had previously been content to live—and it had raised his self-esteem and self-respect considerably. To find himself

capable of so pure and unworldly an attachment had been a sort of agreeable surprise to the *blasé* man of pleasure; and there seemed to him a kind of unfairness in its not meeting with a happy result. When Franzje, amazed at his last argument, drew back from him in all the majesty of maidenly pride, he re-assumed the injured air which he had worn when he first entered the room, and dropped the ardent persuasive tone which had tried her courage so sorely. It is perhaps in the great eventful moments of life that ignoble natures reveal themselves the most clearly, and at the same time the most unconsciously. All unknown to himself, he was destroying by each fresh word that fair ideal of him which had filled Franzje's mind, and made her blind to his faults and deaf to the accusations brought against him. But yet his reproaches went to her heart in a manner, for she *had* wronged him, though all unwittingly. Each answering look, each answering smile that she had ever given him, seemed to her now an irretrievable wrong; and it might all have been spared had she been loyal to the Dominie, had she but kept in the strict safe way of entire obedience!

She stood before him humble and self-accusing, and yet wrapped round with a sort of steadfast dignity and purpose which made him feel at last that words were useless—that nothing was left for him but to go.

There was something a little melodramatic in the tone in which he began his farewell, something in his gaze the while from which she almost shrank; but the sound of his horse's hoofs on the gravel, and the sudden apparition outside the window of the round black face of the boy whom he had set to hold it, made him all at once natural again, and brought back his self-restraint.

'It is hard to have a spy upon our last moments together,' he said; 'but there is nothing left for me to say. Adieu, Mademoiselle; if we should meet when you return to the city, we shall meet, I suppose, as the merest acquaintances. I wish you a happier fate than wearing out your heart in waiting for the Dominie's return, or settling down into the wife of a stripling who is not fit to black your shoes. Have you no good wish for *me*, whom you are sending from you?'

What she said was so low that he could hardly hear it; he thought it was 'Oh! you know that I have!' But for the last time the star-like eyes spoke to him in that deep language which needs no audible words. It was not love, nor longing, nor regret, nor anything that could have lured him to a hopeless allegiance; it was thanks for all he had been to her; forgiveness, blessing—a message straight from her pure heart to all that was left of pure and good in the heart of the man whom she had loved.

She stood where he had left her till he was mounted and gone; and when the brilliant soldierly figure faded away in the distance, she felt that the little brief romance had faded out of her life, and left rather a dreary blank in place of the old happy contentedness. Her thoughts

flew back to the time before the regiment came into the town; how light-hearted she had been then, and with what glad expectation she had looked forward to the future! Nothing could ever bring that time back again; even if the regiment were to go, and the Dominie to return, it could never all be as it had been before; *people* had changed as well as circumstances—she herself among the number; and even going back to the old ways would not bring back the old feelings and the old calmness of heart. And yet she could not bring herself to wish that the intervening months could be blotted out; they had brought her much that was still precious, though mingled with bitterness, and she could not have borne to part with it, only she would have liked to live them through again in a wiser nobler way.

She did not quite know how long it was before Madame Schuyler came in, nor what there was in her own face to tell of the struggle she had passed through; but when the good lady kissed her tenderly, saying, 'My dear little maid, has it gone as deep as that?' she did feel it a relief to lay down her head on that broad kindly bosom and shed a few quiet tears.

'I wish it had all been different,' sobbed the girl, 'and that I had never wounded, or vexed, or misled anyone! But, Aunt Schuyler, I did not know; I did not see it all as I do now!'

Madame had heard of Mr. Vyvian's visit from one of the chattering little negro lads as she came up the steps; and directly she saw Franzje, her quick intuition told her what the purport of that visit had been, and how it had ended. 'My child,' she said kindly, 'I don't wonder you were dazzled by him at first; this old head of mine even was pretty nearly turned by him, and I encouraged when I should have checked. Your parents were wiser, and so was the Dominie, though he did not go the best way to work. He used almost to put *me* out of patience with his prejudices, so no wonder young ears like yours did not always give heed to his warnings. I never believed a word against Mr. Vyvian, till the Colonel—not his Colonel, but mine, my Philip—told me one or two things on the night of our sleighing-party, which he had heard from M. Banker himself; and then it went to my heart to think that this was the man that my poor little Franzje was ready to take for a husband. The Colonel comforted me by saying he would never ask you; but I could not think so badly of him as all that.'

Franzje raised her tear-wet face a little proudly, a little indignantly, to rebut the Colonel's insinuation.

'He spoke to my father this morning,' said she, with the old innocent confidence in her tone, as if it would have been quite impossible for *him* to act otherwise; and then suddenly came over her a burning remembrance of the immense merit which he had ascribed to himself for doing so, and once more she bent down her head to hide the blushes which scorched her cheeks.

But then again her mingled loyalty towards him and the Dominie

made her say a word for each, though speaking was an effort. 'He could never have slighted or wronged me, he has always been so good to me; he is much better than the Dominie thinks; but still I ought to have heeded the Dominie's warnings for *his* sake even more than for my own, for now I have wronged *him*, as well as helped to drive our Dominie away. I am very young to have done so much harm, and harm that can never be undone! Aunt Schuyler, please let me go home. I will try to do all I can for Father and Mother, and never grieve them any more. It is all that is left for me to do.'

Tender-hearted Aunt Schuyler kissed her again, and did not grudge her the relief of a few more silent tears, but presently said in a cheerful tone, 'You must have courage, my child; God has plenty of work for you to do yet. He would not have dashed down your poor little castle of happiness if He had not something better in store for you some day.'

And then she lifted the sad face between her hands and gazed at it fondly for a moment, reading on the calm wide brow and in the great spiritual eyes so sure a prophecy of a nobler holier fate than the one the young heart in its ignorance had desired, that she wondered how she could, even for a moment, have tolerated the idea of seeing Franzje the wife of that careless pleasure-loving soldier.

Franzje continued urgent in her desire of going home; and Madame, who fully understood the feeling which prompted it, and did not construe it into any want of gratitude for the kindness shewn her at the Flats, half promised to let her go the next day; but when the Colonel returned, he told them that he had seen M. Ryckman, and agreed with him to keep Franzje till the Friday morning; and so the girl, in her new anxiety to be wholly dutiful, was fain to be content to leave the matter as her father had settled it.

'He still thinks, perhaps, that I should want to go to the theatricals,' she said to herself, humbly and with shame; 'but if I might have gone home he would have seen that I did not; and I might have helped to keep Evert away.'

It so happened that the Colonel had promised to be in Albany very early on Friday, to confer with the elders and some of the leading inhabitants of the place on what was to be done with regard to services during the Dominie's absence; and the quaint high carriage was brought round the first thing after breakfast, and Franzje was hurried away from her last clinging embrace in the very midst of her whispered thanks for Aunt Schuyler's tender goodness, and bidden with kindly authority to 'Jump up at once, and not let Elder Jansen be put out by having to wait.'

She had not very much to say to her good old friend as they drove along together, and could not keep her eyes from straying out over the river, so changed already from the clear frozen mass which it had been on the day of the sleighing-party; but she listened to his description of

the breaking up of the ice—which had been used to form one of her annual excitements, but which had passed almost unheeded in the course of this agitating week—and shewed sufficient interest to please and satisfy him.

They were just drawing near to the town, when the notes of a military march struck upon their ears, and a small advanced guard of soldiers came hurrying by, and when they entered the street, the band of Colonel Trelawny's regiment came in sight, followed by what appeared to be the whole body of soldiers.

The natural supposition was that they were coming out for exercise; and as there was no room to pass, Colonel Schuyler drew up at the side of the road, just under the windows of M. Gronow's house, not ill-pleased to have the chance of this little military spectacle, except that he would fain have spared Franzje the meeting with Mr. Vyvian. But in another minute loud voices from within drew their eyes up to the windows; and then, by the anxious eager faces that they saw there, as well as by the excited crowd that began to gather in the street, they guessed that something had happened, and that this was by no means a mere ordinary marching out.

At one of the middle windows were Cornelia and Engeltje Banker, with their mother standing beside them; and to Franzje's amazement, it was little shy Engelt who on seeing her leaned forward and called out, 'O Franz, Franz! they are going away! they are going to the war!'

Even amid the clang of the music, the shrill sweet tones reached Franzje's ears, and made her look towards the speaker. Engelt was all in her fairest apparel, her dimpled cheeks flushed with a bright crimson, her soft eyes gleaming with excitement; and strange to say, she had placed herself in the most prominent position, while the usually more forward Cornelia gloomed from behind her with an air of unmistakeable dudgeon.

As Colonel Trelawny rode by at the head of his men, there was a sudden scream from one of the upper windows, and the momentary apparition of a tear-swollen face, with dishevelled hair hanging about it, which Franzje with difficulty recognized as Anna Gronow's. The sight of it gave her a pang; but in another minute her gaze returned to Engeltje's proud, flushed, love-lighted face. What could have happened to the little thing, so to transform her all at once?

The mystery was solved, when presently, in the rear of the last company, the handsome adjutant rode by. His glance lighted for one instant on Franzje sitting there motionless in the carriage, with wide absorbed eyes, and almost marble-like beauty—so pale had she become at his approach—and then it went up defiantly, ostentatiously, to the little radiant face that was watching him from above; and all his doffings of the hat, and wavings of the hand, and lover-like looks, were for Engelt—Engeltje! who to all appearance had never been to him

anything till now but a pretty simple child, to whom he liked to drop a kind word occasionally. Franzje could not choose but see; but after the slight bow with which she had acknowledged his hasty glance, she never looked at him again, and neither spoke nor stirred; her cheek grew perhaps a shade whiter, that was all.

This was the man on whom she had been ready to waste her whole heart and life, for whose sake she had angered the one friend whose esteem she prized most of all.

As for good old Colonel Schuyler, he by no means took the matter so calmly; he would have liked to knock the sentimental dandy off his horse, and box little Engeltje's ears, and could scarcely keep his mutterings to himself, or refrain from brandishing his driving-whip in the young officer's saucy face. But yet, what right had he to say or do anything, since Franzje herself had dismissed her quondam lover—as he knew from his good wife's confidences—who was now of course free to make love to any other woman as quickly as his shallow feelings would allow?

A minute more, and even the adjutant had gone by, glancing back still over his shoulder at Engelt, whose exulting radiance was fast melting into tears. Then came the rear-guard; and then Colonel Schuyler was about to drive on, when out came Cornelia Banker from the house and stopped him.

'O Franzje!' she said, eagerly addressing his companion, 'Anna is fainting, and she has been crying out for you; do come in, if it is only for a moment! we don't know what to do with her, and Madame Gronow does nothing but scold.'

The Colonel was unwilling to leave his charge, thinking she had been tried enough already; but Franzje had not the heart to refuse the petition.

'She wants Colonel Trelawny to come back and marry her,' went on Cornelia, as she drew her friend up the stairs; 'but I do not believe that he will. Thank goodness, *I* have had nothing to do with these nonsensical officers, beyond making game of Mr. Gardiner now and then. Did you see that silly Engelt? Mr. Vyvian went on to her in such a way last night at the dance after the theatricals; and then in the middle came the order to march, and the gaiety was all broken up. Then Engelt cried, and he kissed her, and called her all the sweet names you can think of. I never saw such foolishness—when we all know it was *you* he really cared about.'

'He does not now,' said Franzje faintly; but Cornelia answered with easy disdain, 'Oh, nonsense! Didn't I guess it was to the Flats he went when he galloped off in such a hurry on Wednesday; and didn't he come back fit to kill himself with spite and ill-temper? Of course, all this with Engeltje is mere mockery and bravado; I tell her so, but she won't listen to me.'

It was partly a vain jealous girl's way of pooh-poohing the love affairs

of a younger sister; but still there was sense and truth in it—more truth than Franzje's wounded spirit would quite allow itself to admit.

Scarcely off with the old love before he was on with the new! Ah! it was not only that *hands* were severed; poor little Franzje's preux chevalier was falling, falling, falling from his throne in her *heart*.

(To be continued.)

IN TIME OF WAR.

CHAPTER VII.

'Our gudeman cam hame at e'en.'

Ballad.

EARLY in the year there came a change to the lonely ladies at Ollerton. Ursula and Katharine were sitting silently one evening over the wood fire on the hearth, in Madam's parlour, when Katharine started up. 'Hark!' she exclaimed, 'I hear horses' feet; they are passing the bridge.'

'I hear nothing,' said Ursula.

'It is a party of horse; they have crossed the bridge. There! I hear them again; they have turned this way.'

'Is it the rebels, think you? must we let them in?' said Ursula, with a scared face.

She lived in daily terror of a visit in search of arms and plate—such as had been paid to several country houses in the neighbourhood by soldiers from Nottingham. Arms they had none, their money and valuables were in several secure hiding-places, the plate was also gone; and they had been warned, that if any party who might come were quietly and civilly treated, they had nothing to fear.

'They must come in, whoever they are,' said Katharine. 'Do not be afraid, Sister; no one will harm us. They may be friends. I hear them now in the court-yard.'

The servants came for the house keys, which were always brought to Mrs. Markham at night-fall. The ladies were following them down the long stone passage into the hall, to receive the new-comers with becoming dignity, when they heard the clang of the great door, the sound of many footsteps, and a piercing shriek from one of the women. 'Oh, he is dead! he is dead! It is his spirit, come to warn us he is killed—killed!' Three steps more, that seemed like miles, and they stood in the great dimly-lighted hall. It was full of soldiers; but in the midst, looking for them, was—not an enemy, not a ghost, but—the living form and eager face of Thomas Markham himself. They shrieked, they kissed him, they clung to him, as he swept them back

to the parlour; and then they fairly sobbed with joy, to feel his arms, and hear his voice again.

'Here I am, my dear ones, at home once more, thank God! Nay, sweet-heart, look up, all is well.—My brave Kate, you must not weep; you did not when we went away. Where is the boy?'

Safe in his bed. But Katharine flew up-stairs, and returned with him in her arms, wrapped hastily in a mantle, flushed and astonished, and collecting his scattered breath for a roar; but when the brave little fellow saw his father, he knew him directly, and struggled to get to him, shouting, 'Father! Father has come! hurrah! God save the King!' as his imprudent young aunt had taught him.

It was indeed a happy meeting, as the father bent over his son, with broken words of thanksgiving from his full heart; while the women hung over him, unable yet to forego the luxury of touching their beloved one. Then followed explanations, and the mixed and broken story, of how he had fared abroad, and they at home.

'Will there not shortly be peace?' asked Katharine.

'I fear not; for though we have heard of negociations, treaties, conditions, deputies, all this time, and his Majesty declares himself alway ready and willing to treat, we fighting men think it all but breath spent in vain, and that we must win a stout battle or two in open field, before the rebels will return to their duty. These sieges and skirmishes do but waste the country, and each advantage is balanced by a loss. To do the rascals justice, they fight like men; but I would that all the good blows had been spent on some foreign enemy.'

'And you are sure you are unhurt? you are something thinner,' asked Ursula anxiously.

'Not a scratch, neither at Edgehill, nor at four fights we have been in since: thus the men think I bear a charmed life, and believe in me mightily. But I have heavy news for some here. Golding and Morton are dead: and it will hardly comfort Dolly Marwood and old Reuben Wilson to know that their sons fought gallantly before they fell.—Kate, you must go with me to see them.'

'Can you bide at home now for a space?' asked Ursula.

'For a few days; and then I hope not to be so long parted from you again. The King has given commission to Sir Charles Cavendish to raise a regiment of horse, to belong to my Lord Newcastle's army, and to check the rebels in Lincolnshire. Sir Charles has chosen me to be his lieutenant-colonel; and thus I have come with my own troop to help in the raising of more men. We shall have our quarters at Newark, and strengthen the garrison there; so now and again I can come to see you; or you might lodge in Newark for a time.'

'Heard you aught of George?' asked Katharine.

'I have seen him: he sent you a loving greeting, and is sorry that he cannot come so far out of his way to see you. After the surrender of Portsmouth, he came to join the King, and I saw him at Oxford;

he has now gone to the north, to fight with my Lord Newcastle, with whom Papists find more favour than the King is able to shew them. He brought good news and kind greetings from our sisters at Ghent: Margaret and Elizabeth being well; and Frances has been sent to join the Benedictine nuns at Liege—all three being now choir religious. George has grown swarthy and tall; he is said to be like our grandfather, the Black Markham, but I see in him a plotting and restless spirit, that rather brings to my mind our uncle, Sir Griffin.'

There was an unspoken inquiry in Katharine's face, which, to try her, her brother purposely refrained from satisfying; but it was impossible to go to bed in suspense, so when Ursula carried off her boy, who had fallen asleep again in his father's arms, she warily approached her point. 'We heard news of you more than once from Mr. Bertie.'

'Ay, he was ever inquiring for messengers to Nottingham.'

'Is he recovered of his wound?'

'Aha! I thought you had forgotten the poor fellow, and cared not to hear of him!'

'Nay, brother, tell me.'

Colonel Markham drew his sister from her perch on the elbow of his chair, to a position in which he could see her; but a glance at her blushing face appeared to satisfy him, and he did not teaze her again. 'He is not only well of that wound, but ready for another; and being tired of fighting afoot, has got himself named one of our captains, doing me the honour of wishing to be once more under my orders. He is at Worksop, with Sir Charles, chafing sorely that he could not get leave to come with me to-night. Let me tell you, Mistress Kate, there is not a braver soldier in his Majesty's army: he has done me good service too, and provided six horses for our troop out of his own purse, begging me only to spare your little horse, Pippin, till need is greater.'

So Katharine went to bed, glad and thankful, not only on her brother's account, but with a happiness that was not less sweet, because she gave it neither name nor shape. It was pleasant to wake in the morning, and feel that the dulness and oppression was gone from the house. Voices sounded in the corridors and on the stairs, as the maids sang at their morning work, and made a hundred errands into the hall, or across the court, where the stranger soldiers were hanging about, quite ready to be made heroes of, and telling strange tales to every listener. There was an older man among them, with a wound in his arm, not yet healed; and while Mrs. Markham attended to his hurt, shewing Katharine the while how she did it, he told them of the fights he had been in, and of Captain, now Colonel, Markham's valour in the field, and kindliness in camp, that made him so popular an officer, in spite of the firmness with which he opposed the plundering, for which Prince Rupert's soldiers were already too notorious. 'Markham's men are best off in the end,' said the man; 'better paid, and better cared for: I wish our new captain may be of the same sort.'

The rest of the party of horse arrived from Worksop at night-fall: the men were quartered in the town, and the officers lodged at the Hall—the Colonel, Sir Charles Cavendish, Major Eyre, Captains Willoughby, Odingsell, Leake, Bertie, and others—Colonel and Mrs. Markham receiving them with great courtesy and hospitality. Several ladies from the neighbourhood were there to meet their relations; the best parlours were opened, and decorated; there was a noble supper; and though, the plate being absent, the loving-cup had to go round in a china bowl, the King's health was not the less heartily drunk. Sir Charles Cavendish was a brother of the Earl of Devonshire, cousin also of the Earl of Newcastle, a brave and popular commander, and a very handsome and courtly cavalier. Pretty Mrs. Markham, who could yet hardly keep her eyes from her husband's face, turned rather shy under his elaborate compliments and stately courtesies. Katharine, who also looked very pretty and bright in her stiff blue silk gown, with carnation knots, and a string of pearls among her brown curls, with little more experience than her sister-in-law, had more wit and spirit, and kept two or three young officers on their mettle in a laughing war of words. Richard Bertie was too well satisfied with the shy pleasure she had shewn on meeting him, and too truly glad to see his bright lady again, to be more than a little jealous. Colonel Markham still refused to allow him to woo her. Kate was young enough, and safe enough, he said; and he would not have her troubled, while the fate and fortune of all the King's adherents were still so uncertain. He did not, however, keep them apart; and when the troop moved on next day to Newark, he kept Bertie behind with him for a few days longer on the recruiting business. Campaigning had had a wholesome effect on the young man, and Thomas Markham's good opinion of him had risen higher; he was less sensitive and jealous, and had acquired a better opinion of other people's wisdom; thus, for Katharine's sake, he bore the irksome delay, content to be on the old intimate footing at the Hall.

These bright days soon came to an end, for the two officers were obliged to take the field again; but this time they did not leave behind them so desolate a home, they were only a few miles off, and one or other occasionally got leave for a few hours, or even a day or two, to ride over, and report of their welfare in person. The Newark garrison was strengthened just in time to prevent the Parliamentary forces from succeeding in an attempt to take the town during the month of February. They were repulsed without any great loss on either side; and then, for some months, Sir Charles Cavendish's horse held the rebels in check, separating their Lincolnshire forces from those under Sir Thomas Fairfax in Yorkshire, and gaining several victories: notably, in March, they beat the rebels near Grantham, and dislodged their garrison from that town, taking many prisoners. Again they won a yet more important fight near Stamford, so that they were held in great esteem. By their means, the whole of that part of the country was

brought into obedience to the King, and the hopes of the Royalists were rendered very high and confident—increased also by the news from Oxford, of successes gained for the King in the west.

After Easter, Colonel Markham removed his family to Newark, both that they might be more secure, and that he might enjoy more of their company. He established them in a convenient house in the market-place, where Captain Bertie lodged with them, and Captain Godfrey Markham, and others of their kinsfolk and near friends, were frequently with them. The change after the dull winter was very pleasant, especially as much of the bravery, and very few of the horrors, of war came under their eyes. The little Thomas became more military than ever, with his study from the window of the exercises that were constantly going on in the market-place; and, except that she could but seldom go abroad, his aunt Kate enjoyed the fuss and stir mightily. She found a convenient nook in one of the windows of the long low upper room, that was their usual parlour, from which she could watch all comers and goers. She made numbers of friends; and Captain Bertie was not the only young officer who never failed to look up at the window as he passed.

'How, think you, will you figure as court ladies?' asked Colonel Markham, coming up-stairs to his wife and sister, one day in early June.

'Are you going to Oxford?' 'Is the King coming again?' they asked.

'Neither; but we look for the Queen shortly. Our troop is to meet her on her way from the north, and bring her here, where she will stay till it is determined how she may best join the King. If she bring a sufficient force, we may make an attack on Nottingham.'

Any hint of active operations still made Ursula shudder; but Katharine was growing bolder, with safety and familiarity with success. When her brother had returned, without even a wound from so many fights, she could not but share the popular belief that he was invincible, and would go on victoriously to the end; and if she thought more seriously, she believed that so many prayers must be granted—he was so good, so true, so necessary to them—he must surely be spared to them. Now the prospect of stir and gaiety during the Queen's visit was delightful to her. 'Will her Majesty lodge at the Castle? and will she receive us?' she asked.

'The Castle is not fit lodging for her. A convenient house will be prepared for her in the town, and doubtless she will receive there such persons of quality as may choose to pay their court to her; and as you will doubtless wish to be among the foremost in loyal duty, I counsel you to prepare your best gear. Send for the silk-mercer, Wife, and get you and Kate each a gown; I can find money for that, though the troopers bid fair to eat all my substance.'

So the severity of the garrison town was, as it were, gilded for a time by the presence of the Queen and her attendants. Of the latter there were few indeed—only two or three ladies, and some waiting-women, accompanied her; and the beautiful and once luxurious

Henrietta was chiefly surrounded by her captains, and occupied all day with her military advisers, studying how she could bring her reinforcements and supplies to the King, and best do her duty as 'she-majesty generalissima' to the husband, to whom she made so much better a help-meet in action than in counsel—in trouble than in prosperity. She was beautiful, graceful, and persuasive; she had shewn herself also to be both brave and devoted; but the old prejudice against her still kept a hold in the hearts of many, even of the most loyal. With all her loveliness and address, all her flatteries and cajoleries, she had not her husband's power of winning all hearts to her; and the assistance she received was given to the King through her, rather than from any enthusiasm she personally excited.

Katharine Markham was teazed both by her brother and Richard Bertie for liking kings better than queens: they told her that her loyalty was a mere personal liking, without any foundation in principle; while she retorted, that they were no true knights not to be more devoted to their sovereign lady, specially when she was beautiful and in distress. But there was ample time for Katharine to be disenchanted during the wearisome evenings, spent with other country ladies, at the Queen's lodgings, feeling the burden of court etiquette, without any gaiety to relieve it; while the Queen, equally wearied, and far more impatient, gave her attention to the varied business of her position—hearing news, and consulting on it; or else amusing herself with the attentions of some of the gentlemen of rank among her officers. Foremost among these was handsome courtly Sir Charles Cavendish; and simple country gentlewomen, like Mrs. Markham, were sometimes scandalized by the ease and freedom of the Queen's manners.

'Her Majesty pays all court to those who can help her and the King,' said Colonel Markham, half in excuse: 'and then you forget that her French and town customs are not like our country ways.'

'Then I like not French customs, and am glad that I have not been bred in town,' persisted Ursula; 'and I think that not even to help you, would I speak or look after that fashion; and though I doubt not that it is of her love and loyalty to the King, yet I think that such loyalty in me would little please you.'

After about three weeks stay, the Queen left Newark; the projected attack on Nottingham had been given up, as her main object was to join the King, with her treasure intact, and her forces unbroken; so she managed to slip by that formidable town, and passing through Leicestershire, after many delays, met her husband at last. Sir Charles Cavendish and his regiment accompanied her only as far as Southwell, where she parted from him 'very heavily,' the old books say. While Mrs. Bernard, having entertained a royal guest for the third time, fully agreed with Katharine in preferring kings to queens.

(To be continued.)

THE RED FOREST.

A GOBLIN STORY.

BY GAMMA.

PART I.

CHAPTER V.—THE DUKE AND DUCHESS HAVE A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

In the Palace of Rosencrantz all was perplexity and distress. The Prince's party had been expected on Tuesday, and the whole of that day the Duchess had been in a state of eager expectation. She could not sit still for a moment, but went incessantly into the suite of rooms prepared for the Prince, whose fitting-up she had herself overlooked. Now she stood by his bed, and thought how sweet it would be to see the little figure lying there; now she would arrange the curtains, as though he were there already. She re-arranged the books and toys, she gave a touch to the flowers, she looked out of the window to see if all were pleasant that would meet his eye. Long before he could be expected, she started at every sound. As the time drew on, she went to the top of the tower, and strained her eyes, and fancied every little cloud of dust she saw was the carriages approaching. If her attendants, or even the Duke himself, spoke to her, they got absent answers. Evening drew on, and her anxiety increased; night fell, and yet no arrival, no change; she sat silent, trembling at every breath. The night passed without any relief to her care, and another day after it, and yet another. All those round her tried to comfort her, suggesting a hundred possible reasons for the delay; yet in their secret hearts all were troubled.

On the Wednesday, the Duke told his wife carelessly that the order had been given in council that day to enlarge the royal hunting-grounds of the Red Forest; and that messengers were already sent off to give the peasants thereabouts notice to quit, for that in a few weeks their cabins must come down.

'Oh! my Lord,' exclaimed the Duchess, 'reverse the order, I entreat you! Forbear to dispossess those poor people. My mind misgives me that the fate of our son is somehow or other involved in theirs!'

'Psha!' said the Duke; 'just like one of your woman's fancies. Be at rest; your son will doubtless be here to-day, and then you will think no more of "*those poor people!*"'

'Pray Heaven, my Lord, you be not going to do a great injustice!' replied she; and the Duke with an impatient gesture turned away.

The day passed, and no tidings. The Duchess went about like one in a dream; and the whole court, half in sympathy, half in etiquette, was hushed and melancholy. On Thursday the Duke himself was growing anxious, but thinking the best plan was to drown care, he

ordered a hunting party for the morning, and a grand banquet for the evening. The Duchess went to her own chambers, and sat alone all day. Towards evening a lacquey came in to tell her that the nurse Grisilde had just arrived.

'Alone? alone?' gasped the Duchess.

'Alone, your Excellence. She says there has been an accident, and she does not know what is become of the Prince.'

The Duchess controlled herself by a mighty effort, and desired that Grisilde should be sent to her without a moment's delay.

The poor nurse entered, looking like the ghost of her former self, for she had been fresh and fair. Her clothes hung in rags upon her; she was lean with hunger; she had evidently suffered much. Her story was soon told. She described the storm and the upsetting of the carriage, and said that from that time she knew nothing till she awoke from a swoon, and found herself at the bottom of a ravine, lying upon sharp rocks, with nobody near her, and neither man, horse, nor carriage within sight. She was much bruised and injured, but after a time contrived to hobble along the bottom of the valley till she came to some peasants' huts; and there she had received help, and been directed further, till from hamlet to hamlet she had at last made her way to Rosencrantz.

When the Duke came back from hunting, he saw all the windows of his wife's apartments closed, and was met on the threshold by the terrible news. He dismissed his friends, countermanded the banquet, and pale and stern, went up to the Duchess's room.

'Ah! my Lord,' exclaimed she vehemently as he entered, 'the retribution is soon come! I warned you yesterday that the fate of our son was involved in that of the peasants of the Red Forest; and even now it may be that our Max has perished in that ill-fated neighbourhood!'

'Foolish woman!' said the Duke; 'in that case the retribution would have gone before the crime; for the order for despoiling the cottages has not yet reached that country, and the execution of it is not for weeks!'

'But the sword has been long hanging over their heads,' interrupted the Duchess; 'rumours doubtless have reached them, and their wrongs have gone up to Heaven.'

'You think, then, Madam, that some of those vile peasants have dared to lift a hand upon my son? Were it so, instead of giving them leave to quit, I would burn their hovels over their heads without an hour's notice.'

'Alas! alas! my Lord, do not speak so frightfully. I think no harm of the poor souls; rather, I think that Heaven, in vengeance for their wrongs, has wrought this woe by the hands of the Goblins that infest that forest.'

At this the Duke laughed aloud; a laugh not pleasant to hear. 'Another of your old woman's fancies!' sneered he. 'Goblins, forsooth! Why, if Goblins there be, it were all to their interest that the borders of their forest should be enlarged. They must be wondrous

lovers of justice indeed, if they are so quick to avenge a wrong not yet committed, and which is to their own behoof!' By which it may be seen that the Duke neither believed in the Goblins, nor knew anything of the prophecy.

But while trying to brave it out, His High Mightiness of Morgenstern was as much troubled as his wife. He gave orders that a troop of horse should set out next morning, and thoroughly explore all the Forest country, to see what traces could be discovered of the Prince and his party, alive or dead. The brave Grisilde offered to go with them, if the sergeant of the troopers, who was her uncle, might take her up behind him on his horse; for she thought she could guide them to the scene of the disaster, and so save time. The Duchess thanked her, and consented, and bade her go and refresh herself with food and sleep, and a change of clothes.

CHAPTER VI.

MAX IS MISSING.

Four days had passed since the writing of Madame Patschanpowdr's letter, and she was counting the hours for help to arrive. The Prince was growing daily stouter and stronger under the influence of good air and plain living; but she herself was growing daily thinner, and her features and temper more sharp, under the pressure of her many cares. Not least among them was distress at the Prince's manners and morals, which to her thinking grew worse every day. She did all she could to keep him and Kerl apart, but it was no use; they had become inseparable, and Lili, now recovered, trotted after them all day long. Max's suit of sheep-skin had been finished and put on, to the great pride of himself and Kerl. What fresh prickles, what goads were thereby added to Madame's already thorny lot, need hardly be described.

On the afternoon of the day we have thus arrived at, when Katinka was out, and she and the Prince were sitting alone, Max announced to her that he wished to write a letter to his parents. So virtuous a resolution could not but be gratifying to Madame Patschanpowdr; and she readily supplied him with materials out of what remained to her, though trusting that the rescue might arrive in time to make the letter useless. Max wrote steadily for some time; and then yawning and taking up his little crook, he said he must go out and look for Kerl, begging the lady to seal up the letter for him and direct it. Madame Patschanpowdr, as being for the time his sole guardian and protector, felt herself bound to become acquainted with its contents; so she opened it, and read as follows:—

'Your Most High Mightinesses my honoured Parents,

You have always shewn yourselves so indulgent to me, that I hope you will give your kind approval to what I am about to do.'

'What a beautiful and correct beginning!' thought Madame; 'the Prince at least has not forgotten my instructions as to propriety of language, and his style is perfect.' She read on—

'You will have heard from Madame Patsch of our accident, and that we are staying with some excellent people, called Kerl and Katinka. I have now tried the life they lead here for a good while, and have quite made up my mind to be a shepherd boy as long as I live. I never was so happy in all my life. Kerl is an excellent fellow; and if you were to know him you would love him as I do. We have got a pet kid. My foot was very sore, but is now well; Kerl cured it for me. I have not yet been inside the Forest; but Kerl says there are beautiful flowers there, and snakes, and birds. I hope Mamma will not be much disappointed that I do not come home. Papa can give the crown to my cousin Alexis, who I am sure will like being Grand-duke much better than I should. Kerl says I carry my crook quite right, and shall make an excellent shepherd. With my humble duty to your High Mightinesses,

I remain,

Your dutiful and obedient Son,

MAX.'

'This comes,' fumed Madame Patschanpowdr, 'of low company! That odious Kerl!—and yet, Heaven forgive me! but for that lad we should both have perished on the hill side. Well, this letter must not go. I will hide it, and perhaps His Highness will forget all about it; or at the worst I can bribe the shepherd boy not to take it for him.'

So she hid the letter, and sat musing by the fire till she found her own thoughts tedious. She rose up, and wrapping her cloak about her, ventured out for the first time since her arrival. Strolling along the heath, looking at the wide views lit up by the declining sun, chance led her to another lonely hut, much like Katinka's, to which a poor old woman was just returning with a bundle of sticks.

Gundrade, for it was she, dropping a curtsey, said to her, 'Are you the court lady who is staying with Katinka?'

'Yes.'

'Have a care of the Prince; do not let him out to-night after dusk. I have just come back from the Forest, and I know there is mischief hatching there. Trust me, I know the ways of the Goblins better than most people.'

So saying, she went in, and Madame Patschanpowdr stood rooted to the spot with terror. She dared not follow Gundrade to question her further, being persuaded that she was a witch! How should anyone else know about *her* and *the Prince!* After a few moments she took to flight, and made the best of her way home, hoping devoutly to find Max returned. She found nobody in the cottage, however, but Katinka, who was cooking some stirabout over the fire for supper, and talking to herself.

'I wish the boys would come home,' muttered she. Madame thought her ears must have deceived her; *the boys*, indeed! But it came again. 'Oh, these boys—would they were at home!'

'Ha-ha-hem!' said Madame, expecting to see Katinka turn round in confusion; but no such thing.

Katinka went on stirring, and said, 'Oh! you're there, Madame. Well, I'm glad you're come in, and I was just wishing the young folks would come in too. I don't like the look of things to-night in the Forest —and yet, I don't think Kerl would take him *there!*'

Patschanpowdr shuddered. 'What do you mean?' said she. 'An old woman has been telling me the same things. What do these frightful hints mean?'

'Well, Madame,' said Katinka, looking nervously round, 'it's best not to talk about it, as they do not like to be named; but there are— creatures in the Forest that bear ill-will to men. To day is the new moon; and that is the day they are most abroad, and have most power —hush!'.... Then in a whisper, 'It's ill being in the Forest to-day, especially after dusk.'

'Good Heavens!' gasped Madame, with her teeth chattering in her head, 'Do you think the Prince is *there?*' (she had let the word out now, but it did not matter.) 'Why did you not forbid your son—?'

'Kerl knows as much about it as I do,' said Katinka drily; 'and I do not think they *are* there; but I wish they would come in.' And again she looked nervously round her.

The two women grew silent; the stirabout was burnt, from Katinka having ceased to stir it; and when at last she poured it out, and they made a show of sitting down to supper, neither of them could eat a mouthful.

'Could you not go out and look for them?' whispered Patschanpowdr at last; 'I would—go—with you,' but she hoped fervently that Katinka would go by herself.

'No use, no use,' said the other, shaking her head.

The weary night went on, and no sound was heard but the crackling of the logs in the grate and the sweep of the wind outside.

'Ah! they're keeping their holiday,' said Katinka, with a shudder.

Morning dawned at last upon two sleepless pair of eyes. Madame was a spectacle of helpless misery; but Katinka plucked up her brave spirit with the day-light, bustled about as usual, and pretended to sing. 'I'm going out to gather herbs on the heath, Madame,' she said presently, 'and you had better come with me; the air will do you good, and you are not fit to be alone.'

So they went. Katinka tried to gather herbs, and Madame affected to watch her; but all the time each was anxiously looking about to see if any sign of the lost ones were in sight. Madame Patschanpowdr was looking steadily towards the Forest, when suddenly from behind she heard her own name uttered with a shrill cry of joy, and facing round, she saw the nurse Grisilde. They ran up to each other, Grisilde making gestures of delight and pointing behind her; and Madame saw that at a little distance there followed her three or four mounted troopers.

So the rescue had come at last! Grisilde, overjoyed at the success of the expedition which she had guided, and suspecting no further trouble, was shocked beyond measure when she learnt that nothing had been seen of the Prince since the previous afternoon.

'Oh! Madame,' said she, holding up her hands, 'how dared you let him out of your sight?'

'Most unwillingly indeed,' replied the lady; 'but you know how headstrong His Highness is at times. He is infatuated with a wretched peasant lad here, who has no doubt led him into some frightful danger.'

Katinka was at this time out of hearing, having gone a little way into the Forest in the distant hope of catching sight of Kerl.

And now came up the sergeant, Grisilde's uncle, and was much discouraged at hearing this ill news. He made careful inquiries as to when the Prince had been seen last, and in whose company; and calling up a soldier, said, 'I must despatch a messenger at once to Rosencrantz, for such were my orders, as soon as ever I should learn news of the Prince, good or bad. Then I, with the rest of my men and my brave girl here, will continue the search till we find him, alive or dead. After all, to know that he was for certain alive up to yesterday will be more comfort than the Duchess, poor lady, has had for this week past.'

The mistress of the bed-chamber and Grisilde talked a little while longer, for there was much to tell on both sides; and then the lady went back to the cottage, and the searching party went to their work.

(*To be continued.*)

A WEEK AMONG THE BATTLE-FIELDS.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday the 5th of September, that we found ourselves in Strasburg, to be introduced to the first of those terrible war-scenes, which had occupied so many of our thoughts during the past year. Our intention was to spend a week in visiting the battle-fields of Wörth, Gravelotte, and Sedan, and the fortifications of Metz; and this programme introduced us also to Vionville, Bitche, and Thionville. Our party consisted of three—my father, my mother, and myself—of whom my mother was intensely French, my father equally strongly German but with less outspoken views. My own sympathies fluctuated between the two, but were increasingly decided in favour of the French, as I saw on each succeeding battle-field how the odds had been heavier against them, and with what gallant courage they had struggled to hold their own, long after the tide of success had turned hopelessly against their outnumbered forces.

From the railroad we had seen something of the state of Strasburg; but we were surprised, when we started in a carriage to go round the

town, at the extent of ruin which stared us in the face. Two quarters had been very much dismantled; that round the Weisse Thor on the Schiltigheim side, and the opposite quarter of the Stein Thor, or Porte de Pierre. The houses were pitted with bullet-shot, their walls blown out with shell, and increasing with their exposure to the besiegers' line of fire came ruins of five, ten, twenty houses together, of which only gaunt bare walls remained, with a hill of brick and stone rubbish blocking up a street for a hundred yards together. Here and there a house had been spared, and stood up strangely enough in an open space; and of course much rebuilding had been going on, and the fine Place Kleber was quite new and smart; but that too told its tale. Very terrible these indications of bitter suffering appeared to us at the time, but they were soon to be eclipsed by the sadder and more hopeless sights which we were to witness.

The feeling between the town and its Prussian garrison ran high. The banker could not trust himself with many words: and our *voiturier*, a loutish boy, but whose loutishness was, I suspect, increased by his dislike to his job, would neither point out to us the objects of interest, nor speak for us to the German soldiers, although talking himself a German patois. So we interceded for ourselves with the watch at one of the gates, and they sent a soldier to shew us as much of the ramparts as was open to strangers. A nice Saxon boy he was, and had served at Wörth, where the French artillery had done his corps a great deal of damage. 'Ah, that was no joke,' he said very gravely, 'we lost many.' And again, 'We had hard work at Paris, where we lay on the west side of the city; and now here it is not over-pleasant for us. They won't associate with us.' I felt myself, that if I had suffered and struggled like Strasburg, the foreign uniform and guard mounted at the gates would be a bitter sight.

We had some talk after this with a Strasburg citizen, and received a confirmation of the curious story that a zealous Republican, having got himself nominated Préfet of Strasburg, (after the 4th of September,) undertook to carry himself and his authority through all dangers into the town. He got through the Prussian lines, but was shot at repeatedly by the French while swimming across the moat. Their bullets missed him, but he could hardly find a footing under the wall, nor would they pay attention to his repeated request that they would cease firing, and take him prisoner. At last, however, they did so, when he pulled up his shirt-sleeve and produced his credentials, took possession of the town under the seal of the Republic, and issued some proclamations—very few, I believe—in his own name. His tenure of office was destined to be short.

Still, knocked about as Strasburg was by bombs and fire within, my father, whose knowledge of military matters is almost scientific, was unable to find any definite trace of a breach in the walls: nor could those whom we talked with help us in this matter. It was a great joy

to find the noble Cathedral so little injured. The cross, I believe, has been struck, and some damage has been done to the roof; but from within hardly a sign of injury was visible. The library is, unfortunately, totally destroyed.

We left Strasburg very early the next morning, and in two hours were at Haguenau for breakfast. Our railway journey was diversified by a tolerably warm argument upon the terms of peace imposed by the Germans, in which almost all the occupants of the carriage took a part. One side was headed by a young Würtemberger, whose creed appeared to me to be the good old maxim that

> 'He should take who hath the power,
> And he should keep who can,'

the other by a vine-grower from Trèves, whose sympathies were, however, Alsatian, and who was steady in his prophecies that the victors and the vanquished will never amalgamate in Alsace. They spoke of what the attitude of various countries would be, if a general conflagration should take place in Europe before long. 'You forget us,' I said; 'don't you think we should fight?' 'You?' replied the vine-grower; 'you'll never fight; you only stay at home and stir up quarrels abroad!' This sally put everyone into good humour for a while.

Our first care on reaching Haguenau was to order a carriage to take us to the field of Wörth. It was about two hours drive. A waggonette was soon at the door, with two strong horses, but with so diminutive a boy on the coach-box, that we felt inclined to ask for an abler guide. 'Never fear,' returned the landlord, 'he knows the battle-field better than I or any other man.' And so we were soon convinced that he did. Though very small he was fifteen years old and extremely intelligent. Our way ran for a long time along a narrow road cut through a forest, but at last, surmounting a low crest, we suddenly saw the plain stretched out before us. A fine rolling piece of country, of the Waterloo type, but with more feature.

'From here I watched the battle,' said our little coachman. 'Oh, how I cried when I saw the French were beaten! But they came to me, three French officers, and I guided them after the battle into safety. They escaped, but the Prussians got hold of me, and took me away prisoner for three days to Nancy. My father and mother didn't know what had become of me.'

'They must have been very much frightened?' we asked.

'Yes; but my mother cried more when the Prussians came into Haguenau, and she thought they were going to take her bed. They did no harm, though, to anybody in Haguenau. You will see Wörth very soon; it lies in that hollow just at the foot of that wooded hill.'

Our road lay between the positions of the two armies, and we approached the scene of action from the side on which it had terminated.

We were driving northwards, and entered the battle-field just where the German troops spread and pressed upon the French retreat at the very close of the action. The village of Mörsbronn, where the Cuirassiers' charge—the last despairing effort made to redeem the day—had terminated so cruelly and fatally, was on our left hand, and near it the great memorial cross, placed there by Germany on the anniversary of the battle, just one month before our visit. As we approached Wörth, we had the centre of the German position more and more on our right; the wooded heights that had been the key of the French force, were on our left. The German right had rested on a high hill, covered with forest; the Crown Prince had stood throughout the day under a small group of poplars, directing the steady attack down the slopes, and then straight up the lofty heights held by the French in face. The village of Wörth lay in the very thickest of the fray, at the junction of the two long white roads from Weissemburg and from Soultze.

Mac Mahon does not seem to have been quite prepared for the German advance in this precise direction. His own front was turned more northwards, as if he expected the Crown Prince to have come round the hill on its other side. His left wing appears to have been too far thrown back upon Reichshofen, and his forces were so inferior to the enemy that he needed every man he possessed, even to defend his strong position above Wörth; and that he could not prevent those positions from being turned the sequel of the day too clearly proved. His army is now computed at 35,000 men only, the Prussians, Bavarians, and Würtembergers under the Crown Prince, at over 100,000.

Wörth, lying under Mc Mahon's right flank, and straight in the advance of the Germans, was entered very early. We admired the little place very much, with its cool plane-tree shade in the centre of the village; and it was evidently prosperous and manufacturing, though now bearing traces of the conflict in its scarred walls and shattered roofs. Every second house had its tokens to shew, and here and there a sharp hand-to-hand fight had taken place. Especially was this the case in a small vineyard which stood just where the Weissemburg road entered the village. There was no moving about in it for the number and height of the graves. They must have hidden both French and Germans, but the only names recorded were those of Prussian officers; and though the hostile villagers had let the long weeds accumulate sadly, we could still read the last tribute of regret on the rough wooden crosses here and there.

We walked slowly up the hill which the French had held. It was very steep, and wooded all over. The French had had immense advantage of position, although it must have been hard work to drag the guns up in retreat, then turn, point, and fire them among the trees. Yet that the assailants had swarmed up every part of the ascent, that they had fought everywhere, and pushed the French home on all sides, was very evident. As we were trying to form a definite idea of the fight, we fell in, most fortunately, with two girls of the village. They might have

been the daughters of the miller, or the inn-keeper, from their appearance; and by their directness of thought, and strength of expression, they reminded me more of Shakspeare's heroines than any women I have ever seen in my life. The elder, a remarkably fine young woman, was pointing out to her cousin the grave of some special hero; I believe it was that of General Lamère, who lingered a few hours after the battle, but could not be moved into the town. They were only too glad to recapitulate to us all they had seen and endured. 'It was here,' said the elder girl, pointing to a cellar-grating scarcely visible above the ground, at the extreme end of the village, 'that we took refuge early in the morning. Three times the Prussians came and fired into the cellars, though they were crowded with women and children. Then we determined to run for the Lazaretto, where they were just beginning to carry in the wounded. My father and I were the first that ran out, throwing our aprons over our heads, and this girl with us,' she exclaimed, seizing the clothes of a third girl who had joined us, and displaying her petticoat patched in several places; 'here you see the holes the bullets made, and it was a new dress on the day of the battle!'

'But they did not fire at you as you ran?' we asked.

'No, Fräulein, both sides stopped firing; and the Zouaves told us afterwards that had it not been for our crossing the lines just then, they would not have left one Prussian alive in this corner! However, we made for the Lazaretto, and were safe then, attending to the wounded. Such frightful wounds we saw—one man had his face entirely shot away, and the water they called for was so bloody directly, that it was not fit to drink!'

'But you forgot that they were enemies when you nursed them?' we asked, almost anxiously, for every word and gesture betokened deep hostility to the invaders.

'Ah! yes, when they were wounded,' she replied; 'but still—' with a laugh aside—'one contrived that one's own people should have the best bit.'

She then took us up to the top of the hill, where Mc Mahon had been through the day, eagerly recounting to us all the way how cruel the Prussians had shewn themselves after the battle—how they had dragged away an old man of seventy-five tied to a cart, and how he had died on the road; how one soldier had held a pistol to her breast, demanding cheese, wine, and bread, and with what a defiant wave of the arm she had bade him go elsewhere for food. Every grave she pointed out contained Prussians. And you would have thought, to hear her, that the French had not been beaten at all, and that after 'the Prussians had been three times driven back out of the village,' they had not come back a fourth time and made the French retreat almost a rout. On the big tree which had sheltered Mc Mahon was an inscription, nailed up and wreathed round, with these words:—

'Aux Héros de l' armée Française, sous le Genéral Mc Mahon, qui moururent, combattant pour leur patrie le 6 Août, 1870.'

It was pointed out to us with pride. '*We* put up this, when we found the Germans were coming to set up the big cross by Mörsbronn, last month; and we hung every French grave with immortelles along the road. Oh, they were so mad!' Poor girls, no one could envy them their imaginary triumph.

'But how is it,' I said, 'that you feel in this way, when you are Germans now, and you speak the German language?' This was only true in one sense, for I had scarcely been able to follow her Alsatian patois; her 'Dietschen' for 'Deutschen,' &c.

'What does that matter?' said she, 'when one is French at heart! And we will not stay here to be made Germans of. We are going to Versailles ourselves, and there we shall find our countrymen again. They are all gone. All!'

'And sha'n't we find you married and Prussians, when we come again?' we asked, amused at the burst of indignation with which this idea was received. 'Well, if not, we must wish you good French husbands at Versailles.' And we parted, mutually gratified.

It was from this point that late in the day sixteen hundred Cuirassiers rode forth on their gallant but useless mission, to check the German advance. Canrobert bade his General a last farewell before the start. Over the fields and down the lane they galloped southwards; but in the narrow village of Mörsbronn, they were crowded together without power to retreat, or chance of getting at the enemy, while a raking fire opened upon them from every window and loop-hole. The corpses had lain thick in the street and in the vineyards round; while the survivors, hotly pursued by the Germans, contrived to escape in panic-stricken flight towards Haguenau. Before leaving Wörth, we ascended the opposite slopes held by the Germans; and there read the riddle of how the fine French position had been taken. The immense superiority of the German numbers had enabled them to turn the heights on every side; and the Würtembergers had pushed up the French left, cutting the Turcos to pieces, and driving them back through the half-burnt village of Froschwiller to Reichshofen. How differently it might have gone if Mc Mahon's urgent appeals to De Failly had been responded to! But De Failly, as we learnt at Bitche, had had no thought but how to save himself.

In the afternoon we were again at Haguenau, debating where we should sleep. I had suffered much disgust at the breakfast-table from swarms of flies, and I was very anxious to go forward and arrive in the dark so as at least not to see the black hordes in our rooms, however much we might guess they were only waiting for the morning to cover the beds, the tables, and all the food upon them. Besides, Bitche was within two hours of us by train; and was not Bitche worth a visit, the plucky little fortress that had held out through all the war—that had come off with flying colours, while Paris and Strasburg, and the virgin Metz, had bowed their pride before the invader? Our resolution was

soon taken—we would venture into the new ground, doubtful though we felt of the reception we should meet there. We took the precaution of inquiring whether there was a hotel, and hearing that it was a good one, we set off at 8 p. m. for Bitche.

Things didn't look encouraging when we got there. No omnibus came to welcome the strangers, the fortress frowned overhead from its impregnable rock. All was silent, almost deserted. With the help of a railway porter, who guided us, and wheeled our luggage before us, we found our way in silence and darkness to the hotel. It hardly merited the name. The café was full of persons of a low rank, and a universal stare greeted us. The waiter, a tall shambling figure, and a pleasant woman who I think was the landlady, came forward in dismay to tell us that they had no bed for us. Nor did they think that there was a single vacant bed in Bitche. The little town, it turned out, was positively down—in ruins all over—and the population so pressed together, that to accommodate three extra people was an impossibility. However, they would give my father a bed, in a room with another man; it was not exactly a tempting offer, but was gratefully accepted, and my mother and I sat down in the salle, which was re-opened for our benefit, while a boy was despatched to hunt for a bed-room through Bitche. Presently he returned, with good tidings; and hastily catching up a few things for the night, we followed him a quarter of a mile further. It was a take-in, however. Madame at the new lodgings was even more horrified to see us than they had been at the inn. She had expected 'Herren,' she said, and had only a bed to offer us under the same conditions as those which my father had submitted to. Our position was now not enviable. It had struck eleven; but there were many hours to be got through before our train went at eight next morning, and we did not fancy spending them in the gaunt roofless enclosures which succeeded each other all down the street. It was just like walking through Pompeii; the same outline of untopped wall against the sky, high, and bare, and homeless. Perhaps three walls would stand, but the fourth would be represented by a heap of rubbish; and the roof had been long ago blown away in fragments. Ruined as Strasburg had looked, it was as nothing to the universal desolation of Bitche. It seemed selfish to waste regrets over the discomfort our rashness had brought upon us in face of these tokens of long-endured suffering. We went back to the inn, and asked for leave to sleep on the table in the salle, with our portmanteau and bundle of cloaks under our heads, but the kind folk would not permit us. Somebody, I think, was waked up and dislodged from their comfortable sleep; for we saw a small iron bedstead unfolded, in the café, and shortly after we thankfully subsided into a bed on the floor of a newly-repaired room up-stairs. Walls damp, sheets damp—but still a bed, where we might have slept soundly but for various small accidentals, for which nobody in particular was responsible.

I was awaked very early the next morning by the sound of hammers

and saws in every direction, and looking out, saw the little town rising on all sides out of hillocks of shattered bricks and half-burnt beams.

Coming down-stairs, I found my father and mother in earnest conversation with the landlord, who was grumbling his heart out at the Prussian occupation. Sad termination of the courage and powers of endurance that had been displayed. 'We lived like one family,' he said; 'those who were burnt out of their houses, and had lost their regular work, were fed and kept by those who had still bed and board to offer. From those wooded hills on the west side, the Prussians kept up their unavailing fire against the fortress that could never be taken!'

'You may well say unavailing,' my father said; 'your fortress is made of the natural rock, and there is nothing to knock down about it. Nothing could injure it except vertical fire, and from that the soldiers were protected under their casemates—difficult, besides, as it must have been to shell it at all from those low heights.'

'However,' said the landlord, 'shell it they did for months, and every shell that fell short struck our little town. Yet our one anxiety was lest the Commandant should surrender, and we went to him constantly to express ourselves willing still to hold out. Ah, Monsieur, had De Failly but had the heart of us poor *citoyens!* He lodged here before the battle of Wörth, and he sat in this very room where now you sit, while the cannon was raging through that sad day, and while General Mc Mahon was sending messenger after messenger to summon him to the front. But he would not move. No—no. He was quaking how he might save his miserable self and his corps. He would not move till towards evening, and then he required a strong escort, or we would have massacred him before he reached our gates! *Le misérable!* he is a mere general for parade days in Paris; he cares for nothing but to eat, drink, and enjoy himself.'

I could not help a momentary feeling of amusement as I looked round this inn, by no means charming, and thought of the favourite general of the Imperial court, unable to tear himself from its luxuries, even at the trumpet's sound; but indignation was in all our hearts, for the man spoke from a wounded heart, and with bitterness and truth. My mother's French sympathies were intensified as she recalled the French slaughter in the unequal struggle at Wörth; and there was yet another incident of our ten hours stay at Bitche, which inflamed not hers alone but ours.

Going to the station, the street was encumbered, and constantly almost impassable, from carts carrying bricks, and from all the active work of re-building. In such a blockade, our porter was detained for a minute or two, while, with the best intentions, a heavy vehicle could scarcely be moved out of the lock. A Saxon gendarme observed the delay, and came up, and with an arrogant air of authority, produced a note-book, summoning the cart-driver to pull up, and give his name. Explanations were of no use; the Saxon seized the reins, and with a

manner which our tragedians might have fitted on to a Roman addressing a Dacian slave, he again demanded the driver's name for a formal complaint. One would have thought any eyes could have seen the confusion and crowding of the builders; but had it not been for our intervention—an intervention which we had scarcely patience for—the man would certainly have been had up and punished for nothing at all. I am bound to say that this was the only instance of foreign tyranny that I saw in any of the conquered towns.

When we rolled away from Bitche, we were fairly *en route* for Metz, the primary object with which our dive into the scenes of the war had been undertaken. All three of us looked forward to visiting it, with indescribable interest. The 'War Correspondence' of the Daily News had not been out of our hands for days; and we already knew by heart the short accounts of the great battles of Vionville and Gravelotte in that book. They were naturally incomplete; but so far as the book went, it was an admirable one, and formed an excellent basis for the finished picture which we were gradually enabled to work up, from the accounts of eye-witnesses, from the story told by the battle-fields themselves, and later on, from the same author's enlarged history, in 'My Experiences in the War between France and Germany.' My father enjoyed a keen interest as we approached Metz, girdled with her ring of fortresses. We had passed over the low damp plain of Courcelles, where the sanguinary action of the 14th of August had taken place, past the ruined village of Peltre, and now St. Julien loomed sullenly on our right, domineering the intervening Fort Queuleu, which played a very respectable part in the defence of Metz. The train crossed the Seille; and carrying us by Fort St. Privat, and another redoubt on the very railway itself, turned sharp northwards into Metz, through Montigny, bringing into full view the huge outwork of St. Quentin with its affiliated Plappeville. With this impregnable defence on her west, Metz might consider herself safe, were even her big guns on the east silenced. St. Quentin absolutely commands three sides of the city, and its great guns reach far eastwards. All impertinent approach was effectually put a stop to in those days, before the pride of the Jungfrau had been brought low by hunger. If France goes to war again for her own, Metz must be the last prize of victory, not its stepping-stone. No *coup-de-main* will ever carry those grim hills, which are seen and respected for many leagues round: no enemy will try neighbourly terms with St. Quentin and live.

The station was not distinguished by the usual Prussian order and organization. Nowhere, except at Rome, have I seen so little provision made for the comfort of travellers. We sat nearly half an hour in the omnibus, while my father struggled in the pushing noisy crowd for porters and luggage. Our destination was the Hotel de l'Europe. I will not say I consider it, on the whole, a happy selection; although it had been honoured by the ex-Emperor during the war, and the dinner was remarkably good. The principal guests at the table were Uhlan

officers. The iron cross abounded; it is a Maltese cross, and forms a striking decoration. The Prussians looked daring enough for any sudden onset upon the enemy's outposts. One was marked with a severe sabre-cut on his forehead; the superior officer had a worn hard skin, as if he had done a deal of severe work. Anything like the formality and stiffness with which the salutations of the inferior officers were paid him I should be surprised to find in the British army.

After dinner we went out and made arrangements with a coachman, to take us next day to Gravelotte. In one day it was impossible to explore thoroughly both battle-fields; our design was, therefore, to go carefully over Gravelotte, and extend our visit for an hour to Rézonville, where we should be on the outskirts of the field of Vionville, the scene of the great battle fought on August 16th, two days previously. I do not think we could have been more fortunate than we were in this coachman, who designed for us the very best route that could be taken, to make the most of one day's light, and related to us many curious episodes in the action, having himself assisted the burying-parties.

It was seven o'clock when we set off next morning, the day dull and cloudy, heavy and damp, tuning our spirits into sympathy with the tragic scenes into which we were in feeling completely transported. We passed through the thick cluster of little villages which had owed their safety to the big guns of St. Quentin overhead—Longeville, Moulins, and Chazelles. Slowly we wound up the long zigzags of the Verdun road, as it climbed to the high plateau on the west of Metz. Metz itself lies in the broad plain, but all to the west of Metz it is high country. The fall on the side of the town is very abrupt. The road to Verdun must climb up the steep barrier of the Metz plain, and on reaching the top it finds its further progress in a straight direction westerly to Verdun cut off by a very sharp, long, and deep ravine, which indents the plateau from south-east to north-west. The road is thus compelled to diverge to the right, on what is practically a narrow ridge between the steep drop towards Metz on one side, and the wall of the ravine on the other. The ravine is only one hundred feet deep, but very steep—with the little brook Mance trickling at the bottom in a green meadow. The road, as I have said, runs along above it, till a spot is reached, just at the tiny hamlets of St. Hubert and Point-du-Jour, where it becomes feasible to bridge the ravine at right angles, and to ascend rapidly again upon the plateau at the village of Gravelotte. Thence it runs its course westwards to Verdun, across the high country, where we scarcely ever lost sight of it for ten miles.

The battle of Vionville was fought for the possession of this road to Verdun, when Bazaine had marched out about seven miles further along it beyond Gravelotte; both French and German corps arriving by degrees, and taking part in the action as they struggled up. The Germans had been posted due south of Metz, and were striking up in

a north-westerly direction, from Gorze and its valley, upon the skirts of the French. Our ridge was the highest ground commanding the horizon. So, as we capped it, a wide view opened over the whole of the field of Vionville, a grand rolling plain, unmarked by any prominent feature save the straight road that cut it in two, stretching away to Verdun; a field made for the sweep of cavalry, that gallant German cavalry which rode so cheerfully to certain death at the mouth of the French guns in Bruville.

Gravelotte, on the contrary, was a set, formal battle, fought seven miles further back towards Metz, for the same road, where the French found it most easy to be defended. They had taken the ridge, and had made of it a strong position for their left flank; they had lined it with rifle-pits and infantry; they had thrown strong outposts into Gravelotte in their front across the ravine, and massed their artillery above the road which traverses it. This part of the road, which was so gallantly charged by the Prussian cavalry, has been handed down to history as 'the hollow road,' from the deep cutting in which it clambers up the French side of the disputed ravine. After Gravelotte village had been lost, the French retired upon Point-du-Jour and St. Hubert, and the road became the only bridge by which that yawning grave could be crossed, and the two armies fairly approach each other on this flank. Neither could the ravine be easily turned, for the deep indenture ran for some two miles under the brow of high ground on the French side, with thickly-wooded sides, impracticable for all but infantry, and the German soldiers had not even the chance to deploy, as they came straggling up one by one, upon the ridge. But Gravelotte village, ravine, and stream, all formed but one end of the battle-field. The French position had extended for five miles further in a north-westerly direction, almost due north, so that the Germans, who on the 16th had been on the south of Metz, were on the afternoon of the 18th, when the battle was fairly engaged along the whole line, closing in from the west, and even north-west. Many and dense woods intercepted our view northwards, and we could get no comprehensive range over the battle-field of the 18th; but before evening we had driven along the whole line up to the extreme right flank of the French.

The sharp ravine, below the ridge, crossed by the single 'hollow road,' stood out as a romantic foreground. The wide plain rolled away from it in broad tranquil lights and shades, like the background of a picture, or like the general outlines of some epoch which history paints for us, when she would bring her central figures into strong relief. How narrow was the space—how small, after all, the fall of the ground which divided the French position from the overpowering numbers of their enemies, and yet the Germans, fighting magnificently all day, and reinforced towards evening by 30,000 fresh troops, were never able to plant their foot upon the plateau. Could they but have gained it, they would have terribly harassed their enemies' rear, and the night

retreat would have become a slaughterous rout. But the French knew better the value of the key-stone of their position. Frossard's First Army Corps was massed there in prodigious strength. The tiny hamlets of St. Hubert and Point-du-Jour, commanding the hollow road, bristled with rifle-pits and batteries, smoked with mitrailleuses and chassepôts. The large white farm of Moscou was a formidable post, and its shells tore the opposite Bois des Genivaux, in which Von Goeben and the Eighth Corps lay for hours unable to avenge their sufferings, by reason of that dip and the steep wood to breast after it, which, as I have said, were the jaws of death to whoever attempted to cross. Of that original farm of Moscou nothing now remains; a new building is erected where the old one perished in conflagration at nightfall, lighting up the horizon with broad sheets of flame, to which the tongued fires of Malmaison responded from the German centre behind Gravelotte. We were too sick at heart to go up a side road to Malmaison, with its ghastly grave of the two hundred French wounded, who were burnt there by French shells towards evening; besides, time pressed, and we had only yet seen one corner of the battle-field. The sides of the deep cutting were crowned with graves, as we moved down it and up again upon Gravelotte village. The graves were better tended here than they had been at Wörth; one could not improve on the simple white wooden cross, inscribed 'Tapfere Krieger,' or 'Tapfere Deutschen;' and if an officer rested below, his name and age were always written at his head. They are not effusive on their tomb-stones, these self-contained religious Germans. I only found one text anywhere on any field—and that was, 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life;' but in the Gravelotte church-yard, one poor widow had poured out her desolate soul on the monument she had raised to her 'heiss geliebter, unvergesslicher Mann.' The church is now clean and uninjured in appearance; yet I have read of it as washed in blood, and closely packed with wounded and dying men, carried in from the struggle which raged about mid-day in the little church-yard without. Gravelotte, however, bore far fewer traces of the storm it had passed through than Wörth had done; nor did its villagers, nor, indeed, our coachman, bitter as he could be about Bazaine, shew the same deep feeling about the war as that which we had found there. I was almost provoked with one woman for shewing me so eagerly the cottage-garden where the King of Prussia had taken up his position as the fight rolled back behind Gravelotte. But we had now to leave the battle-field for a time, and push forward on to the great plain where the action of the 16th had been fought.

Its confine on the French side was the village of Rézonville, a mile and a half beyond Gravelotte. From here the broad, white, poplar-bordered road ran straight to Vionville, which was scarcely visible over a swell in the ground, while the large square tower of Mars-la-Tour caught our eye, about four miles beyond us. It is well known how

this road was the centre of the stubborn and sanguinary fight, surpassing the day of Gravelotte in fury and in loss; how the Germans, striking up from the ravine of Gorze, to hamper the French left, took ground more and more westwards, till all escape from Metz by the southern *chaussée* was impossible; how the heroic Alvensleben, Stülpnagel, Wedell, and Wartz, men to whose individual pluck and obstinacy, as well as to the sublime devotion of their small corps, Germany owes, perhaps, the whole train of successes which followed in the war, stood up against the French array, ever thinning more and more under the long-continued attacks, yet never short of men who would hurl themselves in a forlorn hope upon the very mouth of the mitrailleuses, till the fragile line was found to be utterly impregnable, and night fell upon the exhausted victors still chaining the path between Metz and freedom. Of all the battles, I have no doubt that this was the one most magnificently fought, perhaps also the most important to the German cause. For by the time Sedan was reached, the French spirit was well-nigh broken, and its disasters might have been easily repeated on some other field: but Vionville was indispensable; had its advantages been lost, nothing could have replaced them. Moreover, the position had been on the whole in favour of the French, and their numbers superior; so that the lesson that, man for man, their cavalry could not face German cavalry, nor their infantry outstay German infantry, was an important and a disheartening one, especially when learnt at such a battle as Vionville, where *élan* would seem to have the sole right to decide the question. Eighteen thousand Germans were *hors de combat* on the night of the 16th. I do not know what the French loss was.

But we did not ourselves see much of the theatre of action. It was beyond the scope of a day already so fully occupied; and at Rézonville we only alighted for an hour, and turned southwards, where the path, and the brooklet with it, began to run down towards the ravine of Gorze. Every step we took called from us more unbounded admiration for Prussian pluck. Our position absolutely commanded the down-hill slope as far as the sheltering Bois de Vionville and Bois des Vaux. On leaving them, the Prussians had a choice of two routes to the battle-field, but both were absolutely raked by French fire. It seemed impossible that troops could have won their way at such a disadvantage, but these fine fellows had carried all the ground, and pushed the foe right back into Rézonville. The eminence where we stood was crowded with French graves: the words 'Tapfere Franzosen,' recording the fray, and the big mounds of buried horses intersecting the lines of human graves. Hereabouts we met the curé of Rézonville, who assured us that the fury of the storm had entirely spared his village. 'Pas une balle n'est entrée dans mon village; tout est passé au-dessus.' As we had almost ocular, and certainly logical, testimony to the contrary, we credited the old gentleman with dreaming.

And now we leave the whole field of Vionville, and striking northwards again, begin, partly by the northern *chaussée* which leads from Metz to Etain, and partly by country lanes, to skirt the whole line of Gravelotte. We pass small detached woods, and never fail to find, on their borders, tokens of that sort of fighting, which, from its darkness, its necessity for silence, its individual aim-taking, its sheltering behind tree and bush, comes so near akin to murder. The road rises steadily towards Vernéville, and now we are in that hotly disputed outpost, which the French only abandoned about eleven o'clock, to begin a more furious cannonade upon it, when it fell into German hands, from Amanvilliers and the farms of La Folie and L' Envie, in their central line. Their enemies could only get at them on this side through the gap wherein stands Vernéville, flanked by woods to the right and left. Down this gap the French poured a fire which forbade all forward movement, and under cover of which they resumed the offensive themselves, just before twilight. The battle was never won here by the Germans; sore difficulty, indeed, had they in maintaining themselves at all before those belched-forth flames. Yet humanity had her triumph here too. Our coachman related to us, how the luckless hamlet of Champenoise, which stood between the labouring guns on each side, took fire, and how word was brought to the Prussians that two French girls were hidden in the cellar of a burning farm-house. 'Heraus, heraus!' shouted the Prussians—but the harsh guttural tones sounded like a summons to death, and the girls had to be urged again and again before they would commit themselves to friends in such disguise. Our road trended away in a northerly direction, through the villages of Habonville and St. Ail; the swelling ground of Amanvilliers always on our right, where stands the handsome cross erected by the Germans, like that at Wörth, in memory of the battle. And well has this position been chosen for the great memorial. For the battle had raged here with indescribable fury. A burying-ground has been bought at Habonville, where the gallant Würtembergers, Prussians, and Saxons, have been brought in from the corpse-cumbered fields around, and reverently buried. Strange to say, this walled enclosure is now the most untidy, neglected tomb on the field. Three-quarters of a mile further was the village of St. Marie-aux-Chênes, where the French had posted themselves in great force. And no wonder, for it was upon the high road to Briey, leading, not indeed to Paris and the post of danger, but to safe country, and leisure to draw breath again, and to form fresh combinations. Below it, the ground dropped swiftly, affording a view over the wide plains of France below, a smiling pleasant land. How madly those cooped-up Frenchmen must have fought to get away into this Canaan! The strength of their defence consisted in the formidable batteries behind them in St. Privat and Jerusalem. Around these hamlets lay open fields for marching over, but at such a slope as to render them a natural glacis, above which the low farm-buildings and the encircling wall scarce

shewed themselves. St. Marie-aux-Chênes was carried by the Saxons at half-past three; but the most formidable task remained to be done. The whole German strength was put forth here to silence the thunder of the cannon above them. Eighty-four guns converged their fire on the upland villages, but without producing much effect. Until those batteries had ceased to play, scarcely could the Germans, labouring hard in the trough, support themselves before Amanvilliers. Nothing remained but to carry St. Privat by assault, but the undertaking was desperate. The Fatherland must be ready once again with her heart's blood; many of her children, scarce come to man's estate, lie low in that half-mile of unbroken slope. At its foot, just outside St. Marie-aux-Chênes, is a colossal grave, containing countless dead, in which Queen Augusta's Guards bear a terrible proportion, confirming what I have heard, that this regiment was cut almost to pieces. At intervals, on the grave, stand the low crosses of those who were known and remembered, and we were grieved to see that the ages recorded were constantly from twenty to twenty-three. Not a chance had they of striking the French, who were concealed in the scarcely visible hamlets, while every chassepôt shot told with terrible effect down the open. But the Saxons had done their allotted task on the north—had found, and crushed back, the extreme right French flank—and now they join in the attack which storms in on all sides upon St. Privat. One can fancy the whole scene; the deepening evening, just as peaceful as I remember it amid the pastures of Somersetshire, and under the sinking sun here burst the overwhelming onset, which heeded the dying who dropped in its van only as a footing for those who rushed onward over them; the desperate attack, the yet more desperate resistance, where fury strove to supply the lack of numbers; the single-handed fight from house to house, to yard, to garden; as, inch by inch, the out-numbered French gave up their hold upon their prized position, and were driven backwards into the forest of Jaumont, or downwards along the road in rear of their line. Some of the victors pursued them too far, for a single discharge of five mitrailleuses on the quarries of Jaumont, nearly exterminated a body of Saxon horsemen. No wonder that St. Privat and Jerusalem are ruined and forlorn. A number of children ran out to meet us, offering relics of the battle for sale, and from one I purchased for a halfpenny a bullet, which I think had damaged itself against a sharp corner, and which I treasure deeply, in memory of a spot, matching the hollow road itself in interest. From this point we turned away from the field of Gravelotte, and went down a quiet road into Metz, cut through a forest; yet here, too, in a secluded couple of graves, lay tokens of fighting, probably the result of a night-scuffle between the foreposts during the siege.

In St. Marie-aux-Chênes we came across bitter complaints of Prussian robbery. An old woman, nicely dressed in a spotless white cap, and with a large gold cross on her breast, followed us in our visit to the small burial-ground which lies on the opposite side from St. Privat

and its pile of victims. We admired the beautiful care which had been bestowed on these graves, and the wealth of flowers that kissed the foot of the stone crosses. We asked if German wives and mothers ever came here to visit the dead.

'Constantly,' said the old dame, 'but they never speak to us. They pass us by on the other side—us, who have done everything for their dead! who have been robbed and made beggars of by the enemies whom we had taken in and treated like our own! Don't speak to me about the Prussians! cela ne vaut rien, rien!' This she spoke with a bitterness, to which the younger woman with her gave a clue.

'Mesdames, this person is not, as you might suppose, one of the poor women of the parish. She had so comfortable a house, and such large stables, that they put up forty horses there after the battle. She offered them willingly the use of all, and nursed them, both herself and her servants, sleeping on chairs in an out-house—'

'And then they stole my silver plate, my eight hundred francs which I had saved during all these years, and had locked up in a drawer,' burst out the old woman, wringing her hands. 'So destitute was I, that for a week afterwards I had to be fed with bouillon, like the poorest woman here.'

I thought it was probably not pleasant for the German women to come into a village of French victims of war, and that therefore they had lacked either the moral courage or else the lady-like instinct to do their duty, and go up and thank them with a frank heart for their indiscriminating kindness at the bed-side of friend and foe alike. For the ambulances had been quite unable to cope with the fresh supply of wounded and dying—twenty-eight thousand more after Gravelotte, including both sides; and when I say bed-side, I fear it was often only a heap of straw in the street that received even the fortunate ones who were borne out of the rifle-pits and burning farms. We were very sorry for the poor old dame, and went with her over her house, now bare enough, and so far cheered her, that she felt at last able to acknowledge that there were some honest Prussians, though few and far between. One officer had set a watch in the kitchen that nothing might be carried away during the bustle there; and another had had a list made of every article in the room in which he was nursed, and kept it under lock and key, returning everything safe to her when he left. She told us that she remembered three invasions pass over her home; this one, and those of the Russians in 1814, and 1815. The Russians had been very bad, she said.

Next morning we climbed with infinite labour up St. Quentin, through the steep vineyards; then, with a vast effort, up the bluff by a path of red slush; and rested under the great grey fortress, drinking in the wide and interesting landscape below. I think it just misses being beautiful, although the rivers embrace the town so lovingly; and the streams part, to bear on their bosom the fertile willow-grown islands under the city

walls. The town rises towards its apex the Cathedral, which stands up twin-capped, splendidly old and grand in the centre. Then beyond it the plain is diversified by many and well-marked woods. Comfort and home are suggested by the villages which fringe the banks of the Moselle. Sweeping northwards, St. Julien, Fort Queuleu, Fortin Les Bottes, each on his low eminence across the river, elevate the wealthy suburbs—or rather, what have been, and will soon again be, wealthy—into historic dignity. I see all this as I look eastwards; for due north and south of me, and on all the western side, dense forests on elevated ground hide the view. The woods come down and die away into the plain, stretching out in those long low tongues which the Prussians seized and worked to such advantage, sweeping from them with their big guns the battle-field of Maizières. I don't think this gallant little combat of the 7th October, which arose *a l'improvista* in the plain squeezed between the forest hills and the Moselle, has received sufficient attention. Yet 120,000 men, at least, were engaged in it; and as the brunt of the battle fell on the Landwehr, terrible gaps were made that day among the 'bread-winners' of Germany. To us it was most interesting, as, that invaluable Daily News' Correspondent in hand, we identified each successive village below us, into which the inpent wave struggling for freedom had dashed itself forward, only to feel its utter impotence before that stern barrier of fire. The *élan* of the first rush melted away; the villages Bazaine had re-conquered became too hot to hold under the heavy shells which poured from the hill-slopes: then came the Prussian advance, steady and fearless as the tide, and rolled back all over the plain the beaten columns into their prison under the walls of Metz.

We had just missed by two days the great Funeral Mass and procession for the French killed in the war, like as we had missed by two days at Munich seeing the review of the Bavarian troops and sharing our hotel with General von Moltke. We had often asked each other, Where are the French buried? for on the battle-plains it was rare to see a grave with any mention of French beneath; and to hear our coachman talk, you would have imagined that only an annihilated foe cumbered the soil. Then we were asked if we had not visited the Ile Chambière, where the cemetery was and the great ambulance tents had stood during the siege. Although there was not much above an hour to spare before our train went, we made a hasty expedition there and were well repaid. Driving down long streets which descended swiftly to the river's edge, and crossing one branch of the Moselle, we found ourselves on a low swampy polygonal-shaped piece of ground between the streams. Here, where a circle had been drawn round the typhus-stricken hospitals, where the wounded from Gravelotte had been nursed through long succeeding weeks of fever or decay, were drawn up innumerable *fourgons* —dismissed handmaids of the ambulances. We pressed on to the low-lying secluded cemetery, and entered it under the great mourning figure of Metz, newly erected over the part set aside for the soldiers. The figure

expressed profound desolation; under it were written the words from the Maccabees—'Woe is me: wherefore was I born to see this misery of my people, and of the holy city, and to dwell there when it was delivered into the hand of the enemy, and the sanctuary into the hand of strangers?' On the other side, engraved on the monument below the figure, I was astonished to see this, or words to the same effect:—

ICI REPOSENT 27,000 FRANÇAIS.
BORNY, le 14 Août.
GRAVELOTTE, le 16 Août.
ST. PRIVAT, le 18 Août.

The French, one knows, always call the battle of Courcelles the battle of Borny; but why, at this date, do they give the name of St. Privat to the battle of Gravelotte, transferring that name of world-wide fame to the battle of Vionville on the 16th? Not that such nomenclature would be at all ridiculous, the battle of Vionville having extended itself nearly to Gravelotte village, while the bloody scenes round St. Privat, and its being the only ground actually wrung from the French that day, might almost entitle it to the first place on the 18th; but all the world has decided otherwise, and this French view of the case will be unintelligible to everybody by-and-by. We were very much surprised. Carefully we moved about the embankment of turf, stopping before each cross, and often deploring the fate of some boy of twenty or twenty-two, 'his mother's only support,' as we could just read under the heavy garlands of immortelles, which all but hid the inscriptions. Many French visitors were here; and some came up to point out to us that the officers were buried in the ordinary part of the cemetery, under a provisional black cross, and were removed by their relations at the rate of two or three weekly, to be laid in French soil. For one had to remember that all this was German now; and frequently we listened to the complaints of the irate population against Bazaine, who had betrayed them, who had let his soldiers starve while everyone in the town had a good dinner: they had fed the soldiers themselves from their own well-laden tables; they would have his blood if they could, &c. Poor people! it comes very hard upon them to be transferred to Prussian moulds to shape body and spirit in the future; but, I confess, that old cathedral, the product of German genius and labour, seemed now free to welcome the children of her race round her again, reminding me whence came these German names at every turn in the town. The Cathedral was very potent in explaining to me the force of every German's cry, 'They were all stolen from us, and we will have our own again.'

Passing in the train over the battle-field of Maizières, we came in an hour and a half to Thionville, where we had settled to sleep before getting to Sedan. We found it a most strongly fortified place, of the old

type, now perfectly useless, as it is commanded by hills quite close at hand, which would pour a fire into the town that would destroy it in a few hours. The large barrack swarmed with a Prussian garrison, whom we found unpleasantly near neighbours in our inn across the road, and whose *réveil*, pretty as it was, we did not thank for robbing us of our invaluable sleep at four o'clock in the morning. The inn was a singular mixture of *luxe* and *misère;* and oddly enough, its splendours were reserved for the bed-rooms. Here we lay on couches of velvet, and washed in dainty china, and slept in the whitest and softest of beds; while down-stairs we were crammed with very homely company into a dining-room so small, that the servants could not squeeze between us and the wall, and we had to do most of the waiting ourselves. The landlord told us he had the greatest difficulty in managing his guests; if a Prussian soldier came into the *café*, every Frenchman walked out; and indeed, before long, one did come into the dining-room, and sat down at a solitary table, looking forlorn enough, while his presence was a signal for the rest to go. And it all seemed perfectly true what the girls had told us on the field of Wörth—not a young Frenchman was to be seen on road or rail; the country was stripped of them, flying, no doubt, from the hated Conscription.

And now at last we were *en pleine route* for Sedan, the very coronal of the edifice for future meditations which we had been building up during these interesting days. We had left Thionville at six; we were to be in Sedan before mid-day. As soon as we passed Carignan we were in sight of the country right up to the walls of the town, and even beyond it, for it lies at the foot of high wooded hills, which extend in a semicircle, sweeping along the river Chiers and the railroad on its bank. Through tranquil green meadows, dotted with farms and blacksmiths' forges, comes the Meuse, to blend its waters with the smaller stream, some five miles in front of Sedan. Its valley is indicated by gentle heights, and just visible, at the first bend which brings the river into sight, is Mouzon, some ten miles up. Here was struck, two days before the battle, the first heavy blow upon one wing of the retreating French army; we do not see Beaumont, where the wretched De Failly's men were surprised the same morning while making their soup; but it must be only just out of sight. Here, behind the Chiers and Meuse together, is the strip of meadow land, three miles long, which afforded a rallying-point to the beaten troops; a wretched shelter, truly—nothing but grass and poplars, with Douzy village at its extreme end. The train crosses the Meuse by the bridge, which was never blown up to hinder the Bavarians' approach on the morning of Sedan, and turning sharply northwards, discloses an immense collection of bare horrid ruins, standing charred and blackened among trees to our right. This is Bazeilles, once prosperous, and housing a well-to-do population of three thousand souls: now a tragic page in history, its characters written in blood and fire. Behind it the battle-field sweeps along our right up to

the walls of Sedan; the train sets us down at some little distance outside the gates, and as we drive slowly into the town we get a comprehensive view of the form of the hills and the river, so peculiar here, and so largely affecting the fortunes of the French army on that fatal day. The fortifications looked very strong, and the town was still further protected by large meadows, capable of artificial inundation.

To appreciate the scene, when the despairing French, pursued up to the very gates by destructive bombs, were struggling for admittance, were flying across those fields, throwing everything away as they ran, we ought to have seen Sedan, as it was then, under a wretched rain. Our sunshine there was brilliant and hot. I have heard that those fields were littered, not only with every description of baggage and arms, but with letters and papers; whole packets of envelopes and quires of writing-paper having been picked up there after the battle. Now the place looks as comfortable and well-to-do as possible; it is indeed rich, through its woollen cloth manufactories; but in the narrow streets I could well fancy the reckless maddened soldiers thronging, raving for the blood of their officers till they dropped drunk on the door-steps; the big shells bursting perpetually among them, and carrying away mangled limbs; everywhere the drenching rain filling up their cup of misery to the brim, and the dense smoke from the burning buildings loading the air, and veiling even the wretchedness around, save where broken by the lurid light of a fresh explosion. The misery and despair in Sedan that evening can only have been surpassed, I should think, by the horrors of a sacked town.

The hotel we went to, the Hôtel de l'Europe, had been struck four times on the roof. The chamber-maid told me she had seen the Emperor drive by in tears on the evening of the battle. It was a very good hotel; they gave us a capital dinner, and supplied us with maps of the country and with much information as to the fighting. They managed here better than in other places: for while one dining-room was appropriated to a great Prussian banquet that day, the French were left in peace with us in another. With difficulty we procured the last carriage in Sedan and set off for Bazeilles. There was no especial trace of fighting left till we got there: then the devastation of the place surpassed all I had expected to see. From one end of the village to the other there stood not a house, nor a paling, nor a pig-sty; nothing but patched-over ruins. The walls reared themselves coverless into the blue sky; the ground was strewn with great charred beams; those that still stood, though tottering, were propped up in a way that seemed unsafe for the wretched families who cowered beneath. I have said that Bitche was as homeless as Pompeii: Bazeilles was a great deal more homeless than Pompeii, for all that still stood had been ruined. The church was an empty shell, every scrap of wood-work and plaster within having been burnt out. In the centre, on its bare floor, lay a heap of rusted iron, the relics either of its clock or big bell, I forget which. There were

arches through which you might pass and think they were house doors; but they admitted you instead to a brick yard as it seemed, with piles of rubbish cumbering the ground, a broken well in the middle, and the afternoon sun peeping through a crazy aperture in the wall of the next house. These had been once the peasants' trim gardens, and here they had often buried what they could save at the moment; but the light-fingered Bavarians, the worst section of the invading army, had frequently found their way first to the buried treasures.

I came to Bazeilles prepared to believe that the place had caught fire in the heat of the action, it was easier to think so than that passion and revenge should have worked such cruelties; I left it convinced that the conflagration had been the deliberate work of vindictive men. The stories of the peasantry, to whom we spoke individually, confirmed each other. One family, into whose tumble-down patched-up room we went to buy bullets, told us that on the Wednesday night, after the battle was all over, a body of French troops passed through the village, saying to the people, 'Make haste, and hide your goods; those who follow us are coming to burn you out.' Presently the Bavarians arrived, throwing inflammable matter into all the houses as they came, setting everything on fire, and keeping up the flames till the Saturday. Another set of people brought us a boy of nine to see, and told us the poor child was an orphan now. His father had gone off after the fighting, and kept out of the way till Friday, but having returned too soon, they had shot him at his own door, and burnt the house down above him. A group of peasants, who stood round the church door, had been carried away as prisoners, and gave an eager account of the hardships they had endured. They said it was almost impossible to get out of the village while the work of destruction was going on; the Bavarians watched the roads jealously, lest their victims should escape them. One man had got away by taking a wounded Bavarian on his back and carrying him to the ambulances. Those who remained were, in many instances, treated to lynch law and summary execution, the charge of course being that they had assisted the French troops in the action. That they had done so, I can feel but little doubt, judging from the asseverations of the Bavarians, and from the effect which a hand-to-hand struggle round their own homes must have had upon an excited and patriotic peasantry. Of course *they* assured us that no one had fought but '*l'armée Française.*' They were anxious to excuse themselves from all guilt; but their fault, though needing excuse, has been tremendously punished. Bazeilles is a sad blot on the mildness with which the Germans generally used their victories. To us it remains as a lesson on the effects of war, under which our thin coating of civilization is stripped away, and we again claw with the tiger, and bite with the wolf.

It is very well known how obstinate was the fighting on the high open plateau above Floing, north-west of Sedan. From the hill of Donchéry, across the Meuse, where stood the Prussian King, the combat

was witnessed by many of the newspaper correspondents and has been well described by them. We know how strenuously the French strove to check the advance of their enemies up the hill; how the cavalry spent themselves in vain against the thin lines of troops which began to shew over every side of the plateau. Sometimes it was with a sweep which for the moment carried all before it, but ended in a general *pêle-mêle* of unmanageable horses down the steep lanes, to be disposed of by the Prussian regiments below. Sometimes the cavalry attack melted away before it came within sabring distance, then a charge from the infantry would replace it; but however it was, the result, in a short space, of all these ineffectual charges came invariably to *nil*. Back rolled again the tide which no efforts could dam, and the hills became gradually hidden by Prussian uniforms, driving the French before them into the lanes and gardens in the suburb of Sedan. But this movement did not take place till two in the afternoon, and the battle had already been disputed for ten hours on all points.

The battle-field of Sedan extended round the town over the larger half of the circle, from north-west to south-east. Four French army corps were engaged in it, not amounting, however, to more than sixty or seventy thousand men. The twelfth corps, under the brave General Lebrun, was entrusted with the defence of Balan and Bazeilles on the south; the first corps, under General Ducrot, supported their left flank, and was posted in the difficult wooded ground along the east front; the seventh corps, under General Douai, defended the north, from the Bois de la Garenne to the hill of Floing on the extreme north-west: within this outer line was placed the diminished fifth corps, which had already heavily suffered and was destitute of cavalry. Their office was to defend the Bois de la Garenne, which was the pivot of the French position. This once taken, the army would have been cut in two, as no troops could have been passed through the narrow streets and outworks of the town. It was therefore strongly defended, although, early in the morning, the Prussian circle had not extended so far north as to bear upon it.

To give a short sketch of the battle of Sedan, compiled from the reports of the French generals, is not difficult. The fire was opened at half-past four in the morning by the Bavarians, who crossed the Meuse by large numbers over the neglected railway bridge, and commenced operations upon Bazeilles. Here they fared very badly. Mitrailleuses, commanding the long narrow roads, left fearful lanes in their close columns, and after some hours fighting, the French were even gaining ground. By half-past six the Prince of Saxony was engaged all along the east side, running back from Bazeilles up to the Bois de la Garenne. The French position here was in itself one of matchless strength. Steep wooded hills, looking like tumuli artificially raised for ornamentation in landscape gardening, rose to a great height, having between them and the enemy the villages of Daigny and La Moncelle,

lying in the ravine below. The French occupied these also, and had outposts again on the eminences beyond. But from this outer circle of hills they were very speedily driven by the Saxons; and the twelfth Prussian corps, which appeared in immense force, drove back the French behind the villages, and began to outflank them on their left, marching steadily northwards to complete the line of enclosure. At seven o'clock Marshal Mc Mahon was wounded at this point of the battle-field, and carried into the town. Two generals disputed for the right to succeed him: Ducrot was nominated by the Marshal, but De Wimpffen had the formal appointment from the Ministry. The different ideas conceived by these rival commanders, contributed to the ill-success of the French. Ducrot, who first assumed the reins, and held them for an hour or two, had already abandoned all hope of maintaining the battle in the beleagured positions. His hope was to escape along the road leading from Sedan on the north-west side, to Mézières. Doubtless, could he have broken through, he would have had a fairer chance of victory anywhere than in the fatal circle in which he was imprisoned. But he could not have broken through. Already eighty thousand Prussians had crossed the Meuse before him, and stood athwart the line, and the eleventh and twelfth Prussian corps would have taken him in flank. General De Wimpffen's scheme, on the contrary, was to force a passage in the exact opposite direction, by the road, leaving Sedan on the south-east, for Carignan. This plan, though desperate, because Carignan itself was now in German hands, seems to have been just practicable, so far as breaking the enemy's line was concerned. Had De Wimpffen been supported by all his troops, the besiegers ought to have been swept away at this, the weakest point in the circle. Unhappily, the orders given by Ducrot had been but too well obeyed, and the twelfth and first corps had partly abandoned their strong positions above Bazeilles and Givonne. When De Wimpffen assumed the command, these troops were ordered to re-take the heights; but this could no longer be done. The advancing army crushed back the French before them, and their artillery, brought up on the heights on every side, poured down that precise well-directed fire before which the French have never been able to stand. The scene in the Bois de la Garenne became one of wild confusion. Although reinforced by all the troops available, infantry and cavalry lost ground every minute. They became hopelessly entangled; they had no scope for action against the decimating artillery; the hills above them were covered with battalions resting at ease under cover of their guns, until the moment for a grand irresistible attack on the French should arrive. Thus began, before mid-day, the general *sauve-qui-peut* into the town. It was the same story on the west flank, where General Douai still held the exposed plateau above Floing. The combat was one of artillery, and in this the French had extreme disadvantage, and barely maintained themselves for four hours. Still, so long as the Plateau d'Illy and the adjoining Bois de la Garenne were held, the French turned a resolute

face to the foe; but with the loss of these flank positions resistance became impossible. It was then that the infantry attack commenced, while the Prussian fire converged more and more upon the French batteries, rendering them absolutely useless. By three o'clock the Prussian circle had met round Sedan. Still De Wimpffen clung to his desperate hope of cutting his way out. At one o'clock he wrote to the Emperor, calling on him to place himself at the head of his troops, and aid in opening a passage. Here again was revealed the insubordination which had so often proved the ruin of the army. It was some time before anyone could be found to ride with the message, as most of the staff-officers had disappeared into Sedan, there to consult with the Emperor over the necessity of a capitulation. Thus it was long before the letter reached Napoleon, and when the reply came, two hours later again, to the General, it was to inform him that the white flag waved above Sedan. Furious with disappointment, the General refused to open the letter, and one of his officers dashed the flag of truce which accompanied it to the ground. De Wimpffen rode swiftly to the town to seek volunteers for the desperate enterprise, but only two thousand soldiers responded to the call. It is well that they were so few, as it became self-evident that nothing could be done. The attempt was given up, and at six o'clock De Wimpffen rode, the last man, into Sedan. The heights around were now crowned by Prussian guns, all pointed towards the unhappy seething mass, which struggled in frightful disorder through the densely crowded streets. The game was up; and the fine army, caught in a trap, had no choice but to surrender.

The German strength was 220,000 men. The French lost in the battle fifteen thousand killed or wounded, and ten or fifteen thousand more made prisoners. The capitulation next day cost them some forty thousand men, a more probable number than the eighty thousand given out at the time. In three days space an army of 150,000 men had ceased to exist.

The battle-field at Sedan did not interest us, as Gravelotte and Wörth had done. It was merely a very painful sight, as the scene of a battue. From the garden of the Château de Bellevue we had a good view of the fighting ground on the west side: saw the plateau above Floing, where Douai and his cavalry had striven so gallantly; below it the Meuse, doubling back upon itself in a long horse-shoe, and within, the wretched swampy ground where the French prisoners were packed till they could be drafted off to Germany. We stood outside the glazed corridor where Napoleon III. had held converse with his *bon frère* of Prussia; but we did not go into the famous cottage where Bismarck and Napoleon had met, nor did we pay fourpence apiece for sitting on those historic chairs, nor behold with veneration the four Napoleons presented by the Emperor for his use of the rooms, and now framed and hung up on the wall. We had seen enough in our week's travels to inspire us with deeper sympathy for the one army, and more profound admiration

and wonder for the other, than we could have ever felt in England. Yet our spirits had been so profoundly stirred at home, that our eyes could not rest satisfied till they had looked upon the scenes of the strange brief campaign of 1870.

M. G. S. P.

AT BIARITZ.

WANDERING here where the glittering foam
  Frets in a cavernous mystery,
Half I believe that the Syrens come
  Singing by night o'er the beautiful sea:
  Listen, then, Syren! and answer me.

Wait not ever for cold moonlight,
  Tell us the spell that charms us so;
Sing not ever thy song of delight
  Hidden in green sea-depths below,
  Rise to the sun and the noon-day glow.

Tell us of life in these twilight caves,
  Strange sea animals gasp within
All low tide for the freshening waves,
  Till the great sea with thundering din,
  Beats on their prison and plunges in.

So are we weary of sun and heat,
  Of level and long and shadowless sand,
So the rush of the tide we meet,
  And over the foam that engirds the strand
  We follow the waves into fairy-land.

We have forgotten the weary days,
  Cramped and fretted by sordid care;
Clouds have dissolved into rainbow rays,
  Fogs have melted in sunniest air,
  Because of thy waves, O Syren fair!

The sunset sea—the sea of the west,
  Glitters beyond thy rocky home;
One by one with a shadowy crest,
  Smooth and towering tide-waves come,
  Luminous green, and flecked with foam.

Rising afar in the ocean hoar,
  Messenger brave of its power are they;
Flashes along a league of shore,
  Thunder of fall and shatter of spray,
  As in their turn they vanish away.

Vanish and rise in a cadenced flow,
  Singing to all their best-loved song,
A roundelay light or a love-song low,
  Of pleasure and hope when youth is strong,
  And hours to music dance along.

Singing perchance a song that calms—
  O plunging waves, with deep recoil—
The care that tires, the fear that harms,
  The griefs that fret, the useless toil,
  The fevered strain of earth's turmoil.

Singing perchance the song of rest,
  How jarring things at last shall be
In glorious peace and concord blest;
  Syren, there is no need of thee,
  Hark to the voice of the mighty sea!

E. J. O.

HINTS ON READING.

The Fortunes of Thomas Haswell (Newby) is probably a fair representation of the dullness and narrowness of life in a remote parish at the beginning of the century. Everything was not as dreary as Thornberry is here represented, and all clergymen's families not so entirely selfish and useless; but we have no doubt there is a good deal of truth in the picture.

A very different book is *The Mothers of Bethlehem, and the Soil they Trod*, by Mrs. Clere. (Hatchard.) Those who remember *The Lives of the Apostles*, by the same writer, will quite understand what this little book is like, and the useful kind of Sunday reading it is likely to be. We own that we think it would have been better to have mentioned the especial Mother, for the sake of whose Son Bethlehem was glorified by that title which all generations were to give her.

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

APRIL, 1872.

HINTS FOR EXPLAINING

THE GOSPEL NARRATIVE OF THE VISITS TO THE SEPULCHRE OF OUR LORD, AT HIS RESURRECTION.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM SEWELL, D.D.

A STRICT grammatical rendering of the original Greek will shew that there were four distinct visits, at four distinct times, by four distinct parties of women.

1.—Two classes of women are repeatedly distinguished; one as those who ministered to our Lord while He was in Galilee, and another as those who ministered to Him after He left Galilee, till He reached Jerusalem. The former consisted of three persons: 1st, Mary Magdalene; 2nd, Mary the mother of *James and Joses*, called also the *mother of James the Less* and of *Joses, or the mother of James*, or the *mother of Joses*, or *the wife of Cleophas*, or *the other Mary*—Matthew xxvii. 55, 56; xxviii. 1; Mark xv. 40, 41, 47; xvi. 1; Luke xxiv. 10; The third woman was Salome, called also the mother of Zebedee's children, or the sister of our Lord's Mother. Matthew xxvii. 56; Mark xv. 40; xvi. 1; John xix. 25.

The other party are generally named as those 'who followed our Lord to Jerusalem.' But St. Luke mentions one as their leader, Johanna, the wife of Chuza,. Herod's steward. And this party may therefore be named Johanna's party. Matthew xxvii. 55; where the *among which*, verse 56, from the Greek preposition used, implies *in the centre of whom—a distinct group*. So Mark xv. 40, 41, where the same rendering must be given to the preposition *among*. So Luke xxiii. 49, 55; and observe that St. Luke confines his narrative to that class, Johanna's party, though (xxiv. 10.) he is perfectly aware of the other visits of Mary Magdalene, and of the other Mary, and most significantly omits Salome from the list of those who made their reports to the disciples; in this critically

coinciding with St. Mark. Johanna, the wife of Chuza, is also mentioned, Luke viii. 3. These two parties are first found together gazing on, at a distance, on the scene of the Crucifixion, as is shewn in the above references. Then as the end approaches, the three are found with our Lord's Mother at the foot of the Cross, John xix. 25; and at this point of time, St. Luke speaks of the other party as still looking on at a distance, but he makes no mention of the party of three, who were then standing by the Cross; thus critically according with St. John. Luke xxiii. 49.

Then follows a still more remarkable distinction of the two parties. For while Joseph and Nicodemus are depositing the Body in the tomb, two of the three, namely, the two Marys, are gazing from a distance without approaching, while Johanna's party accompanied the Body down to the Tomb, and gazed on it very closely and minutely. The two saw only the *place* where the Body *was being laid.* Johanna's party saw precisely the *mode* in which the Body was *finally deposited* in the place. I will subjoin presently the critical minute distinctions of meaning, which the Greek carefully preserves, but which are not so clearly seen in the English. Matthew xxvii. 61; Mark xv. 47; Luke xxiii. 55, 56.

We have no clue given as to the circumstances, which kept these two parties separate, and prevented their co-operating in the embalment. But such was the fact. Johanna's party went from the Sepulchre and *prepared* spices for the process, spices which they probably took from the immense store brought by Nicodemus. While the other two must have reached home late on the eve before the Sabbath, and did not *buy* the spices they fancied necessary till after the Sabbath was over. Here also there must be a correction of the English text, by the simple bracketting or omission of the word [had] in Mark xvi. 1.

We have now to see that three women, namely, Mary Magdalene, the other Mary, and Salome, came separately to the Tomb, thus making up the four visits; of which St. Matthew records the visit of the other Mary, St. Mark that of Salome, St. John that of Mary Magdalene, while St. Luke confines himself to that of Johanna.

The first question is, In what order did these visits occur? Now St. John expressly states that Mary Magdalene came while it was yet dark, John xx. 1; and St. Mark (xvi. 2.) fixes the visit of his party 'after the sun was risen.' For so a strict scholarship absolutely requires us to render the Greek words softened in English into 'at the rising of the sun.' For '*at*' write '*after*.' It may be considered *certain* that the visit of the other Mary occurred while Mary Magdalene was gone to call the disciples; for, when the disciples arrive, the guards have departed, the aperture of the Sepulchre is open, and both the slab of the door and the cylindrical stone which blocked it, have been removed. We have thus the order of the visits fixed; first, St. John reports that of Mary Magdalene, when she first comes and sees the stone removed, and runs away to call Peter and John—then follows St. Matthew's visit of the other Mary—then St. John's account of the return of Mary Magdalene

—then St. Luke's visit of Johanna—and last of all, St. Mark's visit of Salome.

The difficulties which still are to be removed are these.

1st—Which is the stone which Mary Magdalene sees removed, and which compels her at once to argue that the Body has been taken away? Now remember that the Sepulchre was closed by two stones—first a vast slab, which fitted smoothly into the rock, and so was sealed, and turned probably upon a pivot of stone, as in so many other Eastern tombs; and secondly by a large cylindrical stone like a mill-stone, as in other ancient tombs of Palestine; which stone ran backwards and forwards upon a groove down an inclined plane to the door, and thus effectually blocked it against opening; for it could not be rolled back up the plane without great difficulty. Hence the question, Mark xvi. 3, 'Who shall roll away the stone from the door of the Sepulchre?'

Now though the first impression of the English words, John xx. 1, Mary 'seeth the stone taken away from the Sepulchre,' leads us to imagine that this was the same stone, of which all the other three Gospels speak as '*rolled away*;' a careful examination of the Greek tells us it was a different stone. It was the stone which formed the slab of the door, and was *lifted up out of* the tomb, not rolled *off* from it, or *back*, or *up*, which are the prepositions employed of the cylindrical stone. The slab of stone, in fact, was, by supernatural power, lifted up, taken out with its pivot, and laid aside, leaving the aperture exposed, while the cylindrical stone still remained in its place. And that such must have been done is clear from the narrative of St. Matthew. For when the other Mary arrives, the cylindrical stone is still in its place. And when the Angel descends and rolls it away, this is sufficient without any removal of the door itself. For the Angel calls the women to him, and they look at once into the Tomb. All the three narratives imply that the slab of the door had been removed. St. John tells us that it was removed before Mary Magdalene arrived, and while the cylindrical stone was still blocking the door-way.

Also, the mere removal of the cylindrical stone would not necessarily lead to Mary Magdalene's inference that our Lord's Body had been removed. But the disappearance of the slab would do this.

The next difficulty is caused by the fact, that while St. John speaks of Mary Magdalene as throughout unaccompanied by any other woman, and as saying and doing what it seems most difficult to harmonize with the supposition that she was present with the other Mary, when the Angel descended and rolled away the cylindrical stone, Matthew xxviii. 1, yet, read hastily, St. Matthew seems to say that both the Marys came to the Tomb together. And as the English 'came' is the same in both numbers, we do not see, what the Greek positively asserts, and what even the formation of the English sentence implies, that Mary Magdalene's was one visit, and that of the other Mary, another. 'Came' in the Greek is in the singular number. Each Mary came separately. And so St.

Mark implies by his reference to this visit—Mark xvi. 9. And so St. Luke, (xxiv. 10.) where in his enumeration of the parties at the Tomb, who told these things to the Apostle, while, with a significant reticence, he omits all mention of Salome, he seems carefully to insert Johanna between the two Marys, and this out of the order of time, as if for the express purpose of separating and distinguishing those two visits.

But then, if the other Mary is alone, who are those women who are addressed by the Angel in the plural number, and are spoken of throughout in the plural number? 'Fear not *ye*.' (Matthew xxviii. 5.) Who are meant by '*ye*' if not the two Marys? And this meaning we have seen cannot be correct. It must be the 'other Mary,' and some other women accompanying her. The plural number is sufficient to prove that there were other women with her. And St. Luke (xxiv. 10.) positively asserts there were. For after naming Mary Magdalene, Johanna, and the other Mary, he speaks of other women 'with *them*.' But there were none with Mary Magdalene; there must therefore have been some both with the other Mary and Johanna, for these are the only two left to account for the plural number, 'with them.'

One more difficulty remains. Mark xvi. 1, 2. As we read these verses, we naturally think that the same three persons named in the first verse, are the persons intended by the word '*they*;' 'they come unto the Sepulchre,' in the second verse.

But Greek scholarship could prove to you that where three or more distinct parties are spoken of in one clause, and the pronoun 'they' follows in the next clause, the 'they' refers not to all the three but only to the last. In the sentence, 'The French, the English, and the Russians have signed a treaty, and they are to build a fleet,' the pronoun '*they*' would in Greek imply that only the Russians were to build it, not all the three.

But the difficulty does not terminate here, for if only the third and last member of the three parties is intended by the 'they come,' how is it that Salome is a single individual, and the pronoun '*they*' speaks of several persons? And here again it would be easy to shew you, that as the Greeks often use the phrase 'the persons attending on a man of rank,' to signify the individual man of rank himself, so conversely in the Scriptures, the name of the head of a party includes without any further mention of the fact, the idea of his attendants. So it is with Joseph of Arimathea, with Nicodemus, with the other Mary, in St. Matthew. So also frequently in the Gospels, in reference to St. Peter, and to our Lord; only the individual is mentioned, and that attendants were with him is supplied by the known practice, and from the knowledge of the readers. Now St. Mark himself warns us, (xvi. 9, 10,) that the '*they*' whose visit to the Tomb he records cannot include Mary Magdalene, for he tells us that Mary Magdalene did what those did not, namely, communicated with the Apostles. That he must also have excluded the other Mary, might be proved from the relation in which St. Mark's Gospel stands to St.

Matthew's, of which it is in fact an abbreviated and supplemented edition. So that it would be impossible for one who believed St. Matthew's account of the second Mary, to represent her as acting with the party, who are described by St. Mark. And thus while the 'they' evidently refers us to the group of three, it also evidently excludes two members of the group, and only leaves Salome.

Also, it would be easy to shew that the readers of St. Mark's Gospel had before them such a mass of information on the whole subject of the Resurrection, that they had no more difficulty in understanding that the 'they' meant Salome and women with her, (whom she must have had to carry the spices and preparations for the embalment,) than we have to-day when we read that the Queen was present at the marriage of her daughter, in supplying 'the Queen and her court.' Note therefore in Mark xvi. 1, that 'Salome' includes herself and some attendants, and that in verse 2, the 'they' means not all the three names before mentioned, but only Salome and those attendants.

In the course of these brief hints, I have noticed the chief points, on which a very slight marginal note would bring out the full meaning of the original Greek.

1.—At Matt. xxvii. 56; after 'among,' note, *as a distinct group.*

2.—At xxvii. 61; note, 'were gazing on at a *little distance,*' over against.

3.—At xxviii. 1; after 'came,' insert '*singly,*' and underline *the* '*see,*' in order to keep clearly before you their object in coming. It was not to bring the spices, (this was left for Salome,) but to reconnoitre the state of the Tomb.

4.—xxviii. 2; there is in the margin of our version, 'a "*had*" *been,*' as a substitution, for there '*was*' a great earthquake. There is nothing either to require or to justify such a change.

5.—Mark xv. 40; after *among*, note, as before in St. Matthew, 'as a distinct group,' and observe particularly how St. Mark fills up the statement of St. Matthew, so as effectually to discriminate the two parties.

6.—Mark xv. 46; observe how the two stones are pointed out: the stone of the door, and the cylinder.

7.—Verse 47; note, 'were gazing on from a distance, and from a distance beholding *the place*, and only the place where they were *depositing* the body. Each idea is expressly contained in the original Greek.

8.—Mark xvi. 1; omit '*had.*'

9.—Introduce, after Salome, 'and some women with her,' to carry the preparations for the embalment.

10.—xvi. 2; at 'they,' mark, 'namely Salome and the women with her,' not the three mentioned in the preceding verse.

11.—At Luke xxiii. 49; observe that at this later point of time the three are not mentioned as with those who were looking on, for St. John

tells us that towards the close of the scene, the three had drawn nigh to the Cross.

12.—At xxiii. 55; at 'followed after,' insert, that they accompanied Joseph quite close down to the tomb, that they closely scrutinized and examined the Sepulchre; and observed not the place merely where they *were depositing* the body, but the mode and manner in which it *was deposited finally*.

13.—xxiii. 56; observe this party *prepared* spices and *prepared* spices already in their possession,—did not *buy* others.

14.—John xx. 1; at 'the stone,' insert, 'namely the stone slab of the door, which had been lifted up out of the Sepulchre, leaving the cylindrical stone remaining.

These few slight explanatory notices will be sufficient to remove every seeming discrepancy.

And the full narrative of the visits may then be read in the following order: John xx. 1, 2; Matthew xxviii. 1–8; John xx. 3–18; Mark xvi. 9–11; Matthew xxviii. 9, 10; Luke xxiv. 1, 9; Mark xvi. 2–8.

Pray let it be observed that in these suggestions there is no theory or hypothesis whatever of things possible or probable, but only a strict and careful rendering of the original Greek, by grammatical laws.

THE VICTORY OF IMMANUEL.

Ye gentle stars, amid the darkness burning
A great while ere the break of mortal day,
Who saw the Christ rise up from sleep and pray,
No other eyes the mystic act discerning,
Were ye not thus the things to come sure learning?
Not Joseph laid Him in His rocky bed,
Not stone nor seal nor soldiers barred returning
While from their vigil twice the daylight fled.
He willed to die upon the Cross of sorrow,
He willed to lie down in the garden-tomb,
He willed to rise to life on the third morrow
A great while ere the daylight broke o'er gloom.
The soldiers nigh, He burst His prison-bars,
But none beheld Him save the midnight stars.

'Servant of God, the ancient banner o'er thee
Raised on the mount, how vain thy glorying!
Thou say'st that with thee works and wars the King,
So thou but drink the cup He drank before thee;

Where are the souls which should in faith outsoar thee?
Where is the Christ so long within them born?
Where are the hopes which at thy call upbore thee?
Ha! thy Good Friday has no Easter-morn!'
Thus speaks the world, of treasures bought so dearly;
What say'st, O shepherd, save for Christ, alone?
'I will not answer; I will rise up early;
With love for ointment I will seek the stone;
All in the gloom three sought the garden-prison;
The stone was rolled away, the Lord was risen.'

Not ours to stand within a darkened room
And see fair end the war our brother warred;
Not ours to lay him in the old churchyard
Close by the green lane where the violets bloom;
Not ours to seek with varying flowers his tomb;
There are who know it, but all-silent these;
The southern skies o'er-arched his early doom,
The southern river sang his obsequies.
Not ours the things which pass away for ever,
Ours the sure hope which shall survive the years;
Say, weep'st thou, Mary, that some hand should sever
The mortal Jesus from His handmaid's tears?
Lo! in the place of death are angel-bands!
Lo! at thy side the risen Saviour stands!

O Grave, what wert thou and what art thou, say.
I was erewhile a loathly charnel-home,
A place where happy sunshine might not come,
A haunt of worms and things which hate the day;
I was the gate of worlds with wrath for ray;
But Jesus died and rose to end earth's woe;
A corn-field I beneath the pleasant May,
A house where gentle angels come and go.
Not May-time wont 'twixt gleam and cloud to vary,
But May-time rife with harvest-hastening sun;
Not angels never stained who met sad Mary,
But angels sin-redeemed, their rest sure won.
To image these O seek not summer bowers,
Rather twine amaranths with dead sweet flowers.

Rabboni! O Rabboni! I was dreaming
Thou, O my God, wert God with us no more;
In vain the empty tomb said night was o'er;
I had no day until the Sun was beaming.
Dear Lord, Thy blood upon the mountain streaming,
I clasped the Cross, I saw Thy Mother swoon;

I sought Thy resting-place, no orient gleaming—
Ah! then my night of anguish had its noon;
'Where is my Lord?' I asked of man and angel;
'O where is He Who fed the flock so well?'
Those could but search; ere these could speak Evangel,
He spoke Who gardens all, Immanuel.
Rabboni! Love! I may not touch Thee yet,
But I will go and tell of Olivet.

Where is Thy place and where Thy inner shrine,
Unwearying Patience? Though Thou mute dost lay
Thy finger on Thy lips, I hear Thee say
How I may learn of Thee, how take of Thine.
Once in a garden Thou didst plant a vine,
Twin-stemmed, full-clustered, pleasant to Thy soul;
Thou taught'st the mist to rise, the beams to shine,
Thou bad'st the fourfold river past it roll;
But rose an alien wind, with chill breath breathing
O'er earth's fair Paradise of flowers and rills,
The trees of God with baleful wreaths enwreathing,
With wild grapes purpling all the summer hills.
Too long to men one day of cleansing tears;
But Patience waited twice two thousand years.

Seest thou the wild-bees round the nightshade flower?
Seest how the gold and purple death o'erflows
With sweetness, as it were the summer-rose
Her honey-heart were opening for their dower?[1]
Dear are those voices at the waking hour,
Dear to the garden at the fall of day,
Dear to the Church when in the wayside bower
To Easter chords they sing their roundelay.
There was a tree amid the trees of Eden,
Earth has no nightshade with such lethal bloom;
Now songs and sweetness all her wildwood gladden;
What is their fountain but Immanuel's tomb?
So wills the Life through death itself prevail;
So to Eve's daughters comes the first 'All hail!'

Come, rustic Superstition, teach thou me.
I name thee ill; thou rather art a voice
Bidding the mortal in his God rejoice,
Not follow far-off gleams which lure and flee.

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[1] Suggested by an incident recorded in Miss Yonge's 'Musings over the Christian Year and Lyra Innocentium.'

Thy treasure-telling rainbow spans the lea,
The shepherd stirs not from the fleecy fold;
There are who leave an ampler industry,
And peril nobler life, for flying gold.
Yet in our land is Eldorado glowing
With glory reflex of the arc on high,
The autumn reaping crowns the spring-tide sowing,
And Jesus Christ is Sun of all the sky.
'Doubt not,' He whispers, 'I, the faithful Friend
Who died, Who rose, am with you to the end.'

I knew a man in Christ, who, in the flush
Of youthful fervour tending his first fold,
While contrite memory the past unrolled,
Felt from his eyes the sudden tear-rain rush.
Ah! then his heart was as the burning bush,
Afire with God upon the desert drear;
Ah! he was musing in the twilight hush,
Till He on Whom he mused unknown drew near.
But who would bear to Israel God's message
Must turn from earth the fire divine to see,
And who would bar the risen Saviour's passage
Must cry with heart and life, 'Abide with me!'
Come back, Occasion blest! Come, lost of yore!
Come, God with us! Immanuel, come once more!

Where wert thou, servant! in the three-hour throes?
O I had thought to van my Master's host;
Of the mere gazers I stood outermost
When pierced His hands and feet His cruel foes.
But I will kneel down by my bed and close
My heart against the things my Lord which slew;
He Who to life, the stone yet prisoning, rose,
Save of sin's shutting, will all doors pass through.
I hear His voice in my heart's midst; I hear it
In my heart's midst, above all voices there,
'Receive My Peace, the Everlasting Spirit;
Look on My wounds and learn thy Cross to bear;
My work revived amidst the dying years,
Toil contrite toilings, weep victorious tears.'

God is gone up to the right hand of power;
God is gone up; the men to whom He said
'Receive the Holy Ghost' from earth are sped;
And I, the sinner, wait in tears my hour.
Wilt Thou no more the strong man armed disdower?
Wilt Thou no more break chains invisible?

I have lost joy in sun and star and flower,
My God from all His thrones my sins expel.
Who will give back the day its gladdening brightness,
The flow'r, the star, the sun, their smile of old?
'I Who thy scarlet sins will wash to whiteness,
So through My servant thou those sins unfold.
The first absolvers sleep; their sons I send;
I, in My priests, am with you to the end.'

Blest from the mountain, ever blest are ye,
The inly poor, the meek, the merciful,
Mourners for sin till sins are white as wool,
Hearts which indwells Eternal Purity,
Spirits which thirst, which hunger, mightily
For Christ, their Lord, their God, their Righteousness,
Voices of peace which bid estrangement flee,
Joyers indeed when sword and Cross oppress;
Among the hills from peak to peak men clamber
And gaze from each with ampler-visioned ken;
This is the mountain and the upper-chamber;
From blessing thus to blessing Love leads men.
'Thomas! thy eyes the risen Christ receive;
Blest shall they be who see not, yet believe.'

First of His friends who saw Him risen was I;
He met me wildered near the empty grave;
Nought may I tell of that appearing, save
He is still loved who did his Lord deny.
I rose before the sun at Mary's cry,
With him He loved I stood where lay His head,
I could that hour but linen clothes descry—
Yet there my sin 'I know Him not' lies dead;
And thence my love 'Thou know'st I love' is risen;
Men hear it first along Tiberias' sea;
Let it sound on from street and shrine and prison
Till breaks o'er all the threefold harmony;
Let it sound on, though from a far-off steep
Shall pass to others' charge Christ's lambs and sheep.

Why that sad night to our remembrance bring?
Why weep'st, O Sion, O Immanuel's Bride?
Art thou not seated by the Conqueror's side?
Art thou not robed for Love's own banqueting?
That night to trembling concords woke the string,
That night beheld the lines of death deploy,
But smiles should greet the tomb's strange travailing,
The harp of Easter should be tuned to joy.

'Shall I not follow where my Lord is going,
And cry "The Cross at hand His friends He cheers"?'
Comfort He promised, nearer anguish knowing;
Shall I forget, amid my joy, His tears?
Ask'st what is love? Christ's last discourse[2] be conned;
The Cross He saw not for the Gift beyond.'

To Magdalen a-weeping at the tomb;
To Peter haply watching for the sun;
To Cleophas and Lucas, two yet one,
Sad converse holding in the vesper gloom;
To the loved friends within the upper room;
To the five hundred on the northern hill;
To blessed Paul, the last-born from the womb—
Crowns not these names a name more glorious still?
Love veils the closest where He loves the dearest;
Love to the loved says 'See thou no man tell;'
Love rose and comes to all, but chiefest, nearest,
To her in whom He is Immanuel,
Whom, purest pure, of all the world He chose
To bear her God with stainless mother-throes.

A land of streams and falls and oakwood hoary!
How sweet in such a land awhile to dwell,
And sing in simple verse what all should tell
By holy lives, Immanuel's gentle story!
How sweet to question Christ's first auditory,
The Virgin Mother, the blest twelve, and say
'Ye were in Sion when the starry glory
Ye have made brighter shone by hearth and way.'[3]
How sweet to listen, 'Yes, the true Sun breaking,
We saw the stars around Him rise and wane,
Like men who wake before the hour of waking,
Look to the east and lay them down again.
Askest if they those three dim days told o'er?
May'st learn when they with thee shall rise once more.'

Who is the angel of the forty days
To faith revealing things from sight removed?
Is it not Luke, physician Heav'n-beloved,
The Everlasting Gospel's word his praise?

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[2] It will be remembered how several of the Eucharistic Gospels for the Easter season are from the Last Discourse.

[3] Many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves after His Resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many.—St. Matt. xxvii. 52, 53.

He in our firmament has lit new rays;
O by his later star[4] illumined we
The Christ behold, now walking unknown ways,
Now holding with His friends high colloquy.
Not in the body now His murderers meeting,
Still doing good He goes about the world,
An everlasting throne to build for fleeting,
Sion supern for Sion tear-impearled.
For brother's love He asks, not delver's spade;
He the Foundation on the Mountain laid.

Sabbath on sabbath till the weeks are seven,
Sun after sun till nears the fiftieth day
Since Jesus went along the palm-strewn way,
When we were twelve who now are but eleven!
Woe worth! what throne to Israel's King was given!
Woe worth! what cries His later march pursued!
Now He goes up from Olivet to Heaven
Who then came down from Olivet to Rood.
His earliest station Israel's Shrine, example
He, that from Altar aye to Cross men come;
Him they may follow to the Heavenly Temple,
Where sun nor moon nor pow'rs of heav'n have home;
With Him, like clouds of heav'n, when time is sped,
They shall come back to judge both quick and dead.

Our great High Priest has passed within the starry,
Within the starry veil with His own blood;
There till the judgement He will plead the Rood,
To die on which He sought for sanctuary
The house He made so pure, the womb of Mary.
Passing He blessed us, and will bless again,
As men who go shake hands with men who tarry,
Ere for a while they leave the lowland plain.
The throne of Judas once more bright in Heaven,
With Mary, with the rest, we wait to tell
The tongues of fire, the mighty life-gifts seven,
The Holy One in hearts, Immanuel,
The Love of God abroad on sinners shed,
The Child Who served, Who warred, Who triumphèd.

Immanuel! Immanuel! Now dying,
Dying my music, die not now my Lord!
Immanuel indwell each faltering chord
Till all who hear are to the strain replying,

[4] The Book of the Acts of the Apostles.—Acts, i. 3.

Immanuel! Immanuel! rapt crying
Through prayer, toil's life, through toil, the twelve-hour prayer,
Immanuel! Immanuel! faint sighing
When through death's shadowy valley home they fare!
Immanuel! Immanuel! Christ's people,
Thought passing thought within you rise and be!
An earthly muse may wake a river's ripple,
Around you chimes the Everlasting Sea;
Around are things which angels fain would know—
The Death, the Life, of God with us below.

ARTHUR MIDDLEMORE MORGAN.

THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF DANTE.

AFTER ascending the ladder, as mentioned in the preceding Canto, the poets find themselves at the second terrace of Purgatory, in which the souls are cleansed from the stain of envy. Here no sculptures are visible; for the sin of an evil eye is punished by a temporary blindness, the eye-lids being sewn together by an iron thread. But voices fly past them through the air, uttering words in exhortation of the opposite grace of charity. First come those spoken by Mary at the marriage feast, with the intention of bringing help to the hosts in their difficulty. Secondly, the words of Pylades, founded upon a scene in one of Pacuvius' dramas; in which (as Cicero tells us in his treatise on *Friendship*) Pylades, to save his friend just fallen into his enemy Ægisthus' hand, cries out that he himself is Orestes, while Orestes in turn maintains his own identity. Lastly, the words of our Lord Himself, enjoining us to love our persecutors.

Such, says Virgil, are the spurs that incite to charity: but the curb that restrains from envy is of harsher nature, as Dante immediately after perceives. On his advancing and addressing the spirits who stand propped up against each other along the leaden-coloured rock, he is answered by one Sapia, wife of Ghinibaldo Saraceni, the head of a noble family in Siena; who being banished from her native city, saw with delight its forces overcome by the Guelfs of Florence in that very same battle in which fell Provenzano Salvani, already mentioned in the eleventh Canto. Pier Pettinagno was a hermit of Siena—some say of Florence—afterwards beatified. Dante's rejoinder to Sapia shews us what it was he considered his besetting sin, and so gives additional point to the words of Virgil at the end of the preceding Canto, as has been already noticed.

THE PURGATORIO.—CANTO XIII.

ONCE at the ladder's top, the second level
  We had attained, whence more shrunken springeth
  The mount that rising purges human evil.
There in such wise a cornice winding clingeth
  Around the hill, like to the one below it,
  Save that its circle here more closely ringeth.
There is no shade, nor sculptured form to throw it;
  Clear is the bank, and clear the road displayed
  With lurid colour of the rock. The Poet
Then reasoning, 'If here our course be stayed 10
  Till we can ask the folk, 'tis cause for fearing
  Perchance our choice may be too long delayed.'
Then to the Sun his fixed glance uprearing,
  He for his motion made his right side centre,
  The left part of his body forward steering.
'O sweetest light, for whom with zeal intenter
  I start on this new road,' he so intreated,
  'Lead us, as one would here be led to enter.
Thou giv'st the world its light; by thee 'tis heated;
  If other cause no adverse motion places, 20
  Thy rays should alway as our guides be greeted.'
Far as one here would count a thousand paces,
  So much we there, by ready will made able,
  In no long time had traversed of those spaces;
When spirits not to sight distinguishable
  Were felt to fly towards us, certifying
  A courteous welcome to love's sacred table.
The foremost voice that met us onwards flying,
  They have no wine in lofty tones proclaimed,
  And passed to rear, the same again outcrying. 30
And ere that distance had entirely maimed
  The sound unto our ears, there came another,
  Crying aloud, *Orestes I am named*,
And likewise passed. Then I, 'What voices, Father,
  Are these?' and as I spake, behold ariseth
  A third, *Love them from whom but harm ye gather.*
Said the good Master then, 'This zone chastiseth
  The fault of envy; therefore here the scourges
  Are wielded with the power that love deviseth.
The curb its force in different fashion urges, 40
  As thou shalt hear if I be not unwitting
  Ere that on pardon's gate our road emerges.

But through the air thy fixed glance transmitting,
  Thou shalt see folk within our view contained,
  And each along the slope in order sitting.'
More than before I then my vision strained,
  And looked in front, and saw three spirits dressed
  In hue like that wherewith the rock was stained.
And when we had a little more progressed,
  I heard them cry aloud, 'Pray for us, Mary, 50
  Michael and Peter, pray, and all ye blessed.'
None now on earth, I think, a heart can carry
  So hard as not to be with pity stirred
  At that whereon my glances then did tarry.
For when I had my place so near transferred
  That all their acts were borne unto me clearly,
  My sight with heavy weight of grief was blurred.
Meseemed they covered with vile sackcloth merely,
  And one his shoulder 'gainst his comrade propped,
  And all did lean against the bank. So nearly 60
The blind, whose means of livelihood are stopped,
  Stand at the chairs of pardon, alms imploring,
  Each with his head upon his neighbour dropped;
So in the minds of others pity storing—
  Not only by the words' entreaty spoken,
  But by the look not less of woe outpouring.
And as the sun-shafts on the blind are broken,
  So to the shades of whom I have made mention
  Heaven's light of its existence gives no token;
For unto all an iron thread's piercing tension 70
  Sews up the eye-lids, as to hawk untamed
  Men sew them, for his restlessness' prevention.
To me it seemed a wrong to be disclaimed
  To walk and gaze at them, myself unseen;
  Therefore to my sage guide a glance I aimed.
Well knew he what the silent wish would mean;
  So, waiting not till I my thought expounded,
  He bade me, 'Speak, and be thou brief and keen.'
On that side of the cornice, where 'tis bounded
  By nought to stay one's fall, was Virgil going, 80
  Where by no parapet it is surrounded:
The other side me were the spirits, shewing
  Deep grief, that through the horrid seams expressed
  The tears so fast that all their cheeks were flowing.
Turning to them, 'O race secure possessed
  Of seeing that high light, whereunto ever
  Alone your longing hath its care addressed;

So speedily,' I said, 'may grace deliver
  Your conscience from all dross, that clear descending,
  May flow thereby the intellectual river, 90
As ye shall tell me, your kind aid extending,
  If there be here who is of Latin nation,
  Some good may reach her by mine apprehending.'
'Each one, my brother, hath for habitation
  But one true city; thou wouldst say, who tarried
  In Italy a pilgrim.'—From some station
Not far in front of where I stood, was carried
  A voice, unto my question thus replying;
  Whence I to move yet further on prepared,
Amid the rest a spirit soon espying 100
  Expectant; if the manner thou explorest,
  Her chin, as of one blind, was raised. I crying
To her said, 'Spirit, who by self-conquest soarest
  Aloft, if it was thou didst answer send me,
  Tell me thy country, and the name thou borest.'
Then she—'Siena's child I was, and mend me,
  With these here, of mine evil life ashamed,
  Weeping to him, that he would deign to lend me
Of his own self. Although Sapia named,
  Sapient I was not; keener far in hoping 110
  For others' loss, than for my weal inflamed.
And lest thou think I mock thee, judge if groping
  Folly was mine, (as thou shalt hear related,)
  When down the arch of life my years were sloping.
Near Colle mine own countrymen were mated
  In battle with their adversaries' forces,
  And I prayed God for that which he had fated.
There were they routed, and to bitter courses
  Of flight were turned; and seeing them defeated,
  I felt a joy that ne'er from other sources 120
Had sprung; and raising shameless forehead, greeted
  God with the cry, "Henceforth I live unfearing."
  As blackbird by a spell of sunshine cheated,
I wished to make my peace with God on nearing
  The end of life; nor yet would have contrition
  Cancelled the debt against my name appearing,
Had not Pier Pettinagno made petition
  In holy prayers, some thought upon me taking,
  And touched with charity for my condition.
But who art thou that hither comest seeking 130
  To know our state, and bear'st thine eyes unbarred,
  As I indeed believe, and breathest speaking?'

And I—'My eye-sight here will yet be marred,
But no long time; for little it offendeth,
Because it hath not been by envy snared.
More is the fear my spirit apprehendeth
Of that which is below you, more exceeding;
That nether load my back already bendeth.'
And she to me, 'Then who is hither leading
Thy upward steps, if for return thou lookest?' 140
'He who is here thy words in silence heeding.
I am alive, and thou no wise mistookest.'

(To be continued.)

SONGS OF OTHER CHURCHES.

BY LOUIS COUTIER BIGGS, M.A.

XIV.

HUNGARIAN HYMNS. *(concluded.)*—RUSSIAN HYMNS.—DANISH HYMNS.

I AM much indebted in the following article to Miss Selina Gaye for the account given of Hungarian hymns, to Madame H. C. Romanoff for what here appears concerning the hymns of Russia, and to both 'Janet' and Miss Lawrance for specimens of Scandinavian hymns.

The Magyar language belongs to the Altai group, of which the Vogul, Finnish, and Turkish, are also members. It differs radically both from the Aryan and Semitic. The Altai languages were once spoken throughout the immense tract which reaches from the shores of the Caspian to the sea of Japan, and from the Desert of Gobi to the Arctic Ocean. The speakers of the Altai tongues lived in tents, wandering wherever pasture could be found for their immense herds of cattle, hunting and fishing occasionally, but never tilling the ground. They were known to the Greeks and Romans by the general name of Scythians. The Altai languages fall naturally into three groups—the Finn, the Ugrian, and the Tatar or Turkish. The language of Hungary has most affinity with the Ugrian group, which also includes the Vogul, Syrjanen, Mordwine, Ostjak, Votjak, &c.

Christianity came to the Hungarians through the medium of the Greek Church, whose creed is still spoken of by them as 'the old faith.'[1] The Hungarians were never given to religious persecution, and are still particularly free from religious party-spirit. Their established religion

[1] For an account of the introduction of Christianity into Hungary, see *The Monthly Packet* for January, 1868, Vol. V. New Series, pp. 33-36.

is now the Roman Catholic; but the 'Reformed Church' is exceedingly popular in Hungary, especially among the lower orders of Hungarians. The Lutheran Church has many adherents; but they are chiefly Bohemian-speaking Slovaks. The numerous members of the Greek Church are mostly Wallaks, Ruthenians, and Sclavonians. The Blessed Virgin is the patron Saint of Hungary.

The Hungarian language is, from its extreme flexibility, particularly adapted to translation from other tongues. The people of Hungary are passionately attached to their native language, as they are also to their fatherland. Their proverb concerning Hungary has been thus rendered in mediæval Latin:—

'Extra Hungariam non est vita,
Et si est vita, non est ita.'

In English[1]—

'Whatever you do, wherever you be,
Life's only worth having in Hungary.'

The following early specimen of a Hungarian hymn[2] is by Batizi András, one of the first reformers, who wrote hymns for the use of his sect as early as A.D. 1530. He is also known as the author of a work on Bible History, and of a Catechism published in 1550. His subject is one which may, just now, specially claim our thoughts.

HYMN FOR CHRIST'S RESURRECTION.

CHRIST is risen, our Blessed LORD,
Joy for us He hath obtained;
On our souls His Blood is poured,
There its cleansing hath remained.
Mediator, JESU CHRIST, win mercy for us
From Thy FATHER Blest.

CHRIST for our offences died;
For our Life again He rose,
That we might be justified,
Comforted in all our woes.
Mediator, &c.

CHRIST by pain procures our good;
(For His Death our ransom is,)
Guiltless makes us through His Blood,
By His rising seals our bliss.
Mediator, &c.

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[1] See *The People's Magazine* for January, 1867.

[2] The metre of the original, with the unrhymed burden to every verse, is retained; but in the original the first four lines all rhyme together.

This the LAMB of GOD we own;
  Gold whereby our souls are freed;
Of our death the Death alone,
  Bruiser of the serpent's head.
Mediator, &c.

Lo! His rising from the tomb
  Whelms in ruin Hell's dark towers:—
At His joyful tidings bloom
  All our souls like sweetest flowers.
Mediator, &c.

This the joyful news we hear,
  This our consolation blest,
That we, through His rising, are
  Of unmeasured wealth possessed.
Mediator, &c.

Us from all our sins He hath
  Freed, and from the curse that fell
On the broken law, from wrath,
  From the devil, and from hell.
Mediator, &c.

Therefore from transgression we
  And from sin with Him arise
From our earthly pains set free,
  And from death's worst agonies.
Mediator, &c.

CHRIST our Mediator great,
  GOD the FATHER'S Holy SON,
Pray Thy Holy FATHER, that
  He would bless us, every one.
Mediator, JESU CHRIST, win mercy for us
  From Thy FATHER blest.

Batizi's chief fault in style would seem to be a certain wordiness, which makes his longer poems somewhat wearisome. His Scripture history is written in exceedingly prosaic blank verse, in somewhat this style:—

After the Flood, in very ancient times,
When nine-score years and seven had passed away,
There was a holy patriarch, to whom
The LORD GOD gave the name of Abraham.
To him the LORD GOD long ago had sworn
He would send down His holy SON on earth, &c.

Next to Batizi we may notice Rimay János, author of a very curious hymn (so called) on the Revolution of the World. It seems too great a literary curiosity to be passed over, though we hardly imagine that it can be adapted to Church use. Its author was born in 1564, and died in 1631. We omit one stanza, where the text appears to be corrupt.

The world is a sphere, as round as a ball,
Which seldom does he who has grasped it, let fall,

Who has with its burden once loaded his breast,
And rejoiced of its pleasures to have but a taste.

It revolves without ceasing, much fickleness shews,
It is light, it is dark, never resting it goes;
For a day is its change, and full often its roar
Sounds loud as the tempest that beats on the shore.

Own mother it is of all knavish deceits,
But to goodness, like step-mother, scarcely permits
Either favour or place; it rejoices in wrong,
And quarrels and discords delights to prolong.

* * * * * *

Each man would much rather his riches enhance,
Than daily in goodness of living advance,
Or choose for his being true health to obtain,
Yet thereby he might often prosperity gain.

The world still endures:—'tis of money a heap;
Then let us, my soul, from all rioting keep:
Be not hard like the scales on Leviathan's skin,
Serve thy God, and no whirlpool shall e'er suck thee in!

Our next specimen is from Berzsenyi Daniel, a lyric poet of considerable merit. He was born in 1780, and died in 1836. He is the author of a great many Odes, and is said to have 'combined Horatian elevation with the lyric flow of Mathisson. His language is pure and precise.'

AN ASPIRATION.

O God, Who art to wise men's lore unknown;
Only to longing souls in secret shewn;
Thy Being cheers us like the sunbeams bright,
But our weak eyes cannot endure the sight.

The planets which on paths of ether fly,
Circling in order round Thee through the sky,
The worms whose form no mortal eye hath scanned,
Are masterpieces both of Thy wise Hand.

Thou didst from nought, the universe to fill,
Its myriad races bring. Thy glance at will
A thousand worlds can crush, or can create;
Or measure out the streams of ages great.

The heavens extol Thee in their depth and height:
The storm-wind's awful roar, the lightning bright,
Each drop of dew, each flower's tender stem,
The work of Thy great Hand doth well proclaim.

Before Thy Face with ardent love I fall;
But soon my soul, delivered from its thrall,
And able to approach Thee then more near,
Shall gain the bliss for which it languished here.

'Till then I dry my tears, and tarry not,
But journey in my own appointed lot;
Follow, where better, nobler souls have gone,
Where'er my limbs have strength to bear me on.

The night of my dark grave unmoved I see;
My foe it seems—yet, oh! it cannot be
Evil, for 'tis Thy work; there too Thy Hand
Shall hide my bones, though loosed from fleshly band.

The original of this hymn is in blank verse, with somewhat irregular lines. Székász, the author of the three hymns given in the last article, is still living in Pesth. There is a volume, published by order of the Hungarian Academy in 1859, from an unique collection of songs by different sixteenth-century authors. These are found in what is called the 'Hoffgreff Collection.' The songs are set to music as old as the words; and in the reprint recently published, the antiquated form of words and notation is given on one side and the modern on the other. The name Hoffgreff was given probably from the resemblance of the type employed in the original volume to that which Hoffgreff of Klausenburg used. The songs are historical, satirical, and scriptural: some of these last are very curious. One, written by Farkas András, A.D. 1538, gives a chronicle of the bringing of the Israelites out of Egypt and of the Magyars out of Scythia. Here, too, appears the poem on Abraham by Batizi András, quoted above.

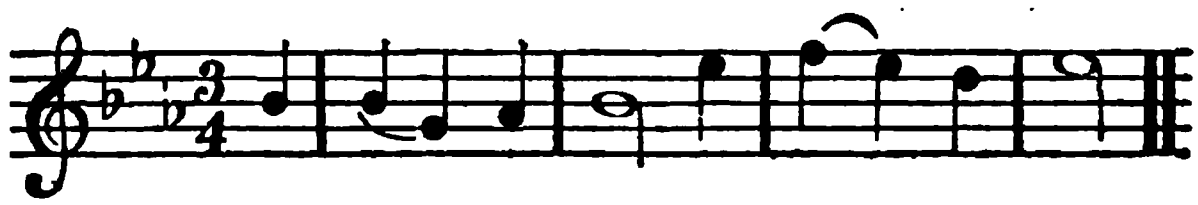
THE Russian branch of the Greek Church principally employs in its services Sclavonic translations from the Greek Offices. The 'Joyful Light' of S. Athenogenes is their Vesper Hymn; and the canons, written in Greek, are many of them faithfully reproduced in the Russian service. But although the natural consequence of this has been to discourage original hymn-writers, there are some few whose names are attached to compositions fully deserving the name of hymns. I give, from Sir John Bowring's translation, the following version of a Russian hymn by Bobrov. He gives no account of Bobrov, nor of the place where the hymn is to be found, but entitles it, 'Song of the Cherubim, Sung at the Procession of the Cup.'

See the glorious Cherubim
Thronging round the Eternal's Throne;
Hark! they sing their holy hymn
To the unknown THREE in ONE;—
'All-supporting DEITY,
Living SPIRIT,—praise to Thee!'

Rest, ye worldly tumults, rest!
Here let all be peace and joy:
Grief no more shall rend our breast,
Tears no more shall dew our eye.

Heaven-directed spirits, rise
To the temple of the skies;
Join the ranks of angels bright,
Near the Eternal's dazzling light.
Alleluia.

There is a well-known tune for six lines of eight syllables in many of our older hymn-books, written by H. Bortniansky, which most of our musical readers will recognize at once from the first few notes:—



Here is a translation of the Russian words usually sung to it. I have versified Madame Romanoff's prose rendering from the Russ. The authorship is unknown to my informant.

How great in Sion is our KING!
The tongue His glory cannot sing.
How great in Heaven upon His Throne,
How great the dust of earth upon!
LORD, everywhere with glory bright,
Thou art the same by day and night.

The Lamb with golden fleece may be
An image to our mind of Thee.
With ten-stringed psaltery we raise
To Thee our songs and hymns of praise.
As fragrant incense now receive
The worship and the thanks we give.

Thou dost with sunbeams from above
Light us, and as Thy children love;
Fill at Thy Board, and mansions fair
In Sion blest for us prepare:
Yea, Thou, LORD, dost invite indeed
Us sinners on Thy Flesh to feed.

O may our voices, GOD of Grace,
Rise till they reach Thy Dwelling-Place;
Our heartfelt hymns be like the dew
Of morn before Thee, while anew
Thine Altar in our hearts we raise,
O LORD, and ever sing Thy praise.

The famous Russian poet Derjavin has given a versified paraphrase in Russ of some of the Sclavonic sequences. I hope to be able in my next article to give a specimen of a very early Polish hymn.

BEFORE attempting a full account of the hymns of Denmark, we must take the opportunity of referring our readers to an attractive little

volume by Gilbert Tait,[1] giving specimens of these hymns in English verse. In his preface, Mr. Tait traces the origin of Danish hymns as due in great measure to the thoroughly Lutheran character of the Reformation in Denmark. He says,

'As writers of hymns, the Danes have done little more than cultivate a small spot of the mighty Lutheran vineyard. But they have not been servile copyists; they have burned with inspirations of their own, have manifested a marked individuality, as if the northern breath were still blowing on them, which made them in the remote past the bravest of the brave.'

It would have added much to the interest of Mr. Tait's work, if he had given us a full account of the authors of the hymns he has translated, or if he had at least given fully their names, titles, and dates. We would hope that in his forthcoming volume of the hymns of Sweden he will supply such information. The following is a fair specimen of Mr. Tait's translations:—

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

I lift my soul, I lift my gaze,
Up to the holy height with praise,
  Where Jesus, the Redeemer, gleams;
With soul, with gaze I would behold
The mighty glory there unrolled.
  Away all false deceitful beams,
  Away earth's follies, joys, and dreams!

In faith, in spirit now I see
What burst on the disciples three;
  Amazed and comforted I glance
At Jesus in His grand array;
Clothed, crowned with Heaven's gorgeous day,
  Life's Prince, man's Saviour, doth advance
  While round strange mystic splendours dance.

As brightest sun, His Face is bright;
His raiment, as the light, is white,
  Yea, whiter than the riven snow.
Moses, Elias, speak with Him
Of deepest things, of terrors grim;
  Of boundless bliss and boundless woe,
  Of pangs that none but Christ can know.

A Voice sublime I panting hear,
A Voice that conquers grief and fear,
  Revealing all eternity;
Proclaiming God's belovèd Son,
Born to redeem a world undone;
  Filled with God's fullness from on high,
  To gain God's noblest victory.

[1] 'The Hymns of Denmark,' translated by Gilbert Tait. (Strahan and Co.)

Alas! I still tread earth's dark vale,
Still seek God with despairing wail;
  King merciful, when shall I climb
Joy's Tabor, clasp the Saviour's Breast,
Banquet on everlasting rest;
  List to the sky's exultant chime,
  And triumph in the death of time?

When fierce Thy Judgement rends the air,
Save me Thou canst; oh, spare! oh, spare!
  Do not Thy coming, Lord, delay;
Swift take me from my sin and pain;
Swift let me share the priceless gain;
  Swift bear me far and far away
  To realms where saints and seraphs pray.

The above is the composition of Thomas Kingo, Bishop of Funen, from whose 'Aandelige Sjunge-Chor' (Spiritual Songs) we translate the following, versified from a prose rendering by Miss Lawrance:—

THE HEART'S SIGH.

Soul's Physician, Christ belovèd,
See, and let Thy heart be movèd
  By my deep distress of soul;
By the grief, my spirit steeping
In its gall, and by my weeping
  Tears from my heart's fount which roll.

But if all my sighs and mourning
Can Thy Heart not open—turning,
  Look, O Heart of Jesus, where
Thou hast scourgèd been and bruisèd,
Nor hast Death's fell cup refusèd—
  Need and woe Thou then didst bear.

So shalt Thou with answer fervent,
Lord, speak well unto Thy servant:—
  'I thy scar of sin will heal;
Grief of Mine thy grief is curing,
Sore of heart, its smart enduring,
  Ne'er shalt thou within thee feel.'

It must be remembered that Denmark, much as it doubtless owes to German literature, is itself the chief modern representative of the ancient Scandinavian family. Hence there seems to be sometimes a difficulty in assigning the exact limits of Danish literature; and we find Mr. Tait including among his Danish hymn-writers Wexels, a poet of Christiana, in Norway. In fact, the Danish language prevails almost as much in Norway as in Denmark itself. The language of Iceland has perhaps more faithfully preserved the ancient Scandinavian tongue, so far as mere verbal likeness goes; but Iceland has, comparatively speaking, a

very scanty literature, whereas Denmark possesses numerous writers on almost all subjects.

But we must return to our examples of Danish hymns; the next which we give being taken from the Norwegian W. A. Wexels, who published it in his 'Religiose Digte.' I have followed the metre of the original:—

ETERNAL GLADNESS.

In God's Father-Hand each rests,
Works the Spirit His behests;
For God's Glory, by God's Favour,
Joyful we shall be for ever
In our dear Lord Jesu's Name.

Our reward and lot secure
With God's only Son endure.
For God's Glory, &c.

When His Life and Peace we gain,
Brightness, Light, and Power attain;
For God's Glory, by God's Favour,
Joyful we shall be for ever
In our dear Lord Jesu's Name.

We must now give an account of some of the leading Danish hymn-writers; and first of the editor of the 'Sang Værk til den Danske Kirke,' Grundtvig. Nikolai Frederick Severin Grundtvig was born in 1783, at Udby, in Zealand. He began life as an enthusiastic antiquarian, and devoted himself to the study of the Pagan literature of ancient Scandinavia. His mind, however, underwent a great religious change; he began to feel scruples as to the interest he had taken in heathen subjects, and he actually published a work written with the avowed object of disparaging his former pursuits and studies. In spite, however, of the strict and devout temper of Grundtvig's piety, he fell under the ban of the clergy in consequence of his systematic advocacy of reform in Church matters. For a period of eight years he continued to be regarded with suspicion by his ecclesiastic brethren, though he is now the great orthodox spiritual leader of Denmark. Greatly as he reprehended his own former enthusiasm for Pagan literature, Grundtvig did not, in consequence of the change which had taken place in his religious sentiments, relinquish his antiquarian studies; on the contrary, he continued to pursue them with great ardour, projecting, during the two visits he paid to England, gigantic schemes in connection with the furtherance of a knowledge of Anglo-Saxon in this country. But though received in England with courtesy, Grundtvig's literary schemes did not meet with practical support, and fell to the ground.[1]

Grundtvig has in some respects proved himself worthy of the name

[1] See *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Art. 'Scandinavian Literature.'

which he bears. According to one mode of spelling the name, it signifies *a green twig* or shoot; and indeed its owner has, in his work of Christian reform, decked with new vigour and beauty the battered stump of his country's Church, which might once have been thought well-nigh dead. Moreover, he has sought to engraft upon it some of the best hymns of other lands. Thus we find, among other English hymns translated in his 'Sang Vœrk,'—Montgomery's 'Hark! the song of Jubilee,' Wesley's 'The saints on earth and those above,' 'Hark! the herald angels sing,' and 'Head of the Church triumphant,' —also Elizabeth Scott's 'Awake, ye saints, awake.' The first stanza of this last-named hymn may be given as a specimen of the language.

English.	*Danish.*
Awake, ye saints, awake! And hail this sacred day: In loftiest songs of praise Your joyful homage pay; Come, bless the day that GOD hath blest, The type of Heaven's eternal Rest.	Vaagn op, du Helgen-Kiœde! Velsign vor HERRES Dag! Bryd ud med hellig Glœde CHRIST-Kirkens venne-Lag Velkommen, Morgen, med GUDS Fred, Til Hvilens Dag i Evighed.

There are in the same collection many hymns from the German, some from the Latin, one from Anglo-Saxon, and several from Greek. These, it must be remembered, appear in a collection printed twenty-five years before Dr. Neale's 'Hymns of the Eastern Church' were published. Grundtvig's high sacramental doctrine constantly appears in his poems, which abound especially in allusions to Holy Baptism. The following lines may serve as an example:—

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN.

Justly we call
Christian men, all
Who hold the Faith for their creed;
All to whom gave
Baptism's wave
New life in truth and in deed.

Christians the LORD
Calls in His Word
Only the flock of His fold;
Those to whose gaze
Faith's hand displays
Treasures more golden than gold.

Christians in show:—
GOD's Word tells how
Soon they their calling belie;
Firm for a day,
Yield in the fray;
JESUS at last they deny.

Here is another on the same subject:—

'Christian:'—'tis, the worldling saith,
Each ourselves to please;—
Aught save deep and heart-felt faith;
Faith is scorned by these.
'Spite the world yet claimest Thou
Faith by our baptismal vow;
Hope of Heaven by faith is now
Brought to us, and CHRIST adored.

'Christian:'—ask the Church, she saith,
'Tis a soul alway
Full of deep and heart-felt faith,
Prompt GOD's law to obey.
Cleansed through Thee in waters blest,
Guided to Thy Heavenly rest,
Smiling, child-like, on Thy Breast,
Through Thy Grace redeemed, O LORD.

Grundtvig's hymns are marked by great simplicity, amounting to homeliness, but that very circumstance has doubtless contributed to his popularity and influence. Orthodox Lutherans are indeed even called by his name in Denmark, '*Grundtvigian*,' being a term equivalent to the nickname '*Methodist*,' so liberally bestowed by the more worldly in this country at the beginning of the present century on persons of strict and earnest piety, whether Dissenters or Churchmen. Herr Biörnsen, in an article in 'The Athenæum,' December 30th, 1871, tells us that the Grundtvigian party are becoming more and more influential in Denmark, owing to the establishment of free schools.

So, in the seventy-third hymn of his 'Sang-Værk,' we have the lines:—

Thy Voice, O LORD,
To hide within the word of faith is wont,
Yet breaks forth at the holy font,
And speaks with power beside Thy sacred Board.
It tells us Thou art near,
Dull be the sound, or clear;
And, if we list with inward ear,
And not with outward sense alone,
From angel-lips we hear the tone:—
'This little Babe,' we hear them cry,
'Who now in swaddling-bands doth lie,
O'er men and angels sway doth own.'

This would seem to be a Christmas hymn, but there is no guide to the subjects given in Grundtvig's Selection. However, as the copy in the British Museum gives only the first volume, it is possible that the index of subjects is reserved for the end of the whole book, if indeed the whole has been, or ever will be, completed. Some of the Danish metres are exceedingly complicated. The following may serve as an example; it is taken from Grundtvig's book:—

In Jesu's Name
Let all our work be done,
Then from our labour profit shall be won,
'Not harm, and loss, and shame:—
Each task and every godly deed,
In Him begun, must surely speed;
His help shall cheer our soul,
Till we approach our goal;
Smiles He on our lips will bring,
And our tongue shall shout and sing,
When by His Saving Power made whole.

In Jesu's Name
Adore we all our God,
For that He hath within His Church bestowed
On us His Spirit's Flame.
Great wonders daily doeth He,
Upon the earth and in the sea.
Almighty is His Arm,
His Heart with Love is warm,
Let us, therefore, day by day,
Send from hearts that own His sway
Warm tear, and prayer, and holy psalm.

In Jesu's Name
We all will live and die;
True Life is ours, while on His Breast we lie.
His Spirit puts to shame
Death's terrors, and at His great Day
Shall raise us from the darksome clay.
Our dust shall stand in Light
'Mid joy and glory bright,
Songs we scarce can stammer here
Shall we sing in voices clear,
With endless, ever-new delight.

(To be continued.)

THE IVY BRANCH.

AN EASTER FABLE.

BY MRS. JEROME MERCIER.

Beside a lane leading from the old alms-houses to the new station in an English village, is a bank where beeches and birch trees grow, and ivy trails at their feet, and clings around them with its twining up-reaching arms.

There was a young spray which had ambitions. It grew at the foot of the finest of the beeches, and already it had managed to cling with its little tender hands to one of his roots. Sometimes it said to its fellows, 'Do not you wish to be or to do something great?'

But they all shook their heads, and said, 'No; we were made to grow here, and that is enough for us.'

And the old beech once took the trouble to reprove the young ivy spray at its feet, saying, that it is happiness and use enough for each thing to do that duty, and in that place, to which it is born.

This was wise, and the reproof was very painful to the ivy, which said to itself, 'They are right, and I am wrong. Yet I seem unable to keep down these longings.'

One day the Vicar's children came there with large baskets, to gather primroses, ivy, and moss. The ivy branch wondered why they wanted them, and was glad when a lady, passing by, asked them the question.

'It is for the Easter decorations in the church,' said one of the children. 'We shall make a cross of primroses in a bed of moss upon the cover of the font; and a text with a border of moss and primroses will be over the altar.'

'Happy flowers, to be given to God!' said the lady, smiling.

This thought seized powerfully upon the young branch. Its neighbour shivered as if a wind were passing, and said, 'I hope they will not pick me.' But our spray thought, 'Oh! to be given to God!'

At last the Vicar's youngest child came and gathered him, crying, 'See what a delicate spray! This shall have a good place.'

There was pain indeed in the wrench with which the tender fibres were torn away from their support, and it was pain to leave the wise and kind old beech; yet the ivy thought, 'I shall be given to God.'

And so it was placed in the very cross above the altar. What happiness, when the great chants pealed out, and when the people flocked to the One Chief Service of Easter Thanksgiving, and the little spray was by to hear and see it all!

Slowly its life was fading away. It was a painless and a happy fading. The flowers died and were removed; but the ivy kept its place, and for many days heard the voice of prayer and praise go up to God. And it was satisfied.

At last the leaves and flowers were taken down and thrown away. But by a happy fate, the little ivy spray fell upon a baby's grave, and the mother found it when she came there to pray; and she planted it and watered and cherished it, and it grew to twine upon the white marble cross above the grave, and sometimes its baby-branches were given again to beautify the church. And so it still lives to give thanks to God.

THE PILLARS OF THE HOUSE;

OR,

UNDER WODE, UNDER RODE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

STARS GRATIS.

'Back to the cell, and mean employ,
Resume the craftsman and the boy.'
Browning.

THREE months later there was another family gathering, but it was for Thomas Underwood's funeral.

It had come very suddenly. Spa had been given up in favour of Brighton; and there what had seemed a slight casual ailment had been followed by a recurrence of the disease, and a stroke came on which terminated life in a few hours.

Mrs. Underwood was prostrated; but Marilda managed everything, with the help of Spooner, the confidential clerk. She wrote to Felix that he was joint executor with herself, and that as her father had wished to be buried at Centry, he should give orders. Edgar had gone abroad, and no one knew where to write to him.

The chosen burial-place was quite in accordance with poor Mr. Underwood's desire to restore the family. Every year he had made an effort to reside there, and been as regularly frustrated by his wife's predilection for German baths, and dislike to the Bexley neighbourhood. Hers had been the dominion of a noisy tongue, and of ready tears and reclamations; but, poor woman, she was quite passive between the two stronger spirits of her mother and her daughter, who brought her down to Centry the day before the funeral. Mrs. Kedge led her away at once to her room; but Marilda stood in the hall, excited yet business-like, discussing arrangements with Felix, in that prompt, lucid, all-considering manner that sometimes springs out of the pressure of a great affliction, settling every detail with eager peremptoriness—as, for instance, finding that Felix had intended his brothers only to meet the procession in the grave-yard, she vehemently stipulated that they should come to the house, and be transported in carriages like the rest. Her mother would not go, and would be left with Mrs. Kedge; but she herself was resolved on being present, with Felix for her supporter.

'You will like to have Wilmet with you?' he asked.

'I thought Wilmet would have been here now,' she said, as if disappointed.

'Alda is coming by the five o'clock train; and she thought you had rather be together.'

'But you will stay?' she earnestly entreated.

Alda arrived, weeping so much that she had to be taken up-stairs at once. The occupation and excitement were perhaps good for Marilda, who was in a restless tearless state, only eager to be doing something for someone. She sat at the head of the dinner-table, Mr. Spooner at the foot; but the conversation was chiefly due to the instinctive habits of good breeding belonging to Sir Adrian, whose 'go through with it' air was not unlike what he had worn at his wedding.

When the ladies went away, he inquired what was known about the will; but Felix knew nothing, and if Mr. Spooner knew, he would not say. Thereupon Sir Adrian became silent, and asked the way to the smoking-room, whither Mr. Spooner deemed it needful to follow, while Felix repaired to the drawing-room.

He thought it empty; but Alda's head looked round the tall back of an easy-chair.

'Felix, is it you? I was nearly asleep.'

'Are you tired?'

'Yes, rather. It is such a shock—and my poor aunt's grief! It is so frightful to see a large person give way; it makes me quite ill. Where's Adrian?—smoking?'

'Yes.'

'That's man's way of getting out of trouble. If poor Marilda could smoke, she would not be half so restless and wretched. She has been up and down here four or five times in ten minutes. It wears one out!'

'She will be calmer when the bustle is over.'

'She tells me that you are executor with her.'

'I am afraid so.'

'Afraid! why?'

'Of the complication of business of which I have no experience, and that must be thoroughly looked into.'

'Now for my part,' said Lady Vanderkist, 'I should have expected you to be gratified at such a mark of confidence.'

'So I am, Alda. It is not want of gratitude; it is only that I wish I were better qualified.'

'You understand business.'

'Understanding my own business shews me how little I know of other people's.'

'It would not be other people's, if you take this as it is meant. There can be no doubt that he meant to pave the way. Don't look so senseless and uncompromising, Felix; you must have heard Edgar say so!'

The colour glowed into Felix's face as he answered, 'You have not been so silly as to take Edgar's nonsense in earnest?'

'It is absurd in you to pretend simplicity,' said Alda, sitting upright, and looking at him earnestly. 'Here is such an opportunity as you may never have again. This arrangement must have been made on purpose to remove all scruples.'

'Nay, Alda,' interrupted Felix, in a tone of regret and shame at the subject and the time. 'If there were no objection, this arrangement would be the greatest in itself,' and as she looked at him incredulously, 'don't you see that he has set me to do a brother's part to her? Anything to interfere with that would be both unfair and cruel.'

'She knows nothing of such ridiculous refinements as you work yourselves up to. Besides, no one wishes you to do anything at once; only you ought to have it in your mind, and might be making way all the time.—Felix,' as she saw his face and gesture, 'you don't mean that you are so absurdly fastidious. I call that quite wrong—in your position, too—and when she is the dearest best-hearted girl in the world!' added Alda, with more genuine feeling.

'True, Alda; I esteem her goodness and generosity too highly to treat her with the disrespect and insincerity such a course would imply.'

'Nonsense! as if it would not be the greatest kindness to save her from fortune-hunters!'

Felix smiled. 'What should I be myself?' he said; 'I must speak plainly, to put this out of your head. Nothing else could lead me to this, and in me it would be especially abominable, because I am the only man in the family able to be of any use to her; and besides, I am not only poor, and in a lower grade, but I have so many dependent on me. —Don't you see?'

'I only see that you are obstinate and unreasonable, throwing away all my pains to guard her for you!'

Felix could not but laugh a little ironically as he said, 'Thank you.'

'You think it mere fancy,' said Lady Vanderkist, nettled into proving her words by any exposure of herself; 'but she would have had that young Travis two years ago, if I had not managed to give him a hint before he got involved.'

'Alda!' He started up, and stood over her, speaking low, but with pain and horror inconceivable. 'Alda, if you had not told me this, I should not have believed it. I do not believe you now.'

Alda had the grace to colour violently under the force of his indignation. 'Well, well,' she said, 'of course it was not only that. No one out of a novel would be so disinterested without a little bit of infatuation besides; but it is of no use recollecting these things now, when they are gone by.'

This was so incontrovertible that Felix made no answer, and was glad that Marilda returned, trying to work off her restlessness by ringing all the possibilities of Edgar's seeing the announcement in the *Times*, and coming home.

Felix was still too much stunned to reply freely, and took his leave as soon as possible. He walked home, finding no solace for his dismay at the usage of Ferdinand, save in plans which his better sense knew to be impracticable for bringing Ferdinand and Marilda together; but

the match which might have been easily accomplished as a veritable *mariage de convenance*, could not be contemplated by an almost penniless clerk. Moreover, the heart had been given away, and Felix could not believe that it would be possible to turn to Marilda from one of his own graceful sisters. Even though the essential vulgarity of Alda's nature had been so painfully evident, the delicate contour of her face, her refined intonation and pronunciation, and elegance of appearance and manner, returned on him in contrast with poor Marilda's heavy uncouthness, and the shock she inflicted on his taste by plain speaking—worse in manner if better in matter.

On his return home, he found that Edgar had arrived, having travelled day and night ever since the tidings had met his eye. He was very much tired, and genuinely grieved and overcome, too much even to battle with the manifestation of his feelings. Always affectionate, he mourned for one who had, as he said, been far kinder to him than he deserved, and though often angered with him, had pardoned and overlooked his offences with the partiality of a father. That their final farewell had been one of sharp remonstrance on the one hand, and of gay defiant coolness on the other, added poignancy to his regret; and there was so much more of actual self-reproach than usually came from his tongue, that a gleam of hope glanced through the minds of Felix and Cherry that this shock might be the beginning of better things.

They certainly had never seen him so subdued as when he set out for Centry the next morning with his brothers and Wilmet; and the meeting with Marilda was like that of an orphan brother and sister. With all her esteem and confidence for Felix, her affection for Edgar was a much warmer and more instinctive feeling; and the sight of him brought her tears freely and heartily, while she told him the history of her father's last hours, and his gentle warmth of manner soothed and comforted her.

He was sent for to her mother's dressing-room; and when he left it only to join the funeral party, he looked pale, shaken, and overwhelmed by grief he had shared as well as witnessed. The position of son of the house seemed his right. It was he who led Marilda to the carriage, and handed in first her, then Wilmet followed. Felix was just about to step in, when another person thrust forward, and had his hand on the door, when Edgar said, 'I believe my brother comes with us,' and 'Come, Felix,' was hastily murmured from under Marilda's veil. He obeyed, and met a shrug and scowl of displeasure and amazement; but nothing could be thought of except poor Marilda's choking sobs under her veil.

It is one curious effect of good breeding, that while in one class publicity seems to stifle the expression of grief, in another it enhances it; and when Marilda's excitement had once dissolved in tears, her agitation became so excessive, that her cousins watched her anxiously, Wilmet attempting all that salts and kind pressures of the hand could do, and the brothers supporting her, when she clung to Edgar's arm, as if

resting her whole weight on him, when the movement to the church began.

It was one of the regular conventional, and therefore most oppressive of funerals, with a great array of pall-bearers, friends from London, and a train of persons with whom Thomas Underwood had been associated; and after all was over, most of them came to a great cold luncheon, which was to occupy them till the next train.

There they trooped, a black multitude, into the dreary big dining-room; and Felix, knowing nobody, and unwilling to take the lead, was much relieved when Edgar returned from taking Marilda up-stairs, and went round with greetings and replies to everyone. When he came to the gentleman who would have entered the carriage, he said, 'Good morning, Fulbert. Here—my eldest brother.'

Felix held out his hand, but met an ungracious bend. 'You muster strong here,' were the words, chiefly addressed to Edgar.

'I am sorry not to shew you any more of us,' said Edgar, with a spice of malice; 'the others have walked home.'

Then Felix made some courteous inquiry for the elder Fulbert, and was answered in the coldest and haughtiest of tones, and the Vicar of Vale Leston turned away. In this company, all in mourning, he would not have been taken for a clergyman, chiefly from a sort of free-and-easy air about his dress, and his unclerical cast of countenance, which was wearied, bored, and supercilious.

'Take the other end of the table,' indicated Edgar; but Felix would have abstained, had not Mr. Harford summoned him by a look; and another scowl from the Reverend Fulbert was the consequence.

Before long that gentleman was examining the lawyer as to when the will was to be read; and hearing in return that so few were concerned that there was to be no public opening, Did Miss Underwood know that he—Fulbert—was here?—Yes, certainly.—He should like to see her and her mother. Mr. Harford applied to Edgar, who undertook to ascertain whether they would wish it.

'What can it be for?' said Marilda, who was sitting between the twin sisters, calm, though spent with weeping, and unusually gentle.

'To warn you against us,' said Edgar. 'He is ready every moment to insult Felix; but if you can bear it, you had better face him, or he will say we beset you, and let no one have access to you.'

'That would be better than his teazing her,' said Wilmet.

'No, I don't mind whom I see now,' said Marilda. 'I must stand alone. Send him to me in the library, Edgar.'

This left Wilmet for the first time alone with Alda, longing to enter fully into her sister's new life, and hearing that Ironbeam Park was delightful; beautiful house, splendid drawing-rooms, beautiful grounds, sheet of water, swans, deer, good neighbourhood, people calling, dinner invitations without number, guests who had had to be put off. There

was a little attempt at complaint at being overwhelmed by the welcome, but pleasure and exultation were visible enough; only it seemed to Wilmet that there was more of the splendour, and less of the Adrian, than she would have expected. Marilda soon came back.

'Well, was it as Edgar said?' asked Alda.

'He offers his wife to come and stay with me.'

'I dare say!'

'I shouldn't wonder if he meant to be kind!'

'Now, Marilda, you aren't going to let yourself be talked over!' cried Alda.

'He is my relation,' said Marilda bluffly, in a tone that shewed she meant to be mistress of her own actions. 'I came back to say that there are things to be done. There are Felix and Edgar walking in the garden; I want them in the library.'

She was going to ring to have them summoned; but Wilmet undertook to fetch them, going through an ante-room with a glass door, which she was just unfastening, when she heard a voice behind her—'Holloa, where are you going now?' She perceived her brother-in-law, lounging on a sofa with a newspaper.

'I am looking for my brothers.'

'I say, haven't I told you I'll not have you eternally running after that concern?'

She faced about, and looked full at him with her grave eyes, and neck held like a stag's.

'I beg your pardon,' he stammered. 'This confounded mourning makes everybody alike.'

She did not wait to hear more, but was gone as soon as the bolt had yielded.

The Tartar had shewn himself without a scratch. Were these his domestic manners to his three months bride?

She said nothing to her brothers, but brought them to the library, where Marilda was awaiting them, with the lawyer, Harford, and the manager, Spooner, to settle about the will.

Alda's five thousand pounds had been made over to her at her marriage, so that she was not mentioned. A large share in the mercantile house already belonged to Mrs. Underwood, and to her was bequeathed the lease of the Kensington house, with the furniture; but Centry Park was absolutely left to Mary Alda, the daughter, with all the property in the funds, or embarked in the business, coupled with a request that in case of her marriage she should carry with her the name and arms of Underwood. Among the legacies were fifteen hundred pounds to Felix Chester Underwood, and one thousand pounds apiece to Thomas Edgar, Theodore Benjamin, and Stella Eudora—Felix and Mr. Harford being trustees for these last, with liberty to use the interest for their benefit, or to let it accumulate, as might be best.

No one made any remark; and the lawyer was beginning to tell the

two executors what immediate steps they must take, when Edgar rose, saying, 'I suppose I am not wanted?'

Marilda jumped up. 'Edgar, you ain't vexed! Poor Papa thought the executorship might take time, trouble, and expense, that ought to be made up for.'

'Now, Polly,' said Edgar, with his sweet candid smile, 'you are not thinking me grudging dear old Fee anything man could give him! I only wish he had mine. He'd do some good with it;' and he fondly laid his hand on the shoulder of Felix, who not being used like him to view Harford and Spooner as tame cats, had rather have had this more in private.

'You'll leave it in our hands, and let us make the most of it for you, Edgar,' said warm-hearted Marilda; 'that Pampas railway is never less than seven per cent., you know.'

'All very well, Poll, if the item could be suppressed when the will is blazoned abroad. It is not ingratitude, dear old girl. It is more than I deserve or expected, and will give me a hoist.'

'I hope—' began Marilda eagerly.

'Never mind me. The best part of it is that nest-egg for those babies.'

'It is indeed,' said Felix; 'I cannot express how thankful I am, especially for poor little Theodore's sake.'

'It will not do much in the funds,' said Marilda, gratified; 'but leave it in our hands, and little Stella shall have quite a fortune. You will judge of our security when you look into our books.'

Marilda's habit of identifying herself with the firm had begun half in play years ago; and in fact, the house now chiefly consisted of herself, her mother, and grandmother, with Spooner, who had shares enough to give him a personal interest in the transactions.

'You do not mean to go on with the business?' asked Felix.

'Why not? I have worked at it, and like it much better than the piano or bead-work—and I can, can't I, Mr. Spooner?'

'We all know your competence, Miss Underwood. I would not wish for a more sagacious head, if—'

'Yes, if,' said Marilda more sadly; 'but you see, Felix, you may trust me. Let me keep your own and the twins' for you.'

'For the twins, I do not know how the law stands. Mr. Harford will tell me; but for myself, it may make a great difference to have this capital just now,' said Felix, who had already perceived what it might do for him.

Charles Froggatt had been dead about a month, and with him his father had lost all personal hope or interest in the business, and the few times he had come into the town, had shrunk from meetings even with old friends, and crept up-stairs to talk to Geraldine. He wished to retire, and he would have liked to have put Felix Underwood, who had for nearly nine years been as a dutiful son, into a son's place; but he had

relations to whom he must do justice, and he was unwilling to bring in a new partner, who might, as a moneyed man, lord it over Felix; while if he left things in their present condition till his death, the succession would pass to a family whom he knew to be uncongenial. All this had been discussed, but without seeing any way out of the difficulty, until in this legacy Felix saw the means of making himself master of the house and stock, and thus would obtain a footing as a citizen, by which he could profit as he gained in age and standing. The available income of the family would hardly be increased, since the absolute possession of the house involved expenses that had hitherto been paid over his head; but the security and independence were worth more than the pounds shillings and pence that might otherwise have been brought in. The certain provision for the helpless Theodore also made Felix more free. The lawyer, his fellow trustee, greatly to Wilmet's satisfaction, would not allow the sum in trust to be invested in anything but government security, and as nothing was needed at present for the child, the interest might there accumulate in case of need.

Edgar shewed himself much subdued by the change in the household. He never spoke plainly about his doings, and direct questions drove him to his retreat in the ludicrous. However, it could be inferred that in the recklessness induced by Alice Knevett's desertion, he had gone far enough to alarm himself, and behold some abyss of exposure and disgrace whence the legacy would retrieve him, and that he was resolved to pull up and begin upon a different course.

He talked eagerly and edifyingly of setting about a picture for exhibition, the proceeds of which might take him to Italy, to begin a course of study at Rome, where he might make a home for Cherry to come and work with him; and they built up a *Château en Espagne*, the more fervently in proportion to Cherry's want of faith therein. Hours were spent in devising and sketching subjects for *the* picture, or rather pictures, for Mr. Renville was very anxious that Geraldine should make a venture in water-colours, such as might at least make her known as a possible illustrator. Edgar's eye and advice were very useful to her; and she decided on one ideal subject—the faithful little acolyte, who while the priest slept on the cold morning,

> 'Turned and sought the choir,
> Touched the Altar tapers
> With a flake of fire.'

And likewise the sketches of Stella in different attitudes, which she had made with a view to Alda's picture, were worth working at with her utmost power.

For Edgar's own part, he had resolved on a scene which Cherry thought wild and impracticable, till he had dashed in his sketch of Brynhild asleep in the circle of fire, with Sigurd about to break through. There was something so bright and fiery, so expressive and powerful,

in the hastily-designed and partly-coloured *ébauche*, that Cherry gazed at it like something of weird and magical beauty, only longing for her master to see it, and own Edgar's genius.

Brynhild's model was Wilmet, who, much against the grain, was induced to let down all her mass of hair, and let Edgar pose her on the sofa squab with bare arms. In his mischief, however, he produced a counter pen-and-ink outline of Marilda in the same position, with all the pointed flames labelled with the names of various stocks and securities; while Sigurd's helmet disclosed Felix, armed with the Pursuivant, and hesitating to plunge in. He might with equal propriety have drawn himself, his sister Alda thought, for on failing with Felix, she had actually whispered the same hint to him, but was met with the reply, 'Oh no, I am not bad enough for that.'

She was spending a week longer at Centry, that Sir Adrian might massacre the pheasants, which, however, he considered to be so disgracefully preserved, that he spent much time and eloquence in explaining to Miss Underwood how she might render her game a source of profit.

One November day, the last of the Vanderkists' stay at Centry, when the sisters had been sent for in the afternoon, and he and Lance were to follow for the evening, Felix, returning into his office, was amazed to see a figure standing at the fire.

'Ferdinand! what good wind brings you here?'

'I am come to say good-bye.'

'What? Mr. Brown sends you out to America?'

'No, it is on my own account. His correspondent at Oswego has telegraphed to him to find me, and let me know of my uncle's death.'

'Death!'

'Yes, I know no particulars.'

'And are you his heir?'

'That I do not know. Probably. I cannot bring myself to care.'

'How much is it?'

'Brown knows of fifty thousand in stock that he can lay his hand upon; but there must be more than as much again afloat in the States, in Goodness knows what speculations, and I shall have to deal with it all!'

'It is well you have had an apprenticeship. The Life Guardsman would have known less about it. When do you start?'

'I go back to town by the mail train to-night, to Liverpool to-morrow. I could not go without telling you; and when I tried to write, I felt I must see you and this place again. But you are going out.'

'We were, but we shall be glad to get off.'

'To Centry? Is she there?'

'Yes. Going early to-morrow.'

Before Ferdinand had done more than stare into the fire, Lance opened the door. 'Mr. Flowerdew wants—Holloa! Fernan dropped from the skies!'

'Is Mr. Flowerdew there?' said Felix, about to pass him.

'No; he only wants you to write up to Novello's.—Do you hear, Fernan? we are to have *such* a concert in the town hall, for a real good organ. Edgar will bring down no end of stars for it. You'll come down for it?'

'Fernan will be in the utmost parts of America by that time, Lance.'

'Look here, Lance,' said Fernan—that dark sad countenance lighting as it sometimes did—'just you wait a fortnight, and I can all but promise you—'

'An organ by Atlantic cable, eh?' said Felix, laughing. 'Look at Lance, Fernan; he'd hardly thank you. It is the concert they want; the organ is the excuse.'

'Now, Felix, you are as much set on the concert as I am. He is to sing, "Return, blest days," rattled on Lance, too eager on his own hobby to draw the inference as to Fernan's fortunes; 'and Mr. Miles has promised to come himself with all our own fellows; and so we can have the sacred part something respectable. It is a horrid pity you can't come!'

'He will be better employed, Lance; he believes he is come into his fortune.'

'And if so, Felix, nothing can hinder me from my greatest possible pleasure, the giving this organ to St. Oswald's—the church of my baptism, remember.'

'Well, Fernan, the bear is not caught yet, remember; but when it is, I'm not the man to hinder you from making up the deficit I strongly anticipate after this same concert of ours.'

'Felix! A hundred and sixty reserved seats at a guinea, and—'

Felix put up his hands to his ears. 'Meantime, Lance, find little Lightfoot, and tell him to get ready to take a note into the country.'

Ferdinand of course rose up, insisting on starting by the five o'clock train, but was withheld while Felix wrote a note to Marilda, in which he communicated the tidings, leaving it to her and to Wilmet to inform Lady Vanderkist.

The note was delivered in the expectant time before dinner, when Marilda, without any preliminary but 'Bless me! what does Felix write to me for?' read—

My dear Cousin,

You must have the kindness to excuse Lance and myself from joining your party to-night. We are unexpectedly prevented by the arrival of Mr. Travis, who has come down to take leave, having been telegraphed for to Oswego on his uncle's death. He must go back by to-night's mail train; and perhaps you would kindly send my sisters home a little earlier, as I think they would wish to see him.

Your affectionate cousin,

F. C. Underwood.

'His uncle dead without a will! If we had but known!' said Mrs. Underwood unguardedly.

'Insolvent, depend on it,' growled Sir Adrian, fitting on the consequence so that Cherry felt an uncontrollable impulse to giggle, and was glad to be sunk in the depths of a huge chair.

She was startled by Alda's answering rather fretfully, 'I don't see why—he was very rich.'

'The more reason. It is always the way with those Yankees.'

Mrs. Underwood took on herself to defend the solidity of the Travis interest as an article of her husband's belief; Wilmet and Cherry longed to change the conversation, but neither knew how; and it was Sir Adrian who found a fresh subject at last, on which the others willingly rode off.

They begged to have the carriage ordered at nine, and bade good-bye to Lady Vanderkist, who had good taste enough not to make another remark after the first into which she had been betrayed.

Marilda, however, did. 'Tell him I hope it is all right, and that I congratulate him with all my heart,' she said; and she looked as if she could have said more.

Perhaps Wilmet and Cherry were not sorry that Stella's being seated between them prevented discussion on the difference patience and constancy might have made. Wilmet, with her love for her sister, and recollection of that conjugal interpellation, might regret; while Geraldine, less prejudiced, felt that Ferdinand could hardly be pitied for the test that had spared him a wife with whom he could have so little in common; but both felt the contrast when they were met by Ferdinand, whose countenance, though not intellectual, was singularly noble, and full of a grand melancholy sweetness according with the regular outline and dark olive colouring, while the gentleness of his tone was not the conventional politeness of society, but somewhat of the old Spaniard enhanced by Christian grace.

For all that had come and gone, they were more comfortable with him now than when he had been Alda's exclusive property, and what was wanting in love had been made up in jealousy; but he was very low and sad, he had not come to the point of ceasing to regret Alda, and his native inertness shrank from the trouble and turmoil before him, when he had nothing to make riches valuable to him, and could not bear to be wrenched from the shadow of St. Matthew's, and tossed he knew not where in the West, among strangers and worse than strangers. But after all, the home party were soon caring most of all about their concert.

The St. Oswald's Choral Society did in fact give a concert every year, but in a very quiet way, aiming only at covering their own expenses, and seeking for no extraneous aid; but this was to be an affair on a very different scale. It had grown up no one knew how, under the influence of Mr. Flowerdew, and of two Miss Birkets, daughters of a gentleman who lived out of the town but in the parish. They were enthusiastic young ladies, about thirty years old, who had been enough at Minsterham

to have known 'little Underwood' in his glory there, and to take him up with all their might when they found him with renovated powers in the choral society.

He was 'little Underwood' still, and perhaps would always be so, for in spite of the start of growth he had so eagerly hailed, he would never be tall, but the slenderness of his bones, hands, feet, and general frame, made him look neatly and well made; and he was what everyone called, very gentlemanlike in appearance. His face had not the beauty of some of the others, the colouring was pale, and there was nothing to catch the eye, till it lighted up into mirth or sweetness; and his manners, from their perfect simplicity and absence of self-consciousness, were always engaging. He was either a cypher, or else he had an inexpressible charm about him. When his violin playing powers were discovered, the ladies made a point of getting up a piece on the piano in which he was to accompany them, and a prodigious quantity of practice it took. Lance had to walk over to them at least two afternoons in a week. Felix looked on it as patronage, and could not think how he could bear it; but Lance was too simple to perceive patronizing—a petticoat was always a petticoat to him, and a little lingering chatter in their drawing-room was his delight, a few friendly words over the counter enslaved him.

Those holidays came, as Felix well knew, much too often; and if he tried to keep the balance true by tenders of the like liberty to Ernest Lamb, Lance proved to have left his head behind him, and made mistakes, or still worse, was guilty of neglects. When called to account, partly from pre-occupation, partly from easiness of temper, he really seemed incapable of taking a reproof, or understanding the enormity of his errors. Had these been the days of Redstone, there must have been an explosion; but young Lamb was one of those whom Lance unconsciously fascinated, and being used to sparing him in the early days when he was scarcely more than a convalescent, the good plodding lad took it for granted that the unmusical should set the musical free, toiled quietly after him to rectify his mistakes, was absolutely amazed when Mr. Underwood apologized to him for the unequal weight resting on his honest shoulders, and was by far the most shocked and distressed when at last the value of some careless piece of damage was imposed as a fine. Indeed, Lance viewed this as expiation, troubled his head no more about the matter, and was in far too transcendent a state to perceive that he was Felix's daily worry, provocation, and disappointment.

There was the hope that it would be only for a time, and that it would blow over the sooner that nothing was heard of Edgar or his stars. Lance was indeed so radiantly happy, that it was only when he was doing something very provoking indeed that it was possible to be displeased with him, and not even to Geraldine would Felix whisper the heart-sickening misgivings that came over him when he found himself experiencing exactly what Kedge and Underwood had gone through from Edgar.

The concert was to be just within the Christmas vacations, so that the performers would include Clement, and the audience Robina and Angela, besides William Harewood, who was to bring his sisters over. It was delicious to hear Lance's demands upon Wilmet, in his ecstacy at being once more with his own beloved Minsterham choir. And Wilmet's soft spot was Minsterham, as the rogue knew.

'Train comes in at five eleven. I say, Mettie, our fellows must come here before they go to tune up.'

'My dear Lance, there are five-and-thirty of them at least! It is quite impossible! Why, they couldn't sit down!'

Lance whistled. 'I must have little Graeme, Mettie, the little chap has never been here.'

'Poor little Dick! Well, I don't mind him.'

'And if he comes, he must bring little George Lee—he's only seven, and not fit to knock about with the men and all.'

'Very well.'

'No more is his fellow—that mite of a Bennett that is come instead of Harewood. His brother was an uncommon good friend to me when I was a little squeaking treble.'

Wilmet swallowed the mite of a Bennett.

'And Poulter! You remember Poulter, surely, Wilmet.'

'Who used to come twice a day to ask after you. Yes, we must have him.'

'Then there's Oliver—our big bass! Oh! you must remember old Oliver with that grizzly beard, coming in and carrying me out like a baby the first day I went into the avenue.'

'That good-natured old man—only I should think he would be happier among his friends.'

'And Mr. Miles—'

'Really, Lance, I don't think Mr. Miles would wish to come.'

'Oh, you're afraid Jack will be jealous!—You know, Cherry, Miles was almost caught, he had the slyest little flirtation with Mettie when they thought I was asleep or delirious or something—'

'Delirious indeed to think so,' interrupted Wilmet indignantly; but Lance went on unheeding,

'And if the engineer hadn't been the sharpest, who knows if she wouldn't have got permanent lodgings in the organ gallery? and now you see she thinks poor Miles's heart is in such a state that she can't venture to let him come!'

'Ah!' said Cherry, gravely taking up the cue, and much amused at Wilmet's indignant blushes and innocent amazement. 'I've always understood that things go very deep with those sort of misogynists, when once they begin.'

'Now, Cherry, I didn't expect such nonsense in you!' exclaimed Wilmet. 'Mr. Miles is extremely welcome—just as any of Lance's friends are.'

'There, Lance,' laughed Cherry, 'there goes the wedge! Dick Graeme was the small end, then came the two little trebles, then the two basses, and now Mr. Miles himself and any of your friends. And I imagine all the five-and-thirty are your particular friends.'

'Why, all that are coming—except Rooke and Higgins, and they always were disgusting little cads, only one couldn't leave them out by themselves, as they would be eating dirt some way, and getting not fit to sing; Rooke's got my part now—I always used to be the lady when there was any spooning going on out of an opera! and if we don't take them in hand they'll go and stuff themselves with pastry, and wash it down with cherry brandy, and won't be good for anything.'

'But there must be some senior to keep them in order.'

'Oh! there's Black, but he will go to his cousin's in Long Street; and Charlie Harris, but he was next to me. If anyone comes, Charlie must.'

'My dear, how many are there to come?'

'Well! four of the little chaps will be away for the holidays, and it is only six of the lay-vicars that ever do come out, and two of them have friends here, so it is only two more of them besides Mr. Miles, and but five more boys. Really, Wilmet, I know Mr. Miles and the Precentor would be for ever obliged, there's nothing they hate so much for us as knocking about at hotels, and that's why we hardly ever went to any but private concerts.'

'Well, everyone was so very kind last year, we do owe some return. I will see what Felix thinks.'

Felix, so far as he had time to think at all, was sure to be on the hospitable side, so that ended by a provision of cold meat and tea and coffee on the back room table, and permission to Lance to bring in and feed whomsoever he pleased. After the concert, a regular supper was provided in the school for all the performers, and Wilmet was released from all concern except with stray womankind who might want shelter till the mail train.

The excitement went on increasing. To use Lance's expression, the tickets went off like wild-fire; Marilda took a large allowance for her servants and dependants.

The type of the programmes was all set up, and Lance had proudly carried the proof round the house, when a note arrived from Edgar.

'Prebels consent to come and give three National Magyar airs, expenses being paid. Engage rooms for them at the F. A. I trust this is in time to draw. I shall come down with them.'

T. E. U.

Here were the stars after all! Lance crushed up his proof and played at ball with it in his ecstasy; and Felix—for all the trouble it gave him—was carried along and not much less delighted, as he sent Clement up to Mr. Flowerdew with the intelligence.

The brother and sister M. Stanislas and Mlle. Zoraya Prebel were not

exactly in the first ranks of public singers, but were rated highly, and their fame, when making the round of the provinces with a company who performed varieties of characteristic national music, had been quite enough to fire the souls of Bexley with ardour; nor did Felix murmur, although he had to stay away from the final choral society's rehearsal to provide for the programmes and hand-bills without which the attraction of Mlle. Zoraya would remain unknown to the public. Time to put it into the Pursuivant would have made all the difference!

But on that last supreme day, the excitement was such, that anybody was willing to do anything. Felix could do little but explain to people where their seats would be on the map of the town hall spread on the counter, and answer their questions about the Zoraya; Wilmet was over head and ears on her preparations for her entertainment, and would have been unable to get any help in laying out her table but Cherry's if Marilda had not come in to see what was going on, thrown herself into the business with zeal and promptitude, sent back to Centry for a supply of flowers, knives and forks, and done the work of half a dozen parlour-maids. Stella was obediently keeping Theodore out of mischief; and the other two girls were, with Bill Harewood, assisting a select party in decorating the town hall with evergreens; and Clement, who had to his dismay found a whole part made over to him by a young Bruce, who had an inopportune cold, was practising hard at the old piano, (which by-the-by Lance had learnt to tune;) Mr. Flowerdew and the manager were catching the doubtful and putting them through their performances; and little Lightfoot was only preserved by his natural stolidity from utter distraction among the hundred different ways he was ordered at once. As for Lance, he tried to help everyone, was too excited to keep to anything, and was usually scolded off from whatever he attempted, till at last he shut himself up in the barrack with his violin, and practised till he was so desperate at the sense of his failures, that when Bill Harewood came in search of him, he was, as he mildly expressed it, hesitating whether to hang himself like Dirk Hatteraik on the beam.

'Well, come down, here's Miles as savage as a bear with a sore head—vows that he was very near turning back again when he saw your rose-coloured placard of the Zoraya at the station.'

'If he's sulky, that is a go!' exclaimed Lance, with a look of consternation, utterly overpowering his stage fright. 'Do you remember his putting us all out at the Deanery, because Miss Evans affronted him?'

'Well do I remember it! He boxed my ears for it so that they sung for a week!'

And the two ex-choristers went down, feeling much as when an anthem had gone wrong. The room was pretty well filled with their old comrades, but Lance only went from one to the other quietly shaking hands, and quaking for the future as he heard the organist thundering away to Wilmet and Cherry.

He hated singing women some degrees more than the rest of their sex,

and above all Italian singing women, who never appreciated Handel. Cherry ventured to suggest that the lady was not Italian, but if anything Hungarian.

'Madam,' he answered in Johnsonian wrath, 'she is cosmopolitan, that is to say a half breed or quarter breed of everything, with neither home, nation, nor faith!'

'Do you know anything against her?' gravely asked Wilmet, with a view to the possible contingency of being desired to call upon her.

'I know enough in knowing her to be a second-rate *prima donna*. Faugh! Now and then comes a first-rate one who can't help it, and is as meek and simple as you might be; but when this sort of woman comes down as a favour, I know what that means! Who is to pay the debt you'll have?'

'They come for their expenses.'

He held up his hands. 'I'd ten times rather she came at a hundred guineas a night! Then you'd know what to be at! Whose doing is it?'

'My brother Edgar's.'

'Then I hope he is prepared to pay for it. That is if she comes at all. You'll have a telegram to say she has a cold, and who is to announce it to an indignant audience?'

'I think you had better, Mr. Miles,' said Cherry daringly, 'for you will congratulate them upon it.'

'Isn't his face a caution?' whispered Bill to Lance. 'He never got such sauce before.'

'He likes it,' returned Lance, triumphantly rubbing his hands. 'Cherry could come over Pluto himself!'

And in effect, the lively gracious tongue of the one sister, and the calm beauty of the other, were producing a wonderful placability and good-humour; the lads who were feeding by relays in the back room ventured to talk and laugh above their breath, and the only fear was of a relapse when Marilda's carriage, with Mr. and Mrs. Spooner in it, called for Cherry, and the fascination had to be removed.

Lance was as much delighted to walk down with the choir, though he sorely missed his cap and gown, as was Will to go, as he said, like a gentleman, the only one except little Bernard available to escort the ladies. Robin was quite content, as he took to himself all the honour and glory of representing his brother, and giving an arm to the belle of the room, as he persisted in declaring Wilmet, though to well accustomed Bexley eyes, she was much more likely to appear as the school teacher.

They were a merry little snug party, those four sisters behind, with the three Harewoods; only Wilmet was rather scandalized by the titter of Grace and Lucy in their delight at being relieved from Mr. Miles's presence; and their excitement about Edgar, whom they viewed as the most beautiful vision that had ever dawned on them. Vain were Wilmet's endeavours to keep them in order by stern repressions of her own comparatively unoffending sisters, who had little attention to spare

for nonsense, since Robina's whole soul was set on Lance's enjoying and distinguishing himself, and Angela was in an absolutely painful state of tension with expectation and anxiety for the star's appearance and Mr. Miles's temper.

Presently, after long waiting, there was a look of sensation and eagerness, and Felix, who had been detained to the last moment, came edging himself through the lines of chairs, his whiskers in their best curl, and his hair shining, to exchange a word with his outermost sister, who chanced to be Robin.

'All right, if the train is not late. Edgar has telegraphed. Is Cherry comfortable? I couldn't get away before. There's not a ticket left.'

Happy those that caught the whisper as Felix made his way up the lane, and was admitted through the orchestra; but there was still delay enough to allow some impatient stamping of feet to begin before the revolution in the programme could be settled, which was to give these erratic meteors time to appear. Then at last came the overture, and the concert took its course. There was no doubt that Mr. Miles was accompanying in his best style; Angela was soon far too blissful for personal anxieties; but it was a great comfort to the sisters to be secure that all was right, when not only the three brothers—of whom they had seen and heard their share in the sacred part—but Edgar came forward. Any sisters might be proud of four such brothers—so bright, so straight, so strong and fair; Edgar, with his fine robust figure and silky beard, giving them altogether a distinguished look and character, though Clement's head was a little the highest, and Lance's voice was the sweetest and most remarkable in power and expression; but all were in wonderful accord and harmony. Any other audience would have encored the performance as something rare and exquisite; but the Underwood brothers and their glees were rather stock pieces at Bexley, and people wanted something new.

Lance's performance with the Miss Birkets was very correct, but not of the style calculated to produce any very lively sentiments among the uninitiated audience, who were on the tip-toe of expectation of the lady whose arrival had been notified in whispers, and hardly fully appreciating the best that either their own powers or the Minsterham choir could produce. The first part went by without her; and in the interval came hope in the shape of Lance, who made an incursion to ask his sisters how they liked it, and to impart that the Zoraya was safe come, but was supposed to be dressing. 'Mr. Miles said she would be dressing till midnight, and would be less worth hearing then than a decently trained choir-boy. But he's not sulky after all; yet,' added Lance, with a look of brightness in his face, 'fancy his telling Fee that I played that remarkably well just now—truth and taste, he said—the old villain—only that the ladies would spoil my time if I didn't take care. And there's a sallow-faced fellow come down with Mademoiselle, who said it wasn't bad either!'

No wonder Lance was exalted; and he required equal admiration for all his favourites, until he had to hurry back again.

A little of what seemed to the excited common-place—then came the event of the evening. The glistening silken lady, with a flashing emerald spray in her dark hair, lustrous eyes of a colour respecting which no two persons in the room agreed, and a face of brilliant beauty, was led bowing forward, and her notes, bird-like, fresh, and clear, rang through the room, her brother accompanying her. It was a strong clear voice, and the language and air being alike new, entranced everyone; the applause was vehement, the encoring almost passionate; but the lady would not be encored, she gave them two songs alone, one with her brother, accompanied this time by Lance's 'sallow-faced fellow;' and though she smiled and curtsied graciously, was not to be induced to repeat herself.

It seemed to Robina as if the lady herself and the whole public had taken a great deal of trouble for a very brief matter; but she found it was rank treason to say so, when at the conclusion of the whole, those faithful brothers hurried down each to pick up a sister and bestow her safely at home before repairing to the Fortinbras Arms for the great supper to the Minsterham choir. The Bexley public had been favoured beyond all desert or reason; the newness of the airs had been a perfect revelation to Lance's ears, and he was very angry with Clement for being disappointed, and repeating Mr. Miles's judgement that there was lack both of science in the singing and of sweetness in the voice.

Altogether the evening had been a great success; everyone was delighted with everyone else, and the supper was not the least charming part, preceded as it was by Lance's bringing the little seven years old choir boy, half asleep, ready to cry and quite worn out, and putting him under Wilmet's care. He had half his night's rest out on the sofa before he was picked up in the kindly arms of the big bass and carried off to the mail train. Lance seemed much disposed to go with them by mistake; indeed, he was only withheld from accompanying them to the station by Felix reminding him rather sharply that someone must be kept sitting up for him.

It was over, and the morning began with Felix standing straight up in the office, master now rather than brother, and gravely saying, 'Now, Lance, that this excitement is at an end, I shall expect attention and punctuality, and shall excuse no more neglects. Take this invoice, and overlook the unpacking of those goods.'

'Yes, Sir.' Lance wriggled his shoulders, feeling intensely weary of such tasks; and as he stood, paper in hand, still he partly whistled, partly hummed the Hungarian air, till the foreman came out of the printing-house, saying, 'Mr. Lancelot, I should be much obliged if you would desist. It distracts the young men.'

Of course Lance bothered the young men, but desisted whenever he recollected it, and then inly bemoaned the having passed a light-house of

anticipation, and having before him only a dreary irksome twilight waste.

Edgar had not been seen that morning, except to leave word that he meant to breakfast with his friends at the Fortinbras Arms; but at the dinner hour he looked into the office, and saying, 'You are at liberty, Lance, I want you,' carried him off, Felix knew not why nor where, and had no time to ask, even when Lance came back, and this was not till past two, with the shop overflowing, and customers waiting to be attended to. It was one of those times when gossipry was rife, and the master had to stand talking, talking, while his assistants had more than enough on their hands with the real purchasers, a division of labour that usually came naturally, but to which Lance was evidently not conforming himself as usual; and at last Felix heard him absolutely denying that certain blotting-blocks ever had been, would, or could be made, and had to turn hastily to the rescue and undertake that they should be forthcoming by the next week. Also two orders proved to have been left not entered, and therefore not attended to, and Felix was thoroughly roused into vexation and anger. As soon as the last hurried customers had come and gone, while Stubbs and Lightfoot were closing the shutters, he again summoned Lance with, 'This will not do, Lance. Your ignorance and laziness are not to be the limit of people's wants, and I will not have my customers neglected. I have had patience with you all through this business, and that good fellow Lamb has shewn forbearance that amazes me, but it must go on no longer. Things cannot be done by halves. Either you must turn over a new leaf, and give your mind to the business, or you must give it up, and look out for some other employment.'

'You wish me to give it up?' mumbled Lance, in a voice that sounded sullen.

'You are going the way to make me do so.'

'You don't want me? Very well.'

'Stay, Lance,' said Felix, whose reproofs had never before been received by Lance in this manner, 'I wish you to understand. You offered your services under a generous impulse last year, when I was overdone and perplexed; but I doubted then if it were not a mistake. You had come to be very valuable, more so than any mere hireling could be, and I am very thankful to you; but if you are to be like what you have been for a month past, you are doing some harm to the business and a great deal to yourself, and you had better choose some line that you can be hearty in.'

'Could you afford it, Felix?'

'I must afford it! Such work as yours has been of late is the most expensive of all. Eh!' rather startled; 'have you anything in your head?'

'I hardly know.'

A message came in at the moment, and by the time Felix had answered it, Lance had vanished, rather to his vexation and uneasiness. He went

up to supper, the first family meeting where there had been time to talk over the humours of the day before. Edgar was full of fun; and the report Cherry had been writing for the Pursuivant was read aloud in the family conclave, and freely canvassed, but Lance, though he put in a word or two here and there, was much quieter than usual; and when all the others moved back into the drawing-room, he touched Robina's arm, and kept her with him in the dark room.

'What should you say, Bob, if I got out of it all?' was his first word.

'Out of it all!'

'Ay. Felix thinks me no loss, and I've got a chance.'

'Oh!' a long interrogative not well pleased sound it was, not answered at once; and Robina added, 'Does Mr. Miles want an assistant?'

''Tisn't that sort. You saw the gentleman that came down with Edgar and the Hugarians?'

'Yes, his name is Allen, he is manager of the National Minstrelsy, Edgar said.'

'Just so. He has got a lease of a concert-room in town, and he would give me five pounds a week to sing two nights a week through the season!'

'Lance!' Robina could only stand breathless.

'I'll tell you all about it. You know Edgar came and called me just at dinner-time.'

'I know, and Felix got no dinner at all except a sandwich that Wilmet sent down.'

'Well, that was his own fault. However, there they were at the Fortinbras Arms, in the best blue room, just come down to breakfast.'

'Who? The Hungarians?'

'Yes. Mr. Allen and M. Prebel were waiting for the lady, to ring and have the hot things up. What a stunner she is, to be sure! the finest woman I ever saw in my life, and such pretty ways when she can't find an English word, I should think a queen must be just like her.'

'Yes, if she is waited for in that way. Did you get anything to eat then, Lance?'

'Didn't we, though? Why, they had asked us to breakfast; and such a breakfast I never set eyes on—devilled kidneys, and pie with truffles in it, and pine-apple jam—and wine! They asked for wines that Reid the waiter had never heard of—nor, it is my belief, Mr. Jones either.'

'But is this all to come out of their expenses that are paid for them?'

'You're getting like W. W., I declare, Bobbie. I never thought of that; but I'll go up to Reid, and find out the worth of my own share, and wipe that out. Well, they were uncommonly kind and civil. Edgar's quite at home with them, you know; talks French like a house on fire, or German—I don't know which it was, but she made it sound as pretty as could be, and I should soon pick it up. I had no notion what they were at, but Edgar said she wanted to hear me sing that song of Sullivan's again, and I could not help doing it; and then she smiled

and bowed and thanked, and Mr. Allen made remarks, about my wanting lightness and style, said it came of singing too much cathedral music.'

'O Lance, wasn't that like the Little Master saying Montjoie St. Denis?'

'Nonsense! He's no more like the Little Master than you are; Edgar says he's as respectable as Old Time, and has got a little mouse of a wife as good as gold. But he does want a high tenor to sing his English ballads, and he'll give me this, with chances to sing at private concerts, and opportunities of getting lessons on the violin. Think of that, you solemn bird, you.'

'Where would you live?'

'With Edgar. Then I could make up the difference to Fee; and what I could save, with Edgar's picture, will take us to Italy. And there I could get finished up first-rate.'

'You've not settled it so?'

'Why, no. The first thing that struck me was that it was awfully cool by Felix, to say all this without notice to him, and I told them as much; but then they said they didn't want to inconvenience Felix, and wouldn't want me till March.'

'Just as if you were his servant.'

'In that light, so I am.'

'You don't really think of doing it, Lance?'

'I don't mean one thing or the other yet, Robin! Here's Felix one side telling me that he's very much obliged to me, but I am worse than no use at all; and Edgar and this Allen on the other, saying that here's the line that I am cut out for.'

'But Felix can only mean when you are gone mad after the concert.'

'And who is to help getting mad, when their life is all dullness and botheration? Edgar told me it would be so—and now Felix himself declares it was a mistake my ever working here.'

'Felix must have been terribly displeased, to say so.'

'I believe he was indeed! but I couldn't help it. How can one mind foolscap and satin wove, and all the rest of it, when there are such glorious things beyond?'

'O Lance, I never heard you say "couldn't help it" before!'

'Now, Robin—say in three words. Do you want me to be a mere counter-jumper all my life?'

'O Lance—don't.'

'There, you see what you really feel about it. Now—without coming to such a point as Sims Reeves, or Joachim, or—' (and Lance's face was full of infinite possibility,) 'I could with the most ordinary luck get up high enough to have a handsome maintenance; and at any rate, I should live with what is life to me—have time to study the science—be a composer, maybe—and get into a society that is not all inferior. I hate the isolation we live in here—not a real lady out of one's own family to be friendly with one.'

'But I don't think ladies are so with musical people.'

'Maybe not, but they are a strong, cultivated, refined society of their own, able to take care of themselves. What now, Robin, can't you speak? What is it now?'

'I was only thinking of what you said last time Edgar asked you.'

'I hadn't seen London then, I knew nothing about it. The very Sundays there are different things from what they are in this deadly lively place.'

'That's as you make them. Besides, that makes no difference as to that other thing you said.'

'What?' (A little crossly.)

'About the cathedral and the stage,' whispered Robina, hanging her head.

'One doesn't want all that one ever said when one was a high-flown ass to be thrown in one's teeth,' said Lance angrily.

'Oh!' but otherwise Robina held her tongue.

Presently Lance began again persuasively. 'You see this is only training, after all, Bobbie; I may take to sacred music, oratorios, or anything else, when once I have got thoroughly taught; and I can only do that by living on my own voice. I must lay by enough to take me to Italy, and when I have learnt there, then I can turn to anything.'

'Do you think you ever would lay by?'

That was rather a cutting question, for Lance, though never in debt, never could keep a sixpence in his pocket.

'I could if I had a real object.'

'Only I don't think it would wholly depend on yourself,' said sensible Robina. 'I suppose they don't pay by the week; and then if the concern should not answer.'

'That's a sheer impossibility. There isn't a safer man in London than Allen. It is a much more profitable investment than old Pur.'

'Then if you lived with Edgar, you don't know how much you might have to go shares for.'

Thereupon Lance broke out into absolute anger against Robina for her unkindness to Edgar, talking much of the want of charity of people who lived at home, and thought everything beyond their ken must be wicked. She ventured to ask what Felix thought of it, and was told in return that Felix was not only not his father, but though the best fellow in the world, had no more knowledge of it than a child in petticoats. It was for the good of Felix, and everyone else, that they should not all hang about at home in the stodge and mire.

How long this might have gone on there is no saying, but Felix's voice was heard calling to them in preparation for evening prayers. When Robina heard Lance's voice rise in all its sweetness in the evening hymn, her heart was so full of yearning pain and disappointment, that she could hardly hold back her tears till she could kneel and hide her face in her hands.

She had this comfort. She did not understand from Lance that he had accepted, and he certainly did not join Edgar that night in the kitchen, but saying he was tired out, he went at once to bed.

On Saturday she had not one private moment with him, but on the other hand, neither she hoped had Edgar; for the work both of the press and of the shop happened to be unusually heavy, and neither he nor Felix had a moment to spare; and Edgar spent the evening with some friends in the town.

Sunday afternoon, the family hour for walks and talks, poured with rain, and thereby was favourable to letters to Fulbert. Indeed, Angela's commencement of some sacred music was stopped, by the general voice entreating her to wait till the letters were finished. Lance, who never wrote to anybody but Fulbert, had resumed the practice ever since he had received an affectionate letter called forth by his illness, and was now busy with his little blotty portfolio; while Robina, having no Sunday correspondent, was half reading, half watching Stella explaining pictures to Theodore.

Presently Lance stretched across, and silently put a sheet of note-paper into her lap, hushing her by a sign. It had been begun in his best hand, and it must be confessed that that hand was at present a scratchy one, and there were various erasures.

Dear Sir,

I have done my best to consider your kind and flattering proposal, and have come to the conclusion that for the present it will be better for me to continue where I am. There will thus be no need to apply to my eldest brother.

With my respectful thanks,

Yours faithfully,

LANCELOT O. UNDERWOOD.

Robina made a little pantomime of clapping her hands, for which Lance did not appear to thank her, but still in dumb show required her judgement on the choice of several words. She mutely marked her preference, and he returned to his place and copied it. Still he had not addressed the letter. He put it into his pocket, with a significant smile at his sister. Evening came, late service, supper; still it was in his pocket till the moment of bed-time, and then it was that Robina saw him linger with Edgar, and went to her room with a heart full of trembling prayer.

'Edgar,' as his brother arrived in the kitchen, and prepared his pipe, 'how shall I address this?'

'Eh! you needn't be in too great haste. We had better break it to poor old Blunderbore first.'

'There's no breaking in the case. I'm not going.'

'Ah! I knew how it would be when you began running about to all the womankind in the house.'

'I've not spoken to a soul but Bobbie,' said Lance rather hotly, as Edgar laughed.

'Then one was enough to do your business?'

'I only spoke to her to clear my own mind.'

'Ay, to get someone to contemplate Hercules between Vice and Virtue; but it won't do, my boy. Little Allen is as virtuous as Felix himself, and the choice is simply between the thing you can do and the thing you can't.'

'I can do my duty here,' said Lance bluntly.

'You've tried, my boy; you made a gallant effort, and I let you alone while you had a head to be spared, but 'tis no good trying to force the course of the stream, and you had better break loose before you get too old for the real thing that you are made for.'

'No, Edgar, I've thought it over, and found out how things stand. Here will Felix begin now to have more on his hands, and can manage to shell out less than ever, while he had Froggy to fall back on. Now, not only is my nominal salary much less than he could offer a stranger, but half of it goes back into the housekeeping while I'm *done for* at home, and I don't see how he could meet the difference just now.'

'Whew! that's the blind way you all go on, putting the present before the future. If Felix had a grain of spirit, he would revolt at preying on your flesh and blood. Flesh and blood—why, it's genius and spirit crushed up in this hole!'

'It is no more than all of us have done by him, ever since he was of my size.'

'But it is so short-sighted, Lance. You could make it up to him so soon. Five pounds for certain the week—and possibilities, remember. You'll lodge with me—that's nothing; and for the rest, you'll soon live as we do—like the birds of the air.'

'I couldn't make it up to him, and save for Italy; besides, I should be earning nothing there.'

'But I should! Copying is a certain trade. Come now, Lance, you've taken some panic. Tell me what is at the bottom of it! Have they been warning you against us wicked Bohemians?'

'They? Nonsense!'

'*She*, then?'

'It is nothing at all that Robina said.'

'Come, make a clean breast. What lies at the bottom of this absurd rejection of the best offer you'll ever have in your life?'

Edgar took the pipe out of his mouth, that the smoke might not obscure his view of the young face whose brow was resting on an arm leant on the mantel-piece, and the eyes far away. 'What's the bugbear? and I'll clear it up.'

'No bugbear.'

'You don't trust me. Eh? Is that it? Have they told you I mean to prey on your innocence?'

'No, indeed, Edgar!'

'Are you afraid of the great and wicked world? I thought you'd more spirit than that; and I've always told you, you might run after as many churches as you chose. I'd never hinder you. Come, have it out, Lance, you think me a corrupter of your artless youth?'

'No!'

'Come, out with it. What has turned you?'

The answer came at last in his low clear voice, speaking more into the fire than to Edgar, the eyes still fixed and far away—'"And here we offer and present unto Thee ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice."'

'What do you mean? what's that?' said Edgar, half startled, half angry.

'It comes after the Holy Communion,' said Lance, quite as much shocked by the novelty with which the familiar sound struck on his brother's ears.

'Oh! a pious utterance that only a *tête exaltée* takes literally.'

'I should not join in it if I didn't mean it,' muttered Lance, in the most brief matter-of-fact way.

'Then why aren't you living barefoot on bread and water in a hermitage?'

'Because that's not my duty. It would not be reasonable.'

'There's great force in that word,' began Edgar, with a little scoff in his tone, but altering it into one of more earnestness. 'Now, Lance, I want to understand your point of view. How does that formula hinder you?'

'Because,' said Lance, much against his will, 'it wouldn't be making my soul and body a reasonable sacrifice, to turn the training I had for God's praise into singing love songs to get money and fame.'

'Why do you assume that beauty and delight of any sort is not just as pleasing to God as your chants and anthems?'

'No. One is offered to Him, the other is mere entertainment.'

'So is the first to most folks. Now, you boy, honestly, do you mean that it is not much of a muchness with sacred and profane, so far as motive goes?'

'It is what I am always trying that it should not be,' said Lance.

'Only trying?'

'Only trying.'

'And you consider yourself to be this sacrifice, this victim, by singing in a surplice for ladies to whisper about, instead of getting trained to interpret—nay, what do I say! maybe, compose—the grandest human music. You've got it in you, my boy.'

'You may say what you please,' said Lance, turning away to the fire.

'I don't want to vex you, boy, I only want to make it out. I see the *sacrifice*.'

'It was my own fault for saying a word about it to you,' muttered Lance.

'But I don't see the sense of it,' proceeded Edgar, 'or what it is but

your own fancy that puts the one thing up in the heights, the other down in the depths.'

'You must know that,' said Lance, 'the fever and transport that comes of one kind of music has nothing good in it.'

'That's the question.'

'I know it has not for me.'

'And has the other?'

'Of course it has! Besides, I don't do it for myself. Come, Edgar, tell me how to direct that letter, and let me go.'

'You may leave it till I go to town.'

'That would not be fair. He will want to look out for someone else. Tell me!'

'Not I! I'm not going to let you make a fool of yourself in a fit of religious excitement.'

Lance smiled. 'Much excitement in a cold dark church in a wet morning, with not twenty people there.'

'That's as you work yourself up. Here, sit down and take the other pipe.'

'I can't; I can hardly stand yours, my head is raging!'

'Oh! that accounts for it! Go off to bed, and wake in week-day senses.'

'I wish you'd let me have done with it,' sighed Lance; but Edgar shook his head with, 'All for your good, my dear fellow!'

'If Balak's messengers *will* stay the night, it is not my doing,' said Lance to himself, as he wearily mounted the stairs to his sleepless bed in the barrack; for though his head-aches had become much less frequent and disabling, still his constitution was so sensitive, that a course of disturbed nights always followed any excitement; and thus the morrow found him dull and confused enough to render his attempts at diligence so far from successful, that he was more than once sharply called to order; and Felix came in at dinner-time, exclaiming, 'I can't think what's the matter with that boy. He seems as if he would never do any good again?'

'*Précisément!*' muttered Edgar. 'You'd better give him up with a good grace, as I told you before.'

And being at the moment alone in the room with Felix and Geraldine, he not only detailed his plans for Lance, but eagerly counselled Felix to invest at least half Thomas Underwood's legacy in the National Minstrelsy.

'Really!' said Felix in a tone of irony, 'this is nearly coming to the old plan of setting up a family circus! Then it is this that has so entirely unsettled him?'

'That the old must pass away is not sufficiently appreciated here.'

Then Edgar appealed to Cherry for the charms of artist society, and the confutation of the delusions respecting it held by Philistines at home, a conversation only interrupted by the arrival of dinner, and the rest of the population.

Felix as usual had to go down after a few mouthfuls; Edgar followed

him to say on the stairs, 'I've one piece of advice to give. Remember that you are an old Philistine giant, and act with due humility.'

'Is he set upon it?'

'I cannot say heart and soul, for heart and what he thinks soul are pulling opposite ways. I say, Felix, you should take into consideration the effect on me. I haven't sat still to listen to so much piety since my father's time; it is a caution to see a little chap so simply literal!'

Felix could wait no longer. He found Lance alone in the office, resting his head on his desk. 'You'll be in time for dinner, Lance!'

'Thank you, I had rather not. Send Stubbs home.'

'Head-ache?'

'Not much now!'

'I'm sorry I was sharp to you this morning, Lance. You should have told me!'

'It was not worth while, but I did mean to have done better to-day, Felix!'

'I believe you did. If you think it will set you to rights, I would let you off this afternoon.'

'No, thank you; it is getting better.'

Felix looked at him a moment or two, then said, 'Edgar tells me he has been talking to you.'

'Yes. I hope you have given him a settler, Felix.'

'Have you?'

'I tried, but he would not take it. He thought it was only Sunday.'

'Only Sunday!'

'That made me sure it would not do.'

'You are quite right, Lance. So far as it depends on me, I should have done all in my power to keep you from what cannot but be a life of much temptation, and I am thankful that you have decided it for yourself. You are really content to stay here with me?'

'Content—well, not just now; but I shall be again when all the remains of the bear-fight have subsided,' said Lance. 'I ought and I must, and that's enough.'

With which words he ran out as someone was heard entering the shop; and Felix stood for a few moments over the fire, musing on the brave way in which his little brother had met the enticement, and on the danger into which his own reproofs, however well merited, had driven him.

Lance's other occupation that evening did not make him better pleased with Edgar's friends. Wilmet had decreed—and he had submitted half ruefully, half merrily—that what remained of his salary after his contribution to the house expenses, should be guarded by her for his wardrobe, only half-a-crown a week being put into his own hands; and as this always managed to disappear without much to shew for it, she viewed it as quite enough for waste; and indeed, out of what was in her keeping she had managed to provide him with a watch.

With his Monday half-crown, and sixpence besides, he repaired to the

Fortinbras Arms to pay for his share of the notable breakfast; but he found some demur, Mr. Jones was aghast at his own bill, and really unwilling to send it in. The private supper, the next day's breakfast, and all that the party had called for, amounted to what would make a terrible hole in the receipts of the concert.

As to Lance's paying the fifth part of the *déjeuner*, the landlord knew it was impossible, and though his three shillings might perhaps represent the cost of what he had individually consumed, to offer or accept that was not according to rules. Mr. Jones would gladly have made this bill his subscription to the organ, if he could but have afforded the loss; but this, as he told Lance, he could not do. He listened, however, with a smile of some pity, when Lance assured him that his own and his brother's shares should be made up; and Lance picked out the charge, and carried it off to Edgar.

There again he met with no success. Edgar laughed at him, and told him he did not know the privileges of the artiste; and when Lance waxed hot, and declared that if the concert paid the expenses of the two stars themselves, it was a wicked exaction to make it defray the expenses of either Mr. Allen or their guests, he was answered coolly that expensive articles must be taken on their own terms, and that spoiling the Philistines was always fair.

'Then don't you mean to pay, Edgar?'

Edgar gave his foreign shrug, and made a gesture of incapacity. He was vexed with Lance, and at no pains to soften matters.

'Now,' said Lance, with a sort of grave simplicity, 'I understand what living like birds of the air means.'

Lance went back to Mr. Jones, and told him that the two-fifths of the breakfast should be paid. And in eight weeks it was done. But by this specimen it may be guessed that the new organ was not exactly purchased by the concert.

(To be continued.)

DOMINIE FREYLINGAUSEN.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

CHAPTER XVI.

'Here, Arij, stand out of the way, or I'll shoot you!—Dirk, you run up to my room, and fetch the powder-flask that you'll see there.—Albert, you be off and find Jan; I've heaps of things to say to him.—Killian, how can you stand there gossiping with Franzje, when you have all your preparations to see to?'

It was thus that Evert poured forth commands and remonstrances, as he

sat on his favourite perch in the window-seat, smoking a pipe for almost the first time in his life, and cleaning his gun, while three admiring and envious little brothers hovered about him, and Killian stood somewhat apart, with his elbow on the mantel-piece, talking to Franzje, who was busy knitting a new heel to one of the young gentleman's stockings.

Dirk and Albert started off at once to obey his behests; but Killian never even so much as turned his face in the direction of the speaker. He was absorbed in watching Franzje's flying fingers, and seemed to find the click of her knitting-needles very pleasant music, judging by the contented expression on his dark brown visage.

'So you think I managed it well?' he said, in the low tone which was only meant for her ears.

'Oh! so well!' she answered, looking up at him with a beaming gaze of gratitude. 'I should not have been so unhappy at the Flats if I had known that you would see to Evert. That was one of the things that weighed upon me.'

'Could I have helped in the other things?' There was somewhat of eager longing in the tone, but not enough of hope to make the response seem very crushing when she said sadly, 'No, thank you; no one could.'

She went on knitting in silence after this; and for some minutes Killian seemed satisfied to be silent also. He was something of an Indian in taciturnity, as well as in bearing and complexion; and as she was looking at her work, and not at him, she did not see the dumb faithful yearning in his dark eyes, which told how much he wanted to comfort her, if he had only known how.

'I never did see anything like you two!' burst forth Evert again; 'haven't you muttered together long enough? Franz does go on working—I will say that for her; and well she may, with all my things to get ready before six to-morrow; but as for you, Barentse, you are simply wasting time. I tell you what it is—if I am ready, and the canoe is ready, and you are not, I shall start without you. See if I don't!'

It was said with a gay good-humoured laugh, that made it sound a great deal more jocular than threatening, but still it was a tolerably saucy speech, from a young gentleman who but for Killian's kindness would have had no chance of starting at all; and his sister looked round at him with wondering reproof, while Killian merely retorted, smiling, 'You impudent fellow!'

The merry lad who was whistling and singing and flinging out pert speeches this bright April afternoon, had come to Killian's window at the dead of night but a few days before, in such a state of despair and wrath and misery, as would have moved anyone's compassion. Displeasure at the boy's audacity in announcing that he meant to go to the play in defiance of all commands to the contrary, joined to disgust at finding that he had been one of the ringleaders in the insult offered to the Dominie, had worked up his usually indulgent father to such a pitch

of indignation, as to lead to measures of quite extraordinary severity. Madame Ryckman's motherly entreaties had averted the threatened cudgelling; but when Evert got up on the Wednesday morning, he had found himself a prisoner in his room, and had been informed that he was to remain so till arrangements could be made for sending him to his uncle at New York. To prevent his escaping from the window his clothes had been removed; but he had managed to disinter a quaint linsey-wolsey suit of his grandfather's, that happened to be in a press behind his bed, and favoured by darkness, had effected his escape in this marvellous apparel, though the clumsy padded breeches and cumbrous shoes with copper buckles had rather impeded the agility of his movements. His notion had been to get Killian to hide him till the following night, and lend him some garments in which to appear at the play, and after indulging in this piece of undutiful enjoyment, he had meant to make off to the woods, and lead a sort of savage existence till his father's anger had blown over; but he had not come to the right person to aid him in such a project as this. Killian had soothed and reasoned, sympathized and scolded, by turns; and though at first Evert had only raged, and lamented that he had not gone to Dirk Wessels instead—to whom he infallibly would have gone had he not happened to have quarrelled with him the day before—he had gradually been brought to his better senses, and finally had consented to relinquish the play-going, on condition that Killian would use his influence with M. Ryckman to prevent the fulfilment of that hated plan for consigning him to the drudgery of a merchant's office. Young Barentse, in his faithful love for Franzje, was nothing loth to do a good turn for Franzje's brother; and finding that the father had set his face against 'having the boy hanging about idle any more,' had offered to take him as a companion in the trading voyage among the Indians, upon which he was just going to set forth. To this, after a good deal of hesitation, M. Ryckman had consented; and so now, instead of being on his way to New York, Evert was getting ready for an expedition which was exactly after his own heart, since it promised a goodly share of adventure, and gave him some of the privileges of a man before his time.

'I wish the war had not begun again,' sighed Franzje, as she finished off one stocking with a grand flourish of her knitting-pins, and began upon another; 'if that foolish boy were really going by himself, we should not have a moment's peace about him. It is the greatest compliment that Mother could pay you, Killian, to trust him with you.'

'Not the *greatest*,' said Killian under his breath; 'that would be to trust someone else to me.'

She would not pretend to misunderstand him; but she turned her face away with a sort of sad impatience, that shewed him he was getting on dangerous ground.

'I did not mean to vex you, Franzje,' he pleaded; 'I will promise you to say nothing till I come back from my voyage.'

'I wish you would promise me *never* to say anything!' she answered in a voice of suppressed earnestness.

He looked at her, and half opened his lips to speak, and then looked again, and with a sort of inward fire flushing his tawny cheek, replied, 'I cannot promise that; I will wait, I will bide my time; but it is hard to have nothing before me in the future, nothing to work for.'

'Oh! if you could but be what the Dominie hoped and wished!' she said, suddenly lighting up into eager animation. 'I shall never forget how he talked of it one day in the little chestnut-grove near the Wendels'. It would make me so glad to feel that *one* of us had not disappointed him, that *one* of us was faithful to the vocation he had marked out for us.'

'I know what you mean,' said Killian meditatively; 'you want me to be a missionary to the Indians some day; but even if I did set that before me, I do not see that one hope need destroy the other.'

'I think it would,' she answered with grave gentleness; 'the Dominie said a true missionary must be content to have "the Lord for his inheritance," and forego many things which fall to the lot of other men.'

'Other men are welcome to everything else that I have cared about, but not to *you*,' said Killian, with something of boyish sulkiness and defiance.

And she smiled at him as from some far-off height, as she made answer in the soothing tone she would have used to Arij, 'O Killian! you need not be afraid; I shall be proud to be your friend always, and I shall never be more than that to anyone now.'

'How can you tell, when you are so young?' he said, looking at her with puzzled eyes, as if she were getting beyond his comprehension.

For one instant there came a mist of tears between her and her work; she felt that it was possible to have one's story out while that of others was but beginning. In another minute she had raised her head brightly, and answered with brave gaiety, 'I am going to be like my great-aunt; she was the one single woman of Albany in those days, when it seemed just as much the fashion for everybody to marry as it is now. She brought my father and his brothers up, you know, when Grandmother died, and made it her boast that no one ever set a stitch in their clothes but herself. I believe that she made Grandfather's too.'

'Not knowing that they would one day assist a young rascal of a grandson in making his escape from his father's house,' said Killian, turning to Evert with a laugh, his jealous fears about Mr. Vyvian somewhat relieved by Franzje's determined assertion of her intended spinsterhood.

'What's that you're saying?' rejoined Evert; 'do come and look at this gun. I wish Father would have given me a new one. I should like to have a good bang at the French if we meet them.'

'We sha'n't,' said Killian, mindful of Franzje's anxieties. 'I am not going to take you into danger, young man. Our friends, the Mohawk

scouts, will get us news of the enemy, and we shall be able to steer our canoe out of harm's way.'

'Do you think much will be done in this campaign?' asked Franzje, and an indescribable something in her tone made him feel that she was not asking altogether for his sake, nor for Evert's either.

'I don't know,' he answered rather gloomily; 'they talk of making a fresh attack on Crown Point, you know; and Messervé has been required to raise another New Hampshire regiment; and Colonel Waldron and Peter Gilman—the two Commissaries who resided at Albany—are just sending off a grand supply of stores. If it were not for Evert, I think I should throw up my voyage, and get employed in the Commissariat, or else go and enlist.'

It did not look much like being a missionary; but Franzje saw that it was pique which made him speak thus; and Evert burst out, 'Don't talk as if *I* kept you from the war; I should be only too glad to go to it myself if Father would but let me. You should have heard me describing what a battle is like to Engeltje yesterday. Didn't I make it a fine picture of horrors! and didn't I enjoy seeing her eyes start out of her head with fright!'

'It was very cruel of you,' remonstrated Franzje.

'Not a bit. *You* don't pity her, do you, Killian? If you had seen her run crying to Franzje for comfort, as I did, you would have been as angry as I was. Making eyes at Franzje's lover, indeed! and crying after him as if he were hers!'

It was not the custom to treat love-affairs as mysteries in Albany, and Franzje had no great reason to be surprised at her young brother's discernment; but a blush mounted to her very forehead, as rising and gathering up her work she said hastily, 'Evert, the thought of your trip with Killian has sent you quite off your balance. I will not stay to hear little Engelt mocked at. I shall go and help Mother make the pies for your supper.'

'You will come and see us off to-morrow, won't you?' said Killian, hurrying to open the door for her with a courtesy which he had learnt from Mr. Vyvian.

'Yes, I suppose that saucy Evert will have us all out to see the last of him,' she said.

She knew that was not the sort of answer the youth longed for, and even his Indian immobility could not hide from her the signs of his mortification; but she said no more except 'Good-bye for to-day,' in a cordial tone, and as she had both her hands full, she could not even shake hands with him.

She was bound for the kitchen; but somehow or other she went to it by way of her own room, and tarried there for a minute, with quivering face and heaving breast, thinking sad thoughts, which she was far too brave to utter in human hearing. They were not all about Killian, by any means; but at the end she said to herself with a sort of wistful

regret, 'I should like to have been kinder; he is so kind to me, poor boy! but I must never deceive anyone again, nor let anyone love me, if I can help it.'

She did not see Killian any more till the next morning, when, after an early breakfast, the whole family and household, with the exception of Uncle Jan, turned out to witness Evert's departure, and wish both the youths good luck in their voyage. One or two other young men were going to start at the same time, so the river bank was crowded with friends and well-wishers, some of them cheery and hopeful, predicting a safe and happy return, others—among whom was Madame Ryckman—anxious and tearful, with scarcely courage to do more than pray that their fears might not be verified. There was really good grounds for their anxiety, for in steering towards the Canadian frontier, there was no saying with what dangers the young voyagers might not meet; and though they had promised to avoid the track of war, and to seek only the haunts of friendly Indians, the perils of the way were sufficient at the best of times to make the hearts of mothers and sisters tremble. The little bark canoes looked almost too frail for their load of blankets, guns, powder, beads, &c.; and amid all this store of goods for exchange, there seemed but little room for any provision for the comfort of the traders. A small stock of dried meat and Indian corn meal, and a keg of spirits, was all that they had with them in the way of food; and for further supplies they were to depend entirely on their own skill with gun and rod, and the hospitality of the Indians.

Nevertheless, they all wore a most happy satisfied expression, except one lad of eighteen, who was already married, and who evidently found it hard to tear himself away from the clinging embrace of his child-wife, though his parents—who had accepted the fact of his imprudent marriage with the easy good-nature characteristic of Albany—were comforting him with assurances that they would take care of her, and counselling him to be sharp in his bargains with the Indians, and bring back enough furs to win the means of furnishing a house for her on his return.

'I hope *I* shall get enough to buy a schooner,' said Evert, in his gay sanguine tones, 'and then I shall go sailing up and down the river all summer, and be as happy as a king!'

In the slight half-Indian garb usually worn by the traders, his fine muscular figure showed to great advantage, and already his blooming boyish beauty seemed to be getting a touch of manliness; but his speech was childish enough to make his father answer drily, 'If you have earned the price of one by the time you are two-and-twenty you may think yourself lucky. You will be more trouble than profit to Killian this voyage; and so long as you bring home your own skin safe and sound, we won't ask how many moose-skins you have got to your share.'

'Monsieur Evert going to be Monsieur Killian's black boy!' grinned Jettje, with friendly jocularity; and in truth, Evert was going to fill

that place in his friend's canoe which in the others was occupied by the slave of the owner; but though a general laugh greeted the old negress's sally, Evert was not in the least disconcerted.

'I think I am the blackest of the two, Jettje,' said Killian, who in his new apparel was scarcely distinguishable from one of the aborigines, except that there was more olive than red ochre in the tints of his complexion, and more sensitiveness than stolidity in the expression of his mouth; and then drawing near to Franzje, he said in a low voice, 'I know you will bid me God-speed when I tell you that I have remembered the Dominie's horror of our tempting the Indians with "fire-water." I have no spirits among my cargo, except a small stock of it for Evert's and my own consumption when we have to cross swamps or sleep on damp moss. If I cannot be a teacher of good things, at least I won't tempt to evil.'

Her eyes thanked and praised him, though she only said, 'Have they got it in the other canoes?'

'Yes; and Jansen Bleeker says that it is madness to attempt to trade without it, but I am content to take my chance. Did you know that he came back from New York last night? He has sold his furs well, and talks of marrying Cornelia at once. It is just as well he did not arrive before Mr. Gardiner departed.'

'I am sure she cares most for Jansen really; she has known him all her life,' said Franzje, unthinking of the inference which might be drawn from the words.

'Does that ensure love?' returned Killian, with something wistful, almost reproachful, in his beautiful melancholy glance. 'Look, Franzje,' he added, without waiting for a reply, 'Marte has his bride, and Dirk and Asa have each their sweet-heart; see how different it makes their setting out from mine.'

She looked as he bade her, and a little bright blush rose to her face as she marked the demonstrative public farewells of the two betrothed maidens. Killian, as he stood there brave and solitary, without father or mother, without a single creature belonging to him to bid him good-bye, except a confidential slave of his old grandfather's, who was taking care of the canoe while he made his adieux on the shore, did seem to deserve a happier fate than to be sent forth without an encouraging word, with nothing to keep his heart warm amid dangers and difficulties but his own hopeless unrequited love. And yet, what could she say to him? She did love him after a certain sort, but not in the way he wished, and it seemed to be her fate to wound the very people for whom she cared the most.

She put out her hand to him, and her face was kind, sorrowful, almost tender, as she said, 'Killian, I am so sorry; if you would only not have cared for me! I do thank you with all my heart for your goodness to Evert, and I do pray God to bring you safely back. If the Dominie should come back before you do, I will tell him how you remembered

his teaching, and I am sure he will say that you have God's blessing as well as his.'

It was sweetly and nobly spoken, and it was something to feel that trembling hand within his clasp, and to see a tear glisten in the soft azure of those matchless eyes; but when she turned from him to Evert, and he saw the loving kisses that rained down upon the boy, who would scarcely so much as tarry to receive them, he might be pardoned for knitting his black brows with a sudden bitter pang of envy, and striding away to his boat without remembering to bid good-bye to his staunchest ally, kind Madame Ryckman.

Another minute, and even the three happy lovers were off also, and away sped the four frail barks over the bright waters of the Hudson, shaping their course northwards, towards the waterfall which would prove the first difficulty in their arduous journey, but which, like most well-known dangers, scarcely troubled anybody in comparison with the undefined prospect of howling wolves, unhealthy swamps, trackless forests, poisonous rattle-snakes, unfriendly Indians, encounters with French traders, and various other by no means impossible perils which loomed before the imagination of mothers and sisters and sweet-hearts. Fathers and brothers for the most part pooh-poohed the mention of danger; not that they could deny its existence, but because it was so completely a matter of course that an Albanian youth should encounter it in pursuit of gain, as a preparation for that settlement in life to which they all naturally looked, that they could scarcely understand why their womenkind should make a fresh grievance of it from year to year. Had not those comfortable store-keepers or masters of trading-vessels all done as much in their time? and had not they come back safe again and again from their summer expeditions, and sold their spoils prosperously in New York each winter, and married and settled, and surrounded themselves with 'four-posters and crockery-ware,'—to use Mr. Vyvian's contemptuous words—and would not the five young adventurers of this morning be able to do the same, if only they had the good sense to keep out of the way of the French army, and resist the temptation of enlisting in the Anglo-American corps?

At tea that evening, Madame Ryckman let her tears run down over the huge delf tea-pot, ornamented, like the one in Knickerbocker's History, with 'paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses, tending pigs, with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies,' and informed Franzje that that had been her husband's first gift to her, and that she hoped Evert would some day present his bride with just such another, 'If he should live to come back, and grow up, and marry, poor fellow!'

'I don't think he has a fancy for anyone as yet, and there is not a girl in the Company that is really good enough for him,' went on the warm-hearted mother, with true motherly partiality. 'I have thought at times that Engeltje Banker would make a good wife for him some

day—and though she is a little older than he, a baby face like hers is sure to *look* young always—but now she can think of nothing but that worthless Englishman.'

'That will pass,' said M. Ryckman tranquilly; 'she will find out sooner or later that it was only fooling, and then she will be glad to take up with an honest lad like our Evert.'

Franzje had listened with parted lips, and a bright spot on either cheek; when her father had ceased speaking, and the children had run away to play, she said earnestly, 'It may not have been only fooling. I do not think Mr. Vyvian has given *us* any reason to distrust his honourable intentions.'

Decided as Franzje was by nature, and ready to think for herself, it was so seldom that she advanced an independent opinion, that her parents both looked at her in surprise.

'Then you think, my maid, that a man may be ready to marry one lass on Wednesday, and another on Thursday,' said her father in his slow deliberate tones. 'It isn't the way with us Dutchmen, but it may be with your fine town-bred Englishmen. I don't pretend to understand them.'

Franzje winced under this plain setting forth of the case; but not the less did she answer bravely, 'I would rather think that he could change, than that he could play with Engelt and deceive her. Don't let us judge, Father; let us wait and see.—And, Mother, please let me have Engelt here sometimes, for Keetje mocks at her, and the child can hardly bear it.'

A short while before, the parents would have laughed to hear their little Franz talking of a young companion with that air of tender unconscious patronage; but somehow, in the last week they had learned to feel that she was a woman now, and to begin to treat her as such; so her father answered readily, 'Ay, my maid, she shall come when she likes, and neither Mother nor I will taunt her, I promise you; but Keetje will be too busy with her own love-affairs now to think much about Engelt's. Jansen Bleeker has turned out as broad-shouldered manly a fellow as you could desire to see. I wish that poor lass Anna Gronow had such another sweet-heart to come and cheer her up. They do say her father curses the day that ever the regiment came into the town.'

'Well he may,' said Madame Ryckman, pursing up her lips, and shaking her head with an air of mystery. 'I hope we shall have no more soldiers quartered here but the Royal Americans. The mayor says we shall have plenty of regiments marching through before the war is done, but that if the rendezvous continues to be at Numberfour, they will none of them stop here above a night. How I wish we could let our Dominie know that! If he could but have foreseen how quickly we were to get rid of Colonel Trelawny and his crew, perhaps he would never have gone away.'

'I don't know but he did the wisest thing, though,' said M. Ryckman, turning away from the table, and puffing at his pipe. 'People are beginning to find out what he was worth to them, now that they have lost him. It's surprising to see how the tide has turned already. Scarce a soul has a good word for the officers now, nor a bad one for the Dominie. Please God he may come back soon!'

Franzje could not help thinking the general feeling against the officers rather ungenerous, considering how much some of the townspeople had made of them when they were on the spot; but she echoed her father's concluding wish from the very depths of her heart. There was a strange flatness and vacuity about her life, now that the Dominie and Mr. Vyvian, and even Killian, were all gone away; and Evert's absence took much from the brightness of her home-party, for his saucy gaiety and enterprise had been wont to enliven them all. Jan was a dull, quiet, plodding boy, with whom she had scarcely a thought in common, and she had no girl friend to whom she could turn for sympathy, for her quondam ally, Cornelia, had shewn herself too giddy and hoydenish during the sojourn of the regiment in the town, to be quite after her own heart any longer, and was moreover absorbed in the interest of her approaching marriage with young Bleeker. Engeltje was loving and gentle as ever, and humbly grateful to Franzje for not treating her as an obnoxious rival; but to listen to her innocent raptures about Mr. Vyvian, and her apologies for having dared to care for him, was not very congenial work, and of course no word of wounded love or wonder at his changeableness could be breathed to *her*. So Franzje took refuge in silence; and while performing with careful minuteness her duties as daughter of the house, and being more regular than ever in her visits to the sick and suffering, especially to the Dominie's favourite, old Vrow Dorckman, who was still lingering in patient misery, she grew to be much fonder than before of spending all her leisure by herself, or in the silent company of her uncle Jan. Sometimes she would sit for a long while at his feet, turning over the leaves of one of his favourite Psalm-books, and now and then reading a verse to herself; but more often she would let the book fall on her knee, and her gaze would become fixed and dreamy, and her thoughts would go wandering away out upon the broad Atlantic with the Dominie, or following the march of the troops who were assembling for the attack on Crown Point. She could no longer think of the young soldier as her chosen knight, her ideal hero; if a word could have brought him to her side she would not have spoken it. In the chapel, that memorable Sunday morning, she had thought to part from him at the cost of a broken heart; but now she recognized that no heart had been broken in the parting, that her life might be always a little desolate, and other men distasteful to her, but that her strength was good for living and enduring, and the world by no means a desert, though the magical Elysian brightness that once hung about it had faded. She did not ponder so much as some girls might

have done on the question as to whether his sudden attentions to Engeltje had been the result of pique or of inconstancy; nor would she admit the supposition that they had meant absolutely nothing, and the poor little one was wasting her heart in vain; 'No, he was not a deceiver,' she said to herself, and she never sought to define exactly what he was, only she knew with painful miserable certainty that the noble qualities she had so loved in him had been very much the work of her own imagination, that her womanhood had begun with a mistake which could never be undone.

And in these hours of disappointment and self-abasement her heart turned back to the Dominie, with something of its old filial trusting devotion, mingled with a new remorse and dread, for which in earlier days there had been no cause. Would he ever come back? and if he did, would he ever forgive her, and not only forgive, but condescend to be her guide in the higher, more earnest life which she hoped to live for the future? Mr. Vyvian's words about his 'cowardly departure' rang in her ears. Had it been cowardly to fly from the pains and difficulties of his position? to leave his rebellious flock to their own devices? She would not let herself think so. She had been too ready to judge him, to distrust his wisdom, to ascribe his strictness to narrow prejudice; now, in her earnest repenting, she was ready to think him wholly right and herself wholly wrong. Oh! if he would only come back, and let her prove to him that she was sorry!

Easter came—a dull sorrowful Easter to the Dutch congregation, which was left pastorless and forsaken, and specially sad to Franzje, who had hoped then to be admitted as a 'Church member,' and who now felt that her admission must be deferred indefinitely. Something was said about borrowing a minister from New York, and her father and M. Jansen made a journey to the capital to see what could be done, but came back unsuccessful. There were but one or two ministers in the city, and none of them could be spared from their post; moreover, the New York 'Kerke-raad' had heard of the dissipated doings in Albany, and instead of shewing any sympathy with the two elders, administered a public rebuke to them for not having managed matters better, so that they returned crest-fallen and rather out of humour. A sort of lay service was to be held in the chapel, as had become usual on Sundays, but the crowning rite—the Easter Feast, must needs be wanting; and the more serious-minded among the community went about their business silently and sadly, feeling themselves severely punished for their want of zeal in the Dominie's cause. 'If we had all stood by him more bravely, we might have made head against godless innovations,' admitted some of the candid-minded sorrowfully; and then Elder Jansen turned round on them with that unsparing 'I told you so,' which is calculated to give the finishing touch to poor weak mortals' dejection.

It chanced that early on Easter morning Franzje received a summons

to Vrow Dorckman's bed-side. The old woman had announced that she had been 'called' in the night, and that she wished to speak to her young friend before she died. What she said was not very novel nor impressive, but coming from those pale trembling lips, it carried a certain importance with it; and when she wound up by saying, 'I should like to have had our Dominie near me to-day, but I shall see him again, never fear—perhaps long before you do, my child,' Franzje started, and felt as if the words were a prediction, and as if the wonderful clairvoyance of death were revealing to the sufferer things which her own young heart panted vainly to know.

'Do you think the Dominie is going to die?' she asked, holding her breath for the answer, as if it would really determine the pastor's fate; but the old Vrow only murmured something unintelligible, and her nurse came forward, and said she had talked too much already, and that Franzje had better go.

So the girl went forth from the darkened room, with her heart throbbing and trembling, and felt the glory of sunshine in the outer world almost oppressive for the moment, and longed for some quiet corner to kneel down in, that she might pray for the departing soul, and ask that the Dominie might be blessed and comforted, and spared to come back to them, and that she might be forgiven for having helped to drive him away.

The outer door of the English church was open as she passed it, and knowing that it was not yet the usual hour for service, she felt a sudden impulse to take refuge there, and retracing her steps, entered the porch, and pushing back the inner door with a gentle hand, stole softly in, closing it after her. She had thought to find an empty church, and by the deep stillness that prevailed it might well have been so; but on the contrary, it was the fullest she had ever seen, and the congregation of the strangest. Kneeling in profoundest reverence, with their mantles drawn over their heads so as completely to veil their faces, were upwards of two hundred Indians of both sexes, as motionless as if carved in stone, and evidently wholly absorbed in adoration of 'the Great Spirit,' Whom they had been taught to worship 'in spirit and in truth.' The Altar was vested in a fair linen covering, and a white-robed priest was standing before it, preparing to celebrate the Christian Mysteries. To Franzje it was all strange and new, and beautiful, and awful. She did not remark that the building was small and mean, that the fittings of the Sanctuary were of the commonest. She did not say to herself that these were the Mohawks come into the town for their Easter Communion, and that surpliced figure was Dr. Ogilvie, the English minister, whom she had seen hundreds of times before; a voice within her said, 'It is Easter *here*,' and at the first sound of the 'Our Father,' she dropped upon her knees in a dark corner near the door, and remained a silent, breathless, motionless worshipper throughout the whole of the service.

English was almost as familiar to her as Dutch, so that she had no difficulty in following the words of the Office, and their very novelty only made them more impressive, more thrilling and appealing to her agitated spirit. Deprived of true Eucharistic teaching, and taught to look upon the Lord's Supper chiefly as a commemorative rite, she had yet been bred up in deep reverence for It; and now an instinctive faith which she could not have defined, and which surely was of no human implanting, made her tremble and adore, as she became aware of a Presence which had come suddenly in the midst 'when the doors were shut.'

Pleading, pleading, pleading, from the Altar as from the Cross! pleading for her His unworthy child, for the dying woman close by, for the pastor out upon the wide wild ocean, for the soldier marching into battle, for the two young voyagers in their frail canoe; pleading in the might of His finished Sacrifice, His glorious risen Life, His Ascension to the right Hand of the Father;—oh! how all things grew possible in the consciousness of that availing Intercession!

Once she lifted her head, as slowly, softly, solemnly, the Red Men rose from their places, and gathered round the Altar band by band; and then she saw that another white-vested priest, whom she had not remarked before, had joined the celebrant, and that it was from the hand of their beloved teacher, 'the Father of the Deserts,' that these simple-hearted Christians were receiving 'the Cup of Salvation.' O blessed priest, and blessed people, true sharers of their Lord's Easter joy! and not all unblessed she who was permitted to touch Him by faith, to recognize Him as 'made known in the breaking of Bread,' even though the Feast Itself were not for her. He loved her, He was near her, her life was to be lived for Him; she could not feel desolate or forsaken any more.

She was almost lost to outward things when at last the deep hush that followed the words of Blessing was broken by the stir of the rising congregation, and presently out filed the Indians in silent dignity, while she drew further back into the corner behind the door, and watched them pass. Some were stately old chiefs, with grim war-worn faces; some were striplings, though with nothing of boyish carelessness about them; and of the squaws, the elder had a weary trodden-down air, as if life had gone hard with them in the old days before Christianity came to soften the hearts of their lords and masters, while the younger were bright and prosperous-looking, and held up their heads with an air of quiet self-respect. They were going back to their good brother Philip, as they called Colonel Schuyler, and would sleep at the Flats that night, as they had slept the night before, accommodated in the way that best suited them—in the porch and some surrounding sheds; and then in the dawn of the morning they would assemble before the portico to sing their hymn of thanksgiving, and be off to the woods to follow their own hardy independent mode of existence, not surely without some happy thankful thoughts of the Blessing which had fallen to their lot on this Easter Day.

As Franzje left the church, the bell began its summons overhead, calling the few English people in the city together for their Easter Service; and she was obliged to walk on quickly to join her own home-party, who were advancing up the street.

The Dutch hymn-singing was flat and spiritless that day, and Elder Jansen expounded in a way that was more gratifying to himself than to his audience; but Franzje's heart was in a glow of grateful worship. That solemn service, shared with the simple children of the forest, had left its impress on her; she had learnt that even on earth there may be foretastes of the fullness of joy which His Presence gives.

(To be continued.)

THE RED FOREST.

A GOBLIN STORY.

BY GAMMA.

PART I.

CHAPTER VII.—THE GOBLINS' CAVE.

Prince Max, after yawning over his letter, had run out to join Kerl, and had found him tending his flocks on the heath, and piping to them on a rude pipe of his own making.

'Come, Kerl,' said he, 'leave your piping: I want you to take me and shew me the place where you found me that night upon the hill, and tell me the story of it all over again. Perhaps we may find the old carriage there yet, and be able to pick up something useful.'

'Ay,' said Kerl, 'that is well said; let us go.'

They reached the spot as well as Kerl could identify it by daylight; but there was no trace to be found of the carriage. Other hands, *of some sort*, had probably been there before them. They climbed the hill again, and got back into the road skirting the Forest.

'Kerl, why do you never take me into the Forest, where you say there are such beautiful things? Let us go now.'

'No, no—not now,' said Kerl quickly, and with an anxious look at the silver line of the new moon in the west. 'It is too near sun-set; we must go home.'

Just then Kerl saw one of his sheep on its back a little way down the hill, and begging the Prince to wait for him and not to stir, set off to its help. Then it came into Max's wilful head to play Kerl a trick; and waiting till the latter was hidden by some brushwood, he bounded lightly away, and ran into the Forest by the nearest opening in the underwood.

'Now, let's see whether Master Kerl will be able to find me! it's all nonsense about the sun-set—there will be nearly two hours of daylight yet.'

The first view of the Forest in the slanting light was enchanting, and Max ran on, amusing himself with the birds and insects. Presently, however, he began to think it was growing much darker than was pleasant, and a sudden high wind got up and made unearthly moaning sounds among the branches, and then there seemed to be laughter on every side of him. In a horrible fright, he turned and tried to run back to the opening, but he found he was quite lost, and he began to wander hither and thither, calling upon Kerl, and growing more miserable every moment. A large white object not far off, gleaming through the dusk, attracted him, and struggling through the thicket, he made his way up to it. Alas! it was a white horse lying dead, and by its side, also dead, one of the soldiers who had formed his escort. This piteous and ghastly sight utterly overcame him; he swooned, and would have fallen to the ground, when he felt himself caught in the arms of Kerl—Kerl, who knew the terrors of the Forest at sun-set on the night of the new moon, yet was ready to dare them for his Prince. 'For why should the Forest folk harm me, who am good, and never did them any ill?' said he to himself. But Kerl did not know that the Goblins had a spite against him for having before saved the life of the Prince. Max clung sobbing to his friend, who soothed him tenderly in his arms. After the shock he had had, he could walk no more, but pressed himself closer and closer to Kerl's breast, as if that were his only safety. Kerl, who thought he knew the Forest well, set off briskly to make his way out, but was fearfully disconcerted to find that everything seemed changed. No path lay in its usual direction; all the great oaks which usually served him for way-marks were out of their places. Now and then he came to an opening, and thought he saw a little light at the end of it—but as sure as he tried to make for it, he found himself misled, and deeper in the mazes of the Forest. It was now almost dark, and the faces of the Goblins glared with hideous whiteness out of the trees. Kerl at length sat down on a stump, with despair in his heart, but still trying to soothe the weeping boy in his arms.

'O Kerl!' sobbed Max, 'what does all this mean? Can't you find your way?'

'No,' whispered Kerl, 'they won't let me.'

'*Who* won't let you? oh, Kerl! *who?*'

'Hush, we mustn't talk of them; we mustn't make them angry. If we wait here till the daylight, perhaps we shall find the way.'

'O Kerl! but I shall die before daylight, I am starving; please try again.'

So Kerl got up with a heavy heart to try again. After a time he came to a smooth path, leading a little down hill, and he went along it. By-and-bye he saw that a number of smaller paths converged into it,

like tributary streams, and next moment saw something black before him, and felt that a warm sulphurous wind was sucking him down into a cavern. That instant there flashed into his mind a rude rhyme that was used in all that country, and that he had known from his cradle—

Who walks the Forest at new moon
Shall rue it soon:
Who sleeps within the Goblins' cave
Digs his own grave.

'Well remembered,' thought Kerl; and then he whispered to the Prince, 'Do not sleep, Prince, I entreat you.'

'O Kerl! I cannot help it; this air is so warm, and I am so weary!' and his head fell heavily on Kerl's shoulder.

'Then I must wake for both,' said Kerl.

As he neared the centre of the cave, Kerl heard voices singing to a hideous tune—very queer voices too—and this was what they seemed to sing—

On a lucky day
Pale-face comes this way,
We'll give him leave to stay!
(Chorus.) Hurray, hurray,
Give him leave to stay!

Know, ye Goblins, know,
He comes to work us woe,
Hence he must not go.
(Chorus.) Ha ha! Ho ho!
Hence he must not go.

By this time Kerl and Max were among them, and the Goblins saw that the Prince was already fast asleep, and promised themselves an easy victory over the shepherd lad. Kerl soon found himself sitting on a soft seat, with a warm heavy air about him; he felt his eye-lids falling, and began to yawn till he nearly cracked his jaws. Then the Goblins, seeing things look promising, began to dance round him in a slow and wavy manner, fanning his face with their large hands as they passed him. Once his head dropped upon his breast, and he was very nearly off; but suddenly starting up, he cut a mad caper himself, and kicked up right and left, putting a Goblin or two to flight. Then he sat down again, for he was very tired, and the Prince felt heavy in his arms. What happened next he hardly knew; but he was presently aware that they were trying their music on him again, for he heard something of this sort, to a dismal monotonous measure—

Rock his cradle, let him sleep—
(Chorus.) Let him sleep.
Dig his grave, so wide and deep—
Dig it deep.

Goblins, sing his lullaby—
(Chorus.) Lullaby.
Let him sleep, or let him die—
Let him die.

And when they had got to the end of this song they began it all over again, and this several times—till Kerl, who had great ado to keep his eyes open, was out of all patience. He jumped up again, and marching about, began to sing at the very top of his voice, and to a very jolly tune. The words were in the dialect of his country, but were something to this effect:—

Fol de rol, fol de rol, fol de rol de rido,
Keep up your heart and look alive as I do,
Sing fol de rol, and never say die, do.

And this behaviour of his disconcerted the Goblins not a little.

At last the King came forward, and extending his royal toe to Kerl, said, 'You're a good fellow, and have stood your proof well; we'll take you into partnership, and give you the freedom of the Forest.'

'Thank you for nothing,' said Kerl; 'I've all the freedom I want of it already.'

But the King, not heeding this rude speech, commanded two of his Goblins to brew the punch, wherein to drink to the health of their new comrade. But Kerl was not to be caught on this side either. He took his bowl of liquor, and tasting it and making a wry face, threw it all on the ground beside him as if in disgust, though, in truth, it was very good. Then there was an angry murmur through the cave, as of wind before a storm. But it lulled again, and all the Goblins took their pipes and smoked heavy perfumes, and filled the air with vapours; and then they all stretched themselves on the ground and snored, feeling sure that thus left to himself Kerl would be off his guard and follow their example. A strong desire for sleep indeed possessed him; but his will to resist was stronger still, and he fought on yet for hours. At length, while the Goblins were still snoring, he perceived a faint light at the end of the passage to the cave, and he knew and felt that the evil creatures had no longer power over him—the day had broken.

Kerl carried the insensible Max out into the light and air, and staggered on for about a hundred yards, when he was forced to sit down; and opening his cramped arms, in which for twelve hours he had held the Prince, he placed him by his side. They were both more dead than alive; Max from want of food, Kerl from the tremendous strain to which mind and body had been put.

'What is the matter, Kerl?' said Max: 'where have we been? what has happened?'

Kerl told him in few words.

'Dear Kerl,' said the Prince, 'you have saved my life again! But

what shall we do now? I cannot walk unless I have something to eat; and you cannot carry me any longer, you are quite worn out.'

Kerl protested that a peasant of the Red Forest was not so easily worn out; and in proof of his words started up, seized Max and staggered on again; but fatigue, sleeplessness, and the effect of the heavy vapours of the cave, had been too much for him; his head was dizzy, and his frame unnerved. There is no doubt, too, that there were Goblins about even now, hindering him as much as they could, and every step through the dense thicket cost him infinite labour. At length he could go no longer, and sat down; and the moment he had done so he fell heavily asleep, and Max, leaning against his shoulder, slept also.

(*To be continued.*)

ENGLISH LINKS OF FOREIGN FORGING;

OR,

'THE LADY WITH THE LONG NOSE.'

(A TALE OF CONTINENTAL TRAVEL.)

BY A. F. FRERE,

AUTHOR OF 'WONDER-CASTLE;' 'THE THREE SONS-IN-LAW,' ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

'WHERE's Mabel, do you know?' inquired Ida of her brother, whom she found reading an Italian newspaper on the terrace.

'Mees V-Veste and the Reverendo V-Viltone?' said Hugh, raising his eyes from the broad sheet of the *Perseveranza*, 'dey be gone upon a private valk.'

'And I must suppose,' rejoined Ida, imitating his accent, 'that you vas too discreet for to ask veech vay?'

'On the contrary,' he said, returning to his native English, 'discreet enough to ask, that *we* might go another.'

'But she is wanted. I must try and find her,' said Ida, looking dismayed.

Hugh whistled a little. 'What's the row?'

'Oh, it's a question about the *lavender*, as Tofts declares they call a washer-woman here; whether a certain gown of Mabel's is to be given her or not. She made rather a mess of Eva's muslin last week, so Tofts is dubious.'

'Then tell her to *don't*. All that sort of thing is first-rate at Lugano, and I have just been writing on Mrs. Fulham's and our behalf for rooms there.'

'O—h!' exclaimed Ida, with a prolonged interjection. 'What's the meaning of it, all at once?'

'Why, *you've* been wanting to go on ever so long; and now the weather *has* turned cool, hasn't it, little one?'

'Yes, and I'm glad, and yet sorry to go away from Mrs. Langton.'

'Mrs. Langton is going too. She was only waiting for the weather to change. Didn't you hear what she said at breakfast?'

'O—h!' again ejaculated Ida, with more of meaning in her tone. 'Well, it's sudden, that's all; and pray when are we to leave?'

'For goodness sake, Ida, don't take to sporting that abominable bit of ungrammatical bad English. "To leave" is a verb active. You can "leave" a thing, a place, or a person; but not nothing or nowhere. It's about on a par,' Hugh continued, lashing himself up as he went on, 'with the use of *stop* for *stay*, putting a momentary action for a continuous one; or with that hyper-vulgarism of young ladies, of applying the generic term "dress" to one single garment, which, to be sure, does cover the chief part of a woman, but one hopes *isn't* all. Just fancy, now, if we men were to adopt such a practice, and call our coats "dresses"! I think I'll try how it sounds: "My new blue dress with the brass buttons,"' screwing up his lips with a ridiculous niminy-piminy expression.

Ida laughed, but felt there was something 'more than met the ear' in this vehement grammatical tirade.

Hugh, though by no means despising a slang phrase when it served his turn, was particular—and justly so—about the classical English which is day by day, alas! growing more defiled, through the influences of newspaper carelessness, Yankee perversion of terms, and the would-be refinement of an under-bred class. Nevertheless, he would scarcely have got so hot on the subject, had it not served as a convenient safety-valve at a moment when he did not want his motives to be curiously scanned.

Ida, recollecting that the new scheme would somewhat affect her own relations with the *lavandaja*, ran off, after extracting the answer required by a query more grammatically framed. She could not help wondering a good deal (though without a particle of *offence*) at the plan, so suddenly settled without her knowledge, but which, in fact, her brother was intending to tell her of, as soon as the exigency of the post-hour permitted.

Mrs. Fulham was always so amiably ready to adapt her movements to any expressed wish among her friends, that Hugh's suggestion, grounded upon Mrs. Langton's view, was readily acceded to by her. She always considered him exceedingly kind in managing for and lionizing an old lady so patiently, and just now had special obligations on the score of Ida's companionship for the winter.

So, with a reference almost nominal to her other associates, the question was settled, and the letter written; a favourable answer was received from the 'Parc,' and a day later the removal was actually effected.

I am afraid lest my reader may have got rather weary of the *pros* and *cons* attending this matter, and feel disposed to vote Lugano a bore. Yet if he has ever been there, or will accompany us in imagination, surely the charms of that exquisite little lake must soon overcome such a sensation. More wild, fantastic, and rugged in its forms than Como, rich and gay to the extreme in colouring, twining in and out of its tortuous vine-clad shores with ever a new combination of features as you walk or row a few hundred yards, the blue Ceresio (as called of old) verifies its comparison to a fish-hook by the singular hold it generally takes on the affections of its visitors. Then the town itself—so thoroughly Italian, bright, stirring, and of course rather dirty—lies on the very margin of the lake, whose fresh breeze, rushing up its lateral lanes, contrasts agreeably with the cheesy garlicky odours that emanate from the open stalls of all sorts of wares and eatables that line its arcaded streets. You thread your way between lucifers and balls of coarse twine, cheap jewellery and gaudy sacred pictures, under festoons of sausage and *gran Turco*, bunches of crimson cotton handkerchiefs, bouquets of tin pans blossoming against the walls or pillars, and alarming promontories of brown and green crockery vessels that jut out from sudden door-ways in your path; and just as amusement is giving way to a touch of weariness with the incessant 'look before and look behind,' (if it be a market-day,) lo! you emerge on a vista of dancing water, a quay fringed with gay-curtained boats, slopes terraced with foliage and flowers, and rising green or golden, in spring or autumn beauty, with maize, mulberry, and chestnut, to the double peaked head of Monte Brè, and the deeply-jagged 'Organ-pipes,' or 'Denti di vecchia.' Turn homeward by the shore, and you see before you the pyramidal mass of San Salvatore, with a 'Paradiso' of white houses beaded along its base; to your left the expanse of the Lake parts off into three branches, curving far out of sight to Porlezza, to Capolago, to Agno; the last bending sickle-wise round the flanks of the mighty Salvatore, till it is only separated by a narrow neck of hilly ground from Lugano itself. Deeply furrowed, thickly wooded, pierced with singular caverns that form the native wine-cellars, flecked with glimmering blossom-like villages that send up each a slender pointal of church belfry towards the sky, the mountains slant away in rosy glow or deep blue shadow, so soft yet so distinct, as they dip down sheer into the water, with here and there a little creek or flowery plateau, where your boat or your feet may penetrate. You lose this perspective again as you thread a portion of street, bristling with brown faces and gay costume, to gain the quiet platform before the Hotel du Parc.

Arriving probably tired, hot, and somewhat excited, you may turn for refreshment—perhaps not wisely—into the cool damp church close by, where Lecini's grand frescoes will glimmer out by degrees in the twilight, the noble centurion conspicuous on his white horse; or rest, with

perhaps two or three black-veiled Lugano ladies, on the stone seats under the statue of William Tell—startling reminder of Swiss nationality! and then enter the massive portal, supported by four brawny *torsi*, of what was once a monastery, and still retaining a few of its original features while transformed into an excellent modern hotel.

Here our travellers, to end my digression, have settled themselves, with a luxurious combination of comforts and lovely views. The Nevilles had spent a few days at Lugano two years before, and Mrs. Fulham's nerves were a little tried by the vivacity with which Ida responded to the greetings, not only of chambermaids, but of waiters, all those of the old staff recognizing her in the most prompt and unembarrassed manner. The prevailing element was German-Swiss, but all languages seemed to be spoken by the upper *employés* of the house, and a jumble of several, nearly incomprehensible, by the inferiors; while the grey-haired gentlemanlike Swiss landlord provided his guests with newspapers of every nation and tongue, including some of those odd-looking prints in which familiar letters appear to have got the wrong way up to English eyes, and which are vaguely supposed to be Russian, Hungarian, or 'something of that sort.'

Ida's pleasure in meeting Mr. and Mrs. Colvin had been chequered by a little regret at leaving the Milmans behind; but in a day or two they also came on, and (Hugh's Milman-phobia being decidedly on the wane) a very agreeable society was formed by the re-union of so many acquaintance who all seemed to know and care a good deal more about each other than their brief previous intercourse accounted for. The days flowed evenly and delightfully, opening with the short morning service which Mr. Colvin gave in the little English chapel by the Lake side; then the parties broke into threes and fours, to boat, walk, or drive, and the table d'hote again collected all, including Mrs. Langton, who now took courage to mix rather more with the general world, and consequently was less open to its idle wondering comments.

Hugh's happiness was only marred by the rapid shortening of his 'tether;' he allowed but two days for a 'flash home,' (as Ida called it) 'by electric telegraph,' and in spite of his recent sobered mood, was again working up to a state of enthusiastic devotion to one object, which renewed his sister's alarms. With all the admiration, and even love, which she felt towards Mrs. Langton, Ida had from the first instinctively deprecated the idea of his forming a serious attachment to her. It was not so much the disparity of age—for Hugh was twenty-nine, and Mrs. Langton, after all, only two-and-thirty—but she felt sure, in the first place, that no second marriage would at present, if ever, find a possible acceptance from her; and even were this otherwise, in the sister's eyes they scarcely appeared suited to each other.

Ida possessed in a great degree the feminine gift of hitting a right conclusion without much power to trace the reasons which lead to it. Let us try to do it for her. Perhaps they might run as follows:—

A woman, however estimable in herself, who has lived already her life of strong domestic affections and keen domestic trials, can scarcely be a fit match for a young whole-hearted man, with no shadows yet cast upon the field of honest cheerful work which lies before him, with all its possibilities of earthly success and of this world's happiness. The clouds *will* gather over him, God knows! but in their appointed time and form, and personal (however often inscrutable) adaptation. A legacy of shadows from the experience of another life would be altogether out of harmony with his needs in the daily walk, (however in casual circumstances *all* true experience may be found profitable for warning or sympathy,) and would tend to cripple rather than train a plant as yet vigorous, healthy, and untouched by storm. The much-tried character may, indeed, have been strengthened by adversity—may even have developed a new energy, rooted in earnest faith and the courage of never-dying love; but where deep wounds have been, there will be rough bosses in the healing, and scarcely can the once bruised stem grow up again fair and straight beside its yet unscathed companion. As a rule, those who marry should meet on a common ground, be it under the bright or the clouded influences of their life's course; else each will expect from the other what that other has not to give. There may be exceptional instances: a young, affectionate, unambitious girl may twine her love round a broken and disappointed man, and find her happiness in soothing; or a wise calm husband of middle age may support and guide into peace and steadfastness a wife whose maiden years have been agitated by rash and unruly passions. But these are, at the best, melancholy experiments on the incorporate existence which should constitute true marriage; and loving and anxious relations are never likely to approve them for those dear ones whose lot in matrimony they wish to be of the enjoying and not the sacrificial type.

Ida could have cheerfully surrendered all the delights of brother-and-sister life in favour of any union which bade fair to increase Hugh's happiness; but, besides the general considerations just cited, (whether or not she felt their force,) it was obvious to her that he and Mrs. Langton were too similar in temperament to be truly fitted for life-companions, however beneficially each might influence the other in that *friendly* intercourse which has also a great task committed to it in the world. Both were quick, excitable, irritable in some degree; only in one there was the impetuous heat of youth, in the other the nervous sensitiveness of a chafed spirit. Mrs. Langton had a remarkable gift of stirring up and bringing out every spark of liveliness that lay in her associates—she even made Colonel Marston conversible on subjects where he could really speak from knowledge, and fanned the dullish embers of the general Milman mind into positive agreeableness; but this, as Ida said to herself, was not at all what Hugh *wanted*. 'He ought to have a nice, calm, cheerful little wife, who would never get flurried, or mind being taken up sharp now and then; not astonishingly

brilliant, but not without brains of her own.' Once it crossed her mind that she knew such a girl; but Ida was no schemer, and the idea was dismissed, with a passing sigh at the perversity of man-(not *Mil*man)-kind.

(*To be continued.*)

THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE AT S. PAUL'S.

I HAVE been to-day to the Thanksgiving at S. Paul's Cathedral; but before I can say anything about that, I must first tell how I got there, and what I saw on the way.

At eight o'clock a. m. I left the 'far west' of London accompanied by some friends. The morning was rather foggy, and dry with a sharp wind, and the sun gilding his curtain of clouds in his endeavours to shine through; the glass had risen high during the night, there was good prospect of a fine bright day.

We drove quickly along to Hyde Park Corner, passing rows of Life Guards on the grass opposite the Knightsbridge Barracks, who were waiting for their summons to proceed: Piccadilly was quiet enough—comparatively speaking, for of course an unwonted number of people were visible. On we went, easily and quickly, till turning down the Haymarket, we found ourselves in Pall Mall—here was a grand blockade; slowly and gradually we approached Trafalgar Square. There was a line, or rather lines, of carriages all the way from here certainly as far as Temple Bar, and an ocean of human beings wherever the eye could turn. Patiently we waited in front of the National Gallery for the best part of an hour; I cannot say the decorations here were anything, but the throngs of people were a sight alone worth seeing.

A number of miniature sailors from the Greenwich Training School came marching with their band, and were placed along the length of the pavement, forming a capital barrier for the crowds. At last, after a quarter past ten by S. Martin's clock, we made a little way, and presently found ourselves in front of the handsomely adorned stand at the Charing Cross Hotel. Looking along the Strand, we could see above us a forest of flags and festoons, before us a long long line of carriages, and the pavements swarming with people. I may as well say here, that throughout the whole route, the most perfect order was kept by the combined discipline of the police and military: no disturbance, no accidents, as far as *we* could see, and the crowd, as usual, was brimming with the inevitable good-natured 'chaff,' that life of a London throng. The further we advanced, the easier it was to get along; the decorations were mostly very good, some were stiff and gaudy, in staring red and blue linen or paper flowers. The Adelphi Theatre was very gorgeous,

and decidedly theatrical, which was doubtless appropriate; the Lyceum was resplendent with 'Bells;' there was a modest but sweet and pretty array of hyacinths over De Jongh's cod liver oil depôt—a pleasing contrast in perfume to the nauseous though wholesome medicine sold within.

We drove pretty quickly past Dr. Evans's church, S. Mary-le-Strand, within whose rails a pyramid of well-filled seats had been erected. At every window, on the roofs, in almost inaccessible places—nothing but people. 'People, people everywhere!' was the cry. The thought came across my mind many times during the day, what a pity this general rejoicing should have taken place during Lent, the most solemn season of the whole year; and yet, when objections were raised, it was said that it would be too long to wait until Easter-tide. After all, it was not such a very inappropriate time to give thanks to God for so wonderful and miraculous a rescue from the very gates of death: was it not the people rather, who turned the day into a festival in their eager loyalty to welcome back among them their future king, and to shew full sympathy with their Sovereign and her family? Who, after to-day, can call England unloyal? The gaunt dim spectre of Republicanism must hide itself and melt into nothingness before the sunshine of welcome from English hearts. . . .

I must not now go off into a train of thought, but 'move on,' . . . the policemen tell us, or we shall never get to S. Paul's. Quietly and orderly we advanced, till the venerable and time-honoured Temple Bar rose before us. *Was* it Temple Bar indeed? That old black gateway—black with the dust and smoke of centuries, transformed into a triumphal arch, with gilding, festooned crimson curtains, and a row of already lighted lamps around it? I do not suppose the old barrier had ever seen such a day as this. We were desired here to produce our tickets, which, after being well inspected by the police, took us into the City; we were able now to drive quite fast along the clean sand-sprinkled street. The band of the twenty-third Welsh Fusiliers was stationed somewhere here, with its white regimental goat, very grave and dignified looking in its gilt horns, and a silver plate on its forehead. As we passed S. Dunstan's Church, the 'firing' of its bells was quite overpowering, as one realized the why and wherefore of their joyous clamour.

A little way on in front, where the road is very wide, there rose what seemed to be a magnificent Gothic arch—this was the triumphal arch at Farringdon Street, where it joins Ludgate Hill; it was quite gorgeous as we drove around it; but, alas for the tardiness of Englishmen! it was still unfinished; workmen were doing their utmost for its completion before the Queen's arrival. The *coup-d'œil* from the arch, up the streets through which we had driven, was splendid; it reminded me, as far as I could remember, for I was very young when I saw it, of the entry of Henry V. as represented at the Princess's Theatre in Kean's time, only here was reality, there but the reflection of what had been.

There ought to be girls in white, showering flowers and gold-leaf upon the Queen and Prince as they drive through the arch—so thought I as I looked at it.

And now the Cathedral was before us; and almost before we had time to look up at its vastnéss, we had driven round to the north door. I parted here from my friends, for my ticket, being green and white, compelled me to enter at the north-west door, and took me to the north nave. It looked ominous to see the fire-engines drawn out, and the firemen in their helmets ready at a moment's notice in case of awful need.

After various turnings to left and right, I ascended some wooden stairs, and found myself within the Cathedral. My seat was about three-quarters from the nave; lower down, below me, were the dark-blue uniforms of naval officers—opposite to them on the other side were the army officers; all the civic authorities too, in their scarlet mantles and heavy gold chains, were in their places. All around, and the galleries above, were filled with people.

From where I was sitting I had the full view of the nave nearly as far as the seats set apart for the Royal party, and could see the other way almost to the entrance. It was strange to hear the hum of talking that filled the Cathedral, and still more strange to hear close around me all kinds of conversation, and not unfrequently, a subdued laugh. I must say I felt shocked, for people should never forget when they are in church.

The Cathedral struck me, as it always does, with its extreme bareness, and cold aspect; however, I hope that its restoration is not far off. I pitied the people who had been waiting since nine and ten o'clock, they must have been very weary. We were fortunate in having only two hours to wait before the Queen arrived.

Ever and anon a bright streak of sunlight streamed down from a window upon the people in the opposite nave, turning the swords and medals of the officers into molten silver, and giving an almost transparent appearance to those on whom it shone. Down below, all the officials were very busy, now talking, now shewing some dignitaries to their seats—sometimes hurrying off to give a message. By-and-by a stir announced the arrival of the Bengal Princes, enveloped in gold, silk, and jewels; not long after, Maharajah Duleep Singh and his wife walked quietly down, preceded by two ushers; the next arrivals were the Speaker and the Lord Chancellor, in their robes of state, their great maces borne before them; then came the Lord Mayor and his suite. Everyone knew now that the Queen was not far off. There was a hush all over the Cathedral—a distant sound was heard from without, a prolonged roar, rising and falling like the waves of the sea. It was grand to hear the cheering of the people. We could also hear faintly, but surely, a band of music playing the National Anthem. Suddenly, someone at the entrance said a word—I could not catch it, but as if by magic the whole of that vast congregation arose, and the organ caught

up the music from outside. The procession of the clergy, who had advanced up the nave some time before to await the Queen, now moved back on their way to the choir.

First came a bevy of rich uniforms—these were the heralds, equerries, lords-in-waiting; next came the Lord Chamberlain, on whom fell the onerous and well-acquitted task of all the arrangements; close after him was a line of five—the Queen in the centre, and I rejoiced to see a goodly sprinkling of white about her black dress. She was leaning on the arm of the Prince of Wales, who walked slowly, and looked paler than he used, but a very pleasant smile was on his face as he acknowledged from time to time the silent greeting of the people; he was holding by the hand his eldest son, little Prince Albert Victor. On the other (left) side of the Queen walked the sweet Princess of Wales, attired in deep blue velvet; she was leading Prince George. After these, walked the other members of the Royal Family; and behind them the ladies-in-waiting completed the procession.

Very soon after they had all taken their seats, the *Te Deum* was heard, ringing with two hundred and fifty picked voices from England's finest choirs. It is hardly possible to describe that sublime moment when the service began—the effect was so thrilling, so overwhelming, that one could never forget it. After the chanting of the *Te Deum* a few prayers were read, the General Thanksgiving included, and the intense hush after the Prince's name in the inserted sentences had been read, was almost awful in its stillness. A special prayer, written for the occasion, was then said, which was followed by a Benediction. The organ was heard again, and a new anthem, by Mr. Goss, was exquisitely sung; then came the Archbishop's address; I could hear nothing of this where I was, but a chance word here and there. It was curious to hear the rustling sound of the leaves of the thousands of books, as they were simultaneously turned over in the various parts of the service; every now and then we could hear through the windows the music of bells, telling us that we in the Cathedral were not the only ones who were joining in praise and thanksgiving that day. The sermon did not last longer than a quarter of an hour, I should think; and at the end of it was sung a special hymn, 'O Thou our soul's Salvation,' to the beautiful and well-known tune, 'The Church's one Foundation.' The final Benediction followed, which was given by the Archbishop, and the magnificent and ever-to-be-remembered Service was over. I call it magnificent, and heartily do I repeat it; but it was more in the spirit and the musical part of the Service than anything else. I could not but regret the entire absence of the 'Beauty of Holiness' that pervaded the ceremonial; the pageantry of State appeared in full splendour, but the solemnity of the Church was nowhere to be seen. I cannot say I was surprised at this; for, not to go into questions of Church and State, we all know that when one is uppermost in the balance of public minds, the other, although the weightier of the two, is less taken into account.

The National Anthem again was heard; and the Royal procession moved out in the same order as it had entered. Of course, no one was permitted to leave the Cathedral until the Queen had driven away—a most wise arrangement, as it entirely prevented all crowding and rushing. As it was, everything was so well ordered, that the Cathedral was cleared in a very short time, and without any difficulty I rejoined my party, and at about three o'clock we were on our homeward way.

E. D. T.

MAUNDY THURSDAY AND THE QUEEN'S MAUNDY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MORAVIAN LIFE IN THE BLACK FOREST.'

THE name of Maundy, Maunday, or Mandate *(Dies Mandati)* is said to have allusion to the mandate, or new commandment, which on this day Christ gave to His disciples, that they should love one another, as He had loved them. It has also been supposed that the name arose from the maunds, or baskets of gifts, which at this season it was an ancient custom for Christians to present to one another (Do Easter eggs possibly date hence their far-away origin!) in token of that mutual affection which our Lord so tenderly urged, at this period of His sufferings, and as a remembrancer of that 'inestimable gift' of Christ, to be our spiritual food in the Sacrament of His Body and Blood. A writer of the age of Wycliffe says: 'Christ made His maundy, and said, "Take, eat."'

Dr. Johnson gives the following rendering of the term *Maundy* in his dictionary: '*Mand*, Saxon; *Mande*, French—a hand-basket. Maundy Thursday, the Thursday before Good Friday.' Derived by Spelman from *mande*, a hand-basket, in which the King was accustomed to give alms to the poor, by others from *Dies Mandati*, the day on which our Saviour gave His great mandate that we should love one another.

In Rees' Cyclopædia, again, we read: 'Maundy Thursday—*Dies Mandati*, so called from the French *Mande*, it being a custom on that day to give a largess or bounty to certain poor men, whose feet the King formerly washed as a mark of humility, and in obedience to the command of Christ.'

So much for the chroniclers: but how many of the good folk of old England know anything about our good Queen's bounty and largess distributed on Maundy Thursday of each year? We ourselves, London born and bred, had, we feel now almost ashamed to own it, never heard of it, or at all events taken no note of the fact, until early on Maundy Thursday of 1871, we read in the *Times* a short paragraph, to the effect that, in accordance with ancient custom, the Queen's Maundy would as usual be distributed on that afternoon at three o'clock in the Chapel

Royal, Whitehall, during a special service, when fifty-two aged men, and fifty-two aged women, being the number of the years of Her Majesty's age, would become the recipients of gifts of money, purses, and clothing. Other benefactions, denominated the Minor Bounty, and Royal Gate Alms, being previously dispensed at the Almonry Office, to upwards of a thousand poor, old, disabled, and deserving persons, recommended for the purpose by the clergy in and around London.

Dear, dear! and all this was new, strange news to us. Surely, the doings of a great city—to its own inhabitants may be likened to those sounds which fill the air about us, but which, more shrill than treble, more deep than bass, the ear does not compass, and its sights compared to the colours more brilliant and intense than violet or crimson, which the eye therefore notes not.

We had crossed the Channel more times than we could number; we had been to India, and back to the same world's centre; we had become familiar with many a foreign sight and custom, and now we reflected that it was high time that we should no longer ignore an ancient institution of our own, which had been yearly carried out almost under our very eyes from our birth, and before that for centuries in the ken of our forefathers.

So we started for Whitehall, arriving at about a quarter to three, to find at the doors of the Chapel Royal a very small crowd of poor folk, with two or three ladies hovering about, scarcely one of the party knowing why they were standing there, or what was to be seen. However, one woman, apparently an *habituée* of the place, told us that we could not get in without a ticket; so did a very civil policeman, who however added that perhaps by-and-by, when the procession had passed in, 'room might be made for half a dozen ladies.' We took the hint, and remained as quiet as the sun and a piercing east wind would allow. But how long may not a quarter of an hour under such circumstances seem! The clock on the Horse Guards opposite seemed as though it never *would* 'move on.'

However, presently there was a little bustle and stir both within and without. The two policemen said, 'Stand back! Pray stand back! and let the procession pass.' One or two officials came out, apparently to meet something, or someone, we all the time not being able to form a notion of what we were to expect, or in what direction to look. But now that immoveable clock-face did at last shew the stroke of three, and round the corner of Scotland Yard came a tramp of feet, and a brilliant little bevy of colour, which resolved itself speedily into a detachment of Yeomen of the Guard, Beefeaters, as they are vulgarly called, few of those who use the term knowing that its original was simply *buffetiers*, from *buffet*, it being one of the duties of this guard to stand by the side-board during royal dinners of state. Fine tall figures, in ruffles and stockings, trunk-hose, and shoes, glittering in scarlet and gold, with cockades of England's red, white, and blue, round their quaint tall hats.

One fancied one gazed at some picture-page of bygone history. What costume was it? We remembered nothing like it, except when years ago we were taken to see an extravaganza, or select Christmas pantomime, in which figured Henry the Eighth and Francis, and the Field of the Cloth of Gold; and here was the very dress!

But now, who is this bearing a golden salver on his head, covered with a fair linen cloth? That too is one of the Royal Guard, and he carries the Royal Bounty; and here come some children, with linen cloths about their shoulders and waists, the best of the National Schools of St. John the Evangelist and St. Margaret, chosen for their good conduct, to take part in the ceremony. Following them, the Yeomen of the Almonry, and the Reverend Sub-almoner, likewise girded with linen cloths, significant of the now extinct office of the feet washing.

Received at the entrance of the Chapel by some of the dignitaries, they pass within; the doors are closed, the quaint pageant is at an end, and we find ourselves still standing among a small crowd of curious idlers of the poorer class, and remember that the wind is chill, and that a sort of promise had been given us that we might by-and-by get in. The door is presently opened wilily by a crafty constable, who, finding still so many without, shuts it. Five minutes pass, and again the same astute face peers out, and with an imperceptible wink with one eye, and a wide-open look with the other, seeks to obtain a dispersion by exciting a diversion of interest to another door. Having partially succeeded, and someone in the crowd shewing a ticket, obtained we knew not how, they and we were hastily passed in, 'Two or three at a time,' as the face said explanatorily.

We did not stay to listen to anything, but having given our thanks to the friendly constable, ran to the gallery, and taking a rapid *coup d' œil*, fixed on a quiet vacant nook commanding the whole strange scene. The Exhortation, Confession, Absolution, and first part of the Evening Service, had already been read, and the choir were just rising to sing the forty-first Psalm—Grand Chant—most beautifully given by the well-trained young choristers and their leaders. Then followed the First Lesson, St. Matthew, twenty-fifth chapter, from verse 14 to verse 31. 'For the Kingdom of Heaven is as a man travelling into a far country, who called his own servants and delivered unto them his goods. Unto one he gave five talents, and unto another two, and to another one, according to his several abilities.'

It seemed to us a well-chosen portion, and we gazed first at the Royal Closet, in front of which stood the covered salver laden with bounty, the free-will offering of love and charity from her on whom much has been bestowed, and then turned to the rows of aged and infirm, who lined the broad nave. White-headed men, widows in weeds, some leaning on staves, some bent down with years. These too might find an application in the Lesson, and receiving little, could learn to be faithful with that little, remembering that the 'unprofitable servant

shall be cast into outer darkness, there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.'

The first anthem was from the thirty-fourth Psalm: 'O taste and see how gracious the Lord is.' How bell-like did that fair youngster's treble ring through the spacious whilom banquet-hall! How shut out we felt and separated for the time from the work-a-day world, the practical unromantic London of 1871. How singular a re-union was this of the old-fashioned poor folk, the white-girded clergy, the knee-breeched choristers, whose antique garb peeped here and there from beneath their surplices, and the stalwart yeomen, stationed with almost stage effect at intervals about the crimson-draped and carpetted chapel, whose oaken pews were filled, but not too full, with gay dames in the furbelows and gipsy-hats of a past period, which the present is but just restoring to us, and well-born maidens with flowing golden hair, such as graced of yore a good Queen Bertha.

The anthem finished, there was a stir, a breath of expectation, and an eager gaze as the Lord High Almoner, the Dean of Windsor, the Sub-almoner, Sub-dean and Priests of the Chapel Royal, coming forward from the altar, approached the table on which the Maundy was deposited, and lifting the linen cloth took thence a large bag or purse, from which packet after packet of money seemed to be taken, as though it were bottomless and inexhaustible. To every woman the sum of £1 15s was given. Having passed up and down this row, the Rev. Almoners next appeared with larger packages, and into each man's trembling hands was placed a pair of comfortable-looking well-varnished shoes, with two pairs of stockings tucked into them. These they placed under their benches, while the women tied up their money packets in handkerchief corners. Then followed a second anthem: 'O Saviour of the world.' —Goss. Then were distributed cloth and stout linen, sufficient of the former to each man to make a coat and trousers. This took some time, and it was some time too before the recipients could manage to stow away their property. The poor old shaking fingers were not deft at folding; and in vain did one endeavour to pack his away in the bag brought for the purpose, and another to wrap his in a crimson and orange pocket-handkerchief, till the women came to their assistance. The rolling and folding were only brought to an end by the giving out of the third anthem, Mendelssohn's delicious 'I waited for the Lord.'

Then once again, and now for the last time, the Almoners came round, this time accompanied by a big sturdy Yeoman of the Guard, bearing in his two arms the massy gold salver covered with little white and red purses, ranged round in a circle. A white and red, attached by a cord—after the fashion of the huge and costly fur gloves, which foreigners wear thus round their necks for fear of losing them—were presented to each poor man and woman, containing, we were told, the authentic conventional silver pennies, new from the mint, which at one time composed the Royal Bounty—as many pennies as the monarch was years old.

The Second Lesson was then read, St. Matthew, xxv., from the 31st verse to the end, containing the passage, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.' Then followed a fourth anthem: 'The King shall rejoice in Thy strength.'

Two prayers, composed for the occasion, were next read, as follows:—

O Lord, the Sovereign of the world, we acknowledge that Thine is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty; for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is Thine. Thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and Thou art exalted as Head above all; both riches and honour come of Thee, and Thou reignest over all. In Thy hand is power and might, and in Thy hand it is to make great and to give strength unto all. Now therefore our God, we thank Thee and praise Thy glorious Name, that Thou hast not only bestowed greatness and majesty upon our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria, but hast given her a heart also to take compassion on them that are below her, and shew mercy upon the poor and needy. Accept, most gracious God, of this tribute, which she pays unto Thee, the Giver of all good things; and make her still more fruitful and abundant in these, and all other good works, that by mercy and truth she may be preserved, and her throne upholden by mercy. And stir up the hearts of all those who have now been partakers of her bounty, to be truly thankful unto her for it, and both to bless and praise Thee continually for setting such a pious Princess over us, and also pray most earnestly that Thou wouldst reward her charity with a long and prosperous reign in this world, and with a heavenly kingdom in the world to come; through Jesus Christ our Lord and only Saviour. Amen.

Most blessed God, who art good and doest good, and takest pleasure in those that fear Thee and imitate Thy goodness; look down from Heaven, the throne of Thy glory, upon us Thy servants here prostrate before Thee, who thankfully acknowledge that we have nothing but what we have received from Thee, and therefore can give Thee nothing but what is Thine own. Fill our hearts, we beseech Thee, with a lively sense of Thy fatherly goodness, which hath bestowed so many benefits upon us that we are not able to number them, and likewise given us to understand the happiness of doing good with them; and assist us with the power of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may be faithful stewards of Thy manifold gifts and graces, following the steps of our Lord and Master Christ, whom Thou hast sent into the world to be a pattern to us of humble goodness, unto which we pray Thee to quicken us, by the consideration that we are but strangers and sojourners as all our fathers were, our days on the earth being as a shadow, and there is no abiding. That so nothing may tempt us to be high-minded, nor to trust in uncertain riches, but in Thee, the living God, who givest us all things richly to enjoy, that we may do good, and be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate, laying up in store for ourselves a good foundation for the time to come, that we may lay hold on eternal life. And we most humbly beseech Thee, in a special manner to bless Her Majesty, whom Thou hast set over us. Keep this ever in the thoughts of her heart to endeavour to do much good with the power which Thou hast given her, and thereby magnify Thee exceedingly in the sight of all the people of these realms; and bestow upon her such royal majesty as hath not been on any Prince before her. All which we beg for the sake of Jesus Christ, our most blessed Lord and Saviour, to whom with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory, world without end. Amen.

The usual Evening Service was then continued, and concluded with the Blessing. The ancient silver-bearded serjeant-major marshalled forth his brave men; the young choristers, divested of their surplices, mingled with the crowd in their quaint costume of red and gold, and the old folk

with purses and bundles began to collect in little knots and groups about the doors, discussing their gifts, and those who had, and '*ought to had*,' received them. The sun, sinking low in the heavens, was gilding with bright gleams the beautiful towers of the Parliament-houses, as we turned our faces westward.

Looking into old Howe's Every Day Book for what he might tell of the origin of this ancient custom, we read the following quaint bit of description of the scene half a century and more ago. First telling us of the trouble occasioned among antiquaries, concerning the term Maundy Thursday and its signification, and the disputes over the latter; he adds that he himself conceives it most reasonable to derive it from the Saxon Mande, corrupted into Mand, a name for a basket, and subsequently for any gift or offering contained in the basket. Thus Shakespeare says, 'A thousand favours from her mand she drew.' So also Drayton tells of 'a little maund made of osiers small;' and Herrick speaks of *maundie* or alms.

'All's gone, and death hath taken
Away from us
Our mandie, thus
Ill viddowes stand forsaken.'

Thus, then, Maundy Thursday, on which the King distributes alms to a certain number of poor persons at Whitehall, is so named from the maunds in which the gifts were contained.

'According to annual custom, on Maundy Thursday, 1814, the royal donations were distributed at Whitehall, Dr. Carey, the Sub-almoner, the secretary to the Lord High Almoner, and others belonging to the Lord Chamberlain's office, attended by a party of Yeomen of the Guard, distributed to seventy-five poor women, and seventy-five poor men, being as many as the King was years old—salt-fish, beef, bread, and ale. At three o'clock they assembled again, and a procession entered, consisting of a party of Yeomen of the Guard, one of them carrying a large gold dish on his head, containing one hundred and fifty bags, with seventy-five silver pennies in each for the poor, which was placed in the Royal Closet. They were followed by the Sub-almoner, in his robes, with a sash of fine linen over his shoulder, and crossing his waist. (Typical, as we have before intimated, of the towel wherewith our Lord girded Himself when He washed the disciples' feet.) He was followed by two boys, two girls, the secretary, &c., with similar sashes, all carying large nosegays. The Church Evening Service was then performed, at the conclusion of which the silver pennies were distributed, and woollen cloths, linen, &c.'

Anciently on Maundy Thursday, the Kings and Queens of England washed and kissed the feet of as many poor men and women as they were years old, bestowing their maundy upon each. Queen Elizabeth performed this ceremony at Greenwich when she was thirty-nine years old. The feet of the poor persons were first washed by the yeomen of

the laundry with warm water and sweet herbs, afterwards by the Sub-almoner, and lastly by the Queen. The person who washed, making each time a cross on the pauper's foot above the toes, and kissing it.

James the Second was the last of our monarchs who fulfilled this ceremony in person. The duty afterwards devolved upon the Almoner. In 1731, the Archbishop of York, the High Almoner, performed, we are told, the ceremony of washing the feet of the poor in the Chapel Royal, Whitehall.

In commemoration of our Lord's washing the feet of His disciples on this day, many did likewise on Maundy Thursday, feasting the poor afterwards. The Earl of Northumberland, for instance, in 1512, 'kept his maundy' thus; and Cardinal Wolsey 'made his maundy' in 1530 in our Lady's Chapel at Peterborough, having fifty-nine poor men whose feet he washed and kissed, giving them money, clothes, and food.

In 1827 we read that 'at the Court of Vienna a singular religious ceremony is observed on Maundy Thursday, known in German Roman Catholic countries as the *Fuss waschung*. The Emperor and Empress, Grand-dukes and Duchesses, after attending Mass, repaired to the Court-saloon, where were poor men and women seated at tables. The nobles served them with three courses. Then the tables were removed, and the Empress and grand ladies wiped the feet of the women, over which the Grand Chamberlain poured the water, while the Emperor and Dukes did the same to the men.

In Spain, a feast is given by the Archbishop at Seville to twelve paupers in commemoration of the Apostles; and as we all know, the Pope washes the feet of twelve priests at this season.

So much for Maundy Thursday, and the sights and scenes brought to our mind by this year's distribution of the 'Queen's Maundy.' May the good old custom long be preserved, and its origin borne continually in mind!

B. B.

UNDER THE COMMUNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'HOW WE LIVED IN PARIS.'

It is difficult to write of Paris under the Commune and avoid dealing with 'des questions brûlantes,' yet such is my desire, and I shall only speak of the life we lived, and of facts and circumstances that approached me closely.

The first siege had hardened us to the sound of tocsin and fusillade, but when all this began again, a new element of horror was added. We all knew what was the temper of Paris. We knew that throughout the siege a fierce agitation had only been kept under by dread of compromising the defence, and that now, exasperated by hardships, and by

the belief that they were victims of sordid ambition on one hand and timid incapacity on the other, there was every reason to fear the worst.

'Was it for this,' they said, 'that every man, woman, and child, had suffered so much without a murmur, and by the heroic stand made by Paris, had saved the honour of France?' A Trochu might call the defence heroic folly, and those who looked on from a distance might be certain from the first as to its issue; but no thorough Parisian could be brought to doubt the impulse under which Prussia had been defied and resisted.

The gulf that has always separated Paris from 'la Province' was wider than ever; and for five weary months the city had been cut off from the outer world; and when after a climax of misfortune they at length came together, on the meeting of the Rural Assembly, it was found that on every subject of vital importance there was perfect antagonism.

I heard the opinions of people of different ranks of society, but they were unanimous in denouncing the schemers who, at such a moment, sought to restore monarchy, with its traditions of reckless extravagance and its recent baptism of blood. Whatever might be the aim of a party, the citizens of Paris, enrolled in the National Guard, were fighting for the freedom of their city. 'A free Paris in a free France,' for this they fought, against those who threatened them with the overwhelming vote of millions of ignorant country electors.

This was the creed of the Parisian, and the edict of the disarmament of the National Guard was believed to be the first step towards a restoration of servitude.

On hearing of the assassination of the Generals Lecomte and Clément Thomas, Paris was terror-stricken. The Commune, which had not been elected at that period, always disowned the crime; and the Central Committee of the National Guard pleaded that, in presence of this *émeute*, it had been powerless. Lecomte had been shot by his own soldiers, and Clément Thomas had been very unpopular during the first siege.

The wild attempt to march on Versailles took place in the first days of April. I shall never forget the night of the sortie. The armed crowd camped in the Avenue des Ternes, their songs and choruses, the men's voices so loud in derision of death and danger, and with it mingling the shrill treble of women and children. These women started to march with their husbands, but they were not allowed to pass the gates, except those who wore man's attire; and in the battalions of the National Guard, particularly those of Belleville, many women fought by the side of their husbands.

They had supposed the Mont Valerien to be in the hands of the insurrection, and great was the horror when the fort opened fire upon them, mowing down their columns. After this blunder, the army of Versailles opened fire on the Porte Maillot and the Porte des Ternes, and I had good opportunity of studying a very miserable aspect of human existence.

We inhabited a house in the Rue Laugier des Ternes, and here, from

a balcony on the fifth story, we had a wide view of the scene of warfare. We saw the Arc de Triumphe and its battery of mortars, the Bois de Boulogne, and in the distance Mont Valerien. A little cloud high in air marked the explosion of the Boites à mitraille, and we knew all the terrible voices and what they were saying.

We were close to the ramparts, and overlooked the suburbs of Neuilly and Levallois, and here the contest was carried on ferociously, the ground being lost and won inch by inch, till the pretty gardens were changed into a scene of slaughter. The inhabitants round us were soon obliged to live in their cellars, and houses fell, burying those within. This happened to a *Corps de Garde* where forty persons are said to have lost their lives. A little girl three years old was seen to run out with her kitten huddled up in her apron, and we did not hear of any other person as having escaped, when roof and walls suddenly fell in, raising a stifling cloud of dust. In the Rue Vernier, close to us, a woman crossing the road was literally cut to pieces. Every day there were fatal accidents; and it was difficult to obtain necessary food. There were a few shopkeepers who remained the whole time, and fetched their provisions every day from the Halles Centrales. The much-abused Parisian *concierge* shewed of what stuff he is made, and faithfully kept charge. I knew one who, together with his wife, never quitted the house placed in his care, though it received fourteen bombs.

Besides dangers, we had other annoyances. The National Guards, ever suspicious of treachery, were constantly searching the houses; and a light from the window ensured a visit. Indeed, to shew a light after dark was a serious peril, for it afforded a mark; and occasionally a good shot from Mont Valerien proved this to the incautious. One evening a battalion was camped along the Boulevard Pereire, chatting and laughing, and boiling their soup, when a bomb exploded just in front of our bed-room window; and after that every light was put out, but the laughing went on in the dark.

Near us the Insurgents had some batteries, which were manned by sailors who had remained hidden in Paris from the time of the first siege. We spoke with one, who with incredible energy remained by his piece for hours alone, loading and pointing and firing, always without assistance. He reeled—but not with intoxication, for he had tasted nothing since the morning. He was stripped to the waist; his feet too swollen to bear covering; his eyes blood-shot; and blood oozing from his ears. He might well have been taken as a typical figure of Insurrection.

We remained in this neighbourhood till the middle of April; and then the woman who had waited upon me declared she could do so no longer; and this, and the nearer explosion of bombs, made us decide to move. We were fatigued with sleepless nights. We hung a mattress at the window, and that deadened the sound; but it was dreadful in the darkness to hear the huge projectiles hissing overhead. So, with

our baby not a month old, we left our little home, taking with us only a small supply of linen. The man who drove us was a reckless fellow; and he took us down the much-exposed Avenue des Ternes. When we remonstrated, he said gaily, 'Oh, if I am killed, Monsieur will just take my place, and drive, Madame.'

All looked so changed since I had last been out. Long lines of deserted houses; shops closed '*pour cause de décès;*' no vehicle moving but our own; not a soul to be seen till we reached the Faubourg St. Honoré, where a few loitered in the shelter of archways. What I most remarked, was the apathy with which they seemed to look on a group we overtook, of two men carrying a stretcher, covered with a grey blanket. The body was so short, that I at first thought it was a child. Then I saw the head, and perceived it was a young man who had lost both his legs. The white face was partly visible; and the long black hair fell over the edge of the stretcher. It was little observed, being too common a circumstance there.

Soon we arrived at the central parts of the city, where shops were dressed as usual, and a crowd was moving in the streets. The general aspect of Paris, however, was more changed than during the first siege. Every second man you met wore the civic uniform: and in every street you were likely to meet a funeral. At the corners of the funeral-car red flags were displayed; companions-in-arms tramped beside the bier, with gloomy and weather-beaten faces; and muffled drums rolled out fitting music: a widow and children generally following. I once saw twenty of these ghastly equipages following each other: they were conveying the bodies of National Guards, killed at Neuilly. Their battalions were mustered on the Quai des Fleurs, and stood under arms, ready to fall in with the procession. There was a beautiful blue sky overhead, and children were at play under the trees; market-women sat amongst their piles of spring-flowers: and the distant booming of cannon came from the field where these had fallen, and where others were now falling.

The Commune had decreed that every citizen between the ages of twenty and forty, capable of bearing arms, should join the marching battalions; and an active search was instituted after '*les refractoires.*' Many were thus compelled to serve; and others had the powerful necessity of thus providing bread for their children. There was no work. Labour, trade, and commerce, were at a stand-still. The soldiers received thirty sous a day, and fifteen sous a day for the maintenance of the wife. Here was a strong inducement. The Commune did not, as it has been asserted, decree the abolition of marriage; but every such connexion was placed on the same level, and children, legitimate or others, were provided for.

Within the walls of Paris, the minimum price of labour was fixed at 3 fr. for men, and 1·50 for women. The systems of fines and *retenues* on salaries was abolished. The education of children was made

compulsory and gratuitous; and the State provided not only a general but a special instruction; it was of course taken out of the hands of the clergy. The claim of landlords for three quarters of rent, which fell due during the first siege, was abolished. These are a few of the edicts which the Commune found time to rate amidst the exigencies of the situation.

Meanwhile the southern forts were reduced to ruins, although vehemently defended; in the ramparts there were breaches, and the casemates could barely shelter the men. Every morning a new *affiche* on the walls announced the arrest of some general or member of the Commune, suspected of betraying its interests. One commander succeeded another, till at length the active command was given to Dombrowski.

Poor Dombrowski! It would seem that he saw how desperate the cause was, for he sent away his wife and children a fortnight before the end came; and was himself mortally wounded on a barricade after the entrance of the regular troops. When dying, his last words are said to have been, 'And these people dare to say that I have betrayed them.' For he well knew the French character, which lays every failure to treachery, instead of detecting the work of blindness and incapacity, and putting the knowledge to good use.

When the forts became nearly untenable, a net-work of barricades grew up on all sides; and there was much talk of blowing up the city, rather than suffer it to be taken; but we had heard the same threat with regard to the Prussians, and we stood in far more serious fear of famine. Canteens were opened by the Commune, and stores were placed there, to be sold at greatly reduced prices; but after the raising of the siege, bacon, rice, preserved meat, and other necessaries, were found, which had been withheld from the suffering people.

Early in May we went to our old home in les Ternes, and removed our furniture to some rooms in a half-finished house at the corner of the Rue de la Bienfaisance and the Rue du Rocher. It was full of people, who were refugees from the bombardment. On the ground-floor there was a post of the seventy-first battalion; and the *entresol* and the first-floor lodged fifty nuns. They were in a state of great terror, though no one molested them; and hearing from the *concierge* that I was English, they sent to ask if I would allow them to hang out a British flag, and take the community under my protection. Banners belonging to every nation were to be seen thus displayed, the Union-jack and the Stars and Stripes being conspicuous.

After this time came rumours of the approaching victory of the regular troops; and attempts at conciliation were made, with no other result than that of procuring a day's armistice for the removal of the wretched inhabitants of Neuilly. The file of waggons that brought them into Paris was a very piteous sight, especially the crippled children belonging to the Princess Mathilde's Asylum, all lying so helpless on

their little mattresses. Party spirit had now risen to the pitch of frenzy on both sides; and the explosions of the cartouche manufactories seemed to be the signal-note of the greater evils that hung over the devoted city. On the occasion of the explosion, the nuns engaged in nursing the wounded in the adjacent hospital received notice that there was danger in the air, and they were absent on that afternoon.

On Saturday, May 20th, a glorious victory was proclaimed, gained by the troops of Dombrowski over Mc Mahon; and the night of 21st 22nd was unusually calm, and mortars and cannon quite ceased firing. Then we heard the *tocsin* wildly ringing, and the *rappel* was beaten in all quarters. We heard it pass before the house we were in, and we heard the men of the seventy-first go away; and then all was still. When we awoke, and opened the windows, a low hollow hum pervaded the city, as when bees swarm, or like the ocean before a storm. We heard fire-arms close at hand; but we thought the National Guards were quarrelling amongst themselves. My husband went out, and returned with the news that they were throwing up a barricade close by, and that they forced everyone who passed to carry a stone. I then saw women who ran with bread and bundles of clothes for their husbands; and parties of National Guards going in that direction; and they were the last I saw wearing that fatal uniform.

From our house we could see into three streets, also the back of the Gare of St. Lazare; and nearly opposite there was a handsome house, standing in its own grounds. In the Rue du Rocher there was outcry, and shots were fired; and peeping out with much precaution, I saw a party of *pantalons ranges*, breaking in doors and windows with stroke of hatchet, firing at any window where danger might lurk, and dragging out prisoners. It was a fearful game of hide and seek; and they did not venture further than the corner, for there a shower of balls awaited them. Several officers arrived, and more troops, till the whole street was crowded with them. The officers listened to the information given by a woman dressed in yellow, who came out of a house near. I had seen her only a few minutes before in conversation with a National Guard. There was a pause, and a dandy lieutenant borrowed a rifle from a soldier, and with a great deal of preparation took aim at something on the barricade. Then came the order to advance; an officer clapping a young man on the shoulder, and crying, '*En avant!*' when the soldier sprang forward, and ran lightly over the perilous crossing. He was followed by others; and a hurricane of balls flattened themselves against the opposite houses. Another pause, and those whose turn came next huddled together at the fatal corner, and clutched their arms in nervous expectancy; then sprang from their shelter, and crossed as quickly as they could, for they were heavily laden with knapsack, blankets, tent-sticks, tin dishes, and perhaps an officer's railway-rug. The officers made it a point to saunter over, as if on parade ground. The regiment lost three men at this corner of

the street; and I saw one drop when crossing; his *képi* fell on one side, and his rifle on the other; those who followed cast a glance at him, but did not stop; and he lay there till a woman ran out of a house, and knelt by him to see if life remained. An officer called to her: 'Don't you see you are in the thick of the balls?' And she answered, 'What care I for your balls? and there's many another woman in Paris like me.' The sentry posted at the gate of the garden opposite had been looking at this scene, and in doing so he had advanced a little from the doorway. Instantly we saw him double up, and fall forwards; and afterwards the *concierge* dragged him into the garden.

Meanwhile, in the rear of the Gare St. Lazare, a stout defence was kept up; and from all points came the most fearful uproar; and shells from Montmartre hissed over head, falling into the adjacent house, and injuring the beautiful church. All that night we were fiercely bombarded; and down-stairs the nuns had opened an ambulance, and the wounded were carried in, my husband helping to carry them. He volunteered to go to an ambulance in the next street to fetch something needed; and he was, in doing this, arrested twice, and made to walk at bayonets' length till his errand was ascertained. Troops lay in the court-yard overlooked by our windows. They told us they had not slept in a bed for nearly a year, as they had only returned from Germany just in time to be sent on to Paris.

Next morning we saw a crowd collected in front of the house, and a circle of armed soldiers. In the centre stood the Colonel of the seventy-fourth, and close by a group of prisoners; and we were near enough to hear much of what was said, though the battle raging in the distance made parts inaudible. '*Condamné à mort*,' were the first words that rang in my ears; and a dark haggard looking young man in black clothes, who stood before the Colonel, fell in a heap, as it were, at his feet. A soldier lifted him, and supported him for a moment, for he seemed bereft of nerve power; and then he made a great effort, and stood upright with apparent calmness; but I saw his long thin fingers twitching convulsively, shewing the awful struggle within, when thus, with every pulse beating high, he was suddenly told that in a few minutes he was to be blotted out from among the living. As the *peloton d'execution* came to lead him away, he made a last grasp at life, and said to the Colonel a few imploring words. But '*Va-t-en*' was all the reply vouchsafed; and the condemned walked away with his guards. Directly afterwards we heard the report of fire-arms. 'Ça y-est,' said the soldiers lounging beneath the windows.

Then came the turn of a stout grey-haired man in a leather apron. The Colonel asked him a few questions, and looked at some papers found upon him. A weeping flurried woman came up, and a fair-faced little girl, whom the soldiers allowed to approach; and they tried to intercede, but they could not speak for tears. The Colonel turned his back upon them, and the man was marched off, his wife and child

following, utterly bewildered. The next person I saw condemned was a woman, very respectably dressed, with a little knitted *fanchon* on her head. I heard her say to the Colonel, 'I think, Sir, you were not here during the siege;' and with a firm step and unruffled aspect she moved away. There is a piece of waste-ground by the stair-case in the Rue du Rocher; and there these, and many more, were buried, a mere handful of earth being thrown over them, so that one saw boots sticking up through the soil.

The civil war went on for wearisome days and nights; and the air was darkened with smoke, and the sun gave a yellow ghastly light. At night we saw a circle of flame, and the sky glowed, and the wind brought fine ashes, sifting through the windows. We were completely without news, except vague rumours of defeat, and of the destruction by fire of all the public buildings; we believed they had all been burned, including the galleries of the Louvre. It seemed as if the end of the world must be at hand.

I do not know how we lived through it. We took little food, having no appetite; how could we eat in the midst of such scenes? And yet we could not keep away from the windows. We gave our last case of Australian meat to a starving family inhabiting rooms above ours, for we knew them to be famished, and no hope of succour.

Droves of prisoners were continually passing, bound two and two, and always bare-headed, the cruel mob crying after them, '*à mort! fusillez-les!*' One band was headed by a young man of majestic bearing, who held his hat in his hand, allowing the cool morning air to bathe his brow, while he, calm and almost smiling, took his last impression of life from that dawning summer's day. And I watched another aged man, whose whole energy was given to keeping pace with his guards; and a lady-like woman, who had a baby in her arms, in a long blue pelisse. The child seemed to be asleep; and I am often wondering, as I look at my own little one, what became of that helpless creature.

A friend of mine saw, on the Place de la Bastille, three women executed, who, having amongst them five children, all under six years of age, asked that the children might be shot first, 'to save them from this bad world;' and the soldier consented, saying, 'They are wolves' whelps, and what can be done with them without their mothers?'

Occasionally a crowd of prisoners were executed by mitrailleuses; and as they stood prepared, stripped to the shirt-sleeves, they clapped their hands, and cried, 'Vive la Commune!' Such was the temper of Paris under defeat.

At the end of a week we ventured forth, and fell in with our scattered friends and kinsfolk. It was curious to hear the adventures of each. One had been driven from his house at midnight, as it was to be set on fire; his wife and young children were with him, most scantily clothed. They were prevented from crossing the river by National Guards, who held pistols to their throats, till an officer took pity on them, and helped

them to escape to the enemy's lines, where they narrowly missed being shot as insurgents. A second family, at the Barrière du Trône, spent the week in the cellar, with all the other dwellers in the house, as the bombardment was very violent; there were National Guards and a Mobile concealed amongst them. A soldier came down to search the cellars, but seemed rather nervous, and failed to perceive any objectionable uniform in the semi-obscurity. Had he done so, all present would have been shot. At the Croix Rouge, everybody spent a night at the chain to extinguish the fire. An officer of the National Guard came to warn some friends of ours to quit their dwelling; the ladies threw themselves at his feet, imploring him to relent. He pleaded his orders, but went away without executing them; he was a family man himself, he said. As he came out of the house he was caught by the Versailles troops, who arrived at that moment, and was instantly shot. There was not, I should think, a house in Paris that did not bear the marks of shell or shot. In a house of the Rue des Halles, where some friends lived, the insurgents had actually hoisted a cannon to the balcony of the fifth storey. As for our neighbours of the old house at the Ternes, their walls had been loop-holed, and a barricade partially constructed in front. Huddled together in their darkened rooms, they had listened trembling to the blows and insults the soldiers lavished on their prisoners ere they despatched them. The leaders of the National Guard had in vain implored them to make a stand; but it was too late. One only took refuge in the house; he was concealed by a washerwoman, who procured him a change of clothes; and he remained hidden in her little room while some officers of the army were being entertained by the landlord in the next apartment. There was laid in the wild garden, overlooked by the windows of this house, the body of a young man who had seemed to be giving orders on the barricade. He was carefully dressed, wearing a gold watch, and linen of unusual fineness. A few days after, some ladies came in a brougham, and inquired respecting him; and a quiet funeral was made for the lonely corpse, that had lain under the seringa trees, washed by the rain.

Women played a conspicuous part in the civil war; their exalted imagination helped to fire the men. They carried stones to the barricades, and they helped to defend them.

As for the poor little *cantinières*, who used to wear such dainty muslin aprons, and strutted about on such high-heeled boots—they must have met with sad disasters, for they stuck faithfully to their battalions. I saw a soldier facetiously disguised in the clothes of one whom he had probably killed. He had on over his uniform her little full petticoat, and her keg was slung over his shoulder. In our old quarter, les Ternes, the National Guards had been surprised almost at their guns, and fled along the Boulevard Pereire, casting away their heavy cloaks, which encumbered them. One of these artillerymen had a horse, and was galloping madly along, while another seized on the tail of the animal to

aid him in his flight. There were great massacres all along the ramparts, and the bodies were thrown into the casemates, and a sentinel posted at the door, who kept away curious inquirers, but could not prevent the noisome effluvium that issued from these dens. When there was time to think about burying, two holes were made to create a draught, a quantity of resinous substances scattered about, and the whole mass was ignited. This was the origin of the dense clouds of black smoke we saw rising in every direction along the fortifications.

If the last week of the insurrection remains in our memory as a frightful dream, the time we spent in Paris after calm was restored has scarcely left a better remembrance. It was then the *régime* of cowardly denunciations, and capricious arrestations. I have known a woman taken up by the police because her child wore a red silk sash, and a poor tailor compelled to fly because he had 'made a pair of trousers for the Commune,' for which he had not even had the gratification of being paid. Anyone who owed a grudge hastened to gratify it then, shewing up the worst side of the national character.

We wandered over the devastated suburbs of the city, where long lines of villas in ruins, and piles of broken costly furniture rotting in the mud, told of a frenzy of destruction. There were pleasure-parties of sight-seers, making the desolate gardens echo with their talking and laughter, as they searched for bouquets. Yet some men had shed their heart's blood freely in this place for a delusion, as people said; and I marvelled, was it better to have 'convictions,' or to leave them alone? for then you may live to gather roses with the rest.

J. W.

A RUSSO-GREEK BISHOP IN AMERICA.*

Our acquaintance with the Greek Bishop was most interesting and novel. He seemed so different from anyone we had ever seen before, that it was easy to imagine that he had just stepped down from a picture. Indeed, he looked like nothing less than a king; his robe of rich purple, with flowing sleeves, and descending to the feet, being exactly like those in which we are accustomed to see royal personages arrayed, in pictures. I fancied him, with his dark hair flowing in curls on his shoulders, to be Cœur de Lion himself, arisen from his slumber of centuries. Around his neck he wore a massive chain of gold, to which was attached a large medallion glittering with brilliants and amethysts, and having in its centre a picture of the Madonna, exquisitely painted on mother-of-pearl. This is called the 'Panagia,' and is, as we afterwards learned, a symbol of his authority, and shews that he is sent with an imperial commission. In walking, the Bishop carries before him a staff almost as high as himself, made of ebony, with a huge golden head, on which initials are engraved. On his head he wears the high

* The Bishop of Alaska on his way to his diocese.

monastic cowl, with a veil of black hanging from it down his back. His forehead is completely hidden by this picturesque covering, his piercing black eyes appearing immediately beneath it.

The Bishop is in the prime of life, probably somewhere between the years of thirty-five or forty. His manners, though very dignified, are most winning, being simple, and at the same time most urbane. All the English that he knows has been learned during the short time he has been in this country, and his broken accents only serve to make him more interesting. He uses many gesticulations in speaking, they seeming to supply the place of the words which do not come readily at his bidding.

Bishop Morris, upon hearing of his arrival in Portland, invited him to attend the examinations of our school, which happened to be going on at that time. To examine a class before strangers is always a trial to us, so that it is not hard to imagine our feelings when we found that the Greek Bishop was to be among the audience. But his kind manner soon re-assured us, and his commendations were pleasant both to the teachers and their pupils. In a class in Grammar, the girls were giving examples in which different figures were used. Once, when the words, 'He that hath ears to hear let him hear,' were given as an example of the figure of Pleonasm, he asked the class if they knew whose words they were, and seemed delighted when they answered correctly, not only that question, but several others connected with the sentences taken from the Scripture.

In attending our services in the chapel, his manner was most devout. Indeed, wherever we saw him, the impression regarding him was that he was an earnest Christian, most deeply interested in the great work that he had been appointed to do. At our request, he explained to us the differences between our two branches of the Catholic Church, frequently expressing the hope that there might be intercommunion at no distant day. Anything more than that, he thought it would be impossible to accomplish until we came to the City above, to which he pointed, in his own emphatic manner. When he left us, he bestowed the Apostolic Benediction; and we all felt, in a manner unknown before, the power of the words, 'The Communion of Saints.'

Since his arrival in Alaska, we have heard of his unwearied efforts to ameliorate the condition of the sheep of his flock there. There is said to be the greatest misery and degradation in their mode of life, even among those who have been taught better things. It was not the intention of Bishop Johannes to remain long in Sitka when he left here; but he found so much that required his care, that he has decided to stay there during the winter.

After having been here a few months, the Bishop sent for his young brother, who is soon to take Orders, and their nephew, a boy of twelve, who is an adopted son of the Bishop, and to whom he is deeply attached. While the young Russians were in Portland waiting for the steamer to sail to Alaska, we had a pleasant visit from them. The Bishop's brother was to be married, upon his arrival in Sitka, to a young lady whom he had never seen, the daughter of a Greek priest there. His uncle had made the selection. We were inclined to pity the young man who had not had the privilege of choosing his own wife, but soon found that our sympathy was wasted, as he seemed to think everything was just as it should be. It was probably the effect of early training, for we have

ascertained that the young people of Russia are accustomed to defer to the will of their elders, even, as in this case, to the choice of a wife. For this information, and many other things connected with the Church in Russia, we are indebted to the author of a most interesting book called The Rites and Ceremonies of the Russo-Greek Church, which is now a favourite volume in the library of St. Helen's Hall. A priest of the Greek Church accompanied the young relatives of the Bishop. At our request, they sang in Sclavonic a hymn, whose beautiful and pathetic melody we shall not soon forget.

A few days ago, a Russian gentleman, who resides in Portland, and who kindly acted as interpreter for the Bishop, came to see if we had room for two more pupils, as the priest, of whom I have spoken, wished to send his two little daughters to our school.

These are the latest reports we had of Bishop Johannes. When we hear anything further, it will probably be made known, as the Greek Bishop is a theme of unfailing interest.

HINTS ON READING.

For the Little Ones in Sunday Schools, edited by the Rev. W. W. La Barte, (Hayes,) consists of a set of exceedingly easy lessons, so arranged, that the most unpractised teacher could hardly manage to fail in making them convey a great deal of useful instruction.

We are often asked for modern Church histories. Those which go as far as the conversion of Constantine are common enough, and some take us as far as Theodosius; but there the writers of popular histories get bewildered, and drop the thread. Now, the two volumes of Church history belonging to the Rev. J. H. Blunt's admirable series of *Keys to Christian Knowledge* (Rivington) give just what is wanting. They are not more than *keys* or short compendiums, and do not give detail or description; but they put the reader in the right stand-point for studying other histories written according to the bias of their author, and this is perhaps the most important faculty for educated persons, who must learn to sift what they read.

Make Up for Lost Time, (Mozley,) by the Rev. G. Jelf, is a good collection of sermons for a country congregation.

Among novels, *Annie, an Excellent Person*, and *The Story of a Shower*, are both good and innocent.

Among the children's books we have lately seen, *The Children's Journey*, (Strahan,) first published in 'Good Words for the Young,' is delightful; but we would decidedly warn people against supposing *Lilliput Legends* to be either a child's book, or a desirable book for anybody. It may be that it is too clever for us; but to us it only seems both silly and sneering. Nonsense like Hans Andersen's and Lewis Carroll's is a rare gift; and neither this book nor *The Man in the Moon* attain to the mark.

Echoes, by the Author of 'The Four Messengers,' and *Silver Sands*, (Nisbet,) are both capital little books; and *Stettafont Abbey, or, Nothing New*, not much inferior.

Love and Hate (Hodges) is an excellent book for young women; and *Joined to an Idol* (Mozley) fulfils that difficult ideal of a book for mothers meetings better than almost any we have seen.

And to those that cater for young brothers, we greatly recommend *Old Merry's Monthly*. (Warne.) 'A Handful' is very clever; and Mrs. Edoart's 'Boy with an Idea' is full of innocent though very funny fun.

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

MAY, 1872.

THE DEATH OF MIRIAM.

'And the people abode in Kadesh; and Miriam died there, and was buried there.'

I.

The wind is dead, O Miriam,
Beside the weltering Nile;
The plunge that broke its slumberous calm
Was some slow crocodile.

Egypt is beautiful with night;
The symbol of her kings
Quenches its orb of flaming light,
And shields with silver wings.

The kine, asleep beneath the stars,
As still and golden seem,
As those, shut in with priestly bars,
Which neither sleep nor dream.

There is no darkness in this land,
No cloud upon this sky;
The shocks like molten silver stand
Upon the meadows dry.

Those bricks, heaped up but yesterday,
With groanings and with cries,
Seem altars now, where men might pray,
With stars before their eyes.

The ibis stirs his snowy wing,
And seems about to fly;

He is but dreaming of his king,
  Far in the southern sky.

There, from beneath Thoth's secret throne,
  Nile's sacred waters pour;
The consecrated wave flows on
  And on for evermore.

The lotus sleeps upon the brink
  Of those delicious streams,
Where the papyrus bends to drink,
  Still thirsty in its dreams.

The dawn-breeze whispers to the sun;
  Half awed, but not afraid,
She names the High and Holy One,
  That little Levite maid.

Her tiny ark has rocked all night,
  Among the rushes there;
The princess yonder, robed in white,
  Comes down the marble stair.

II.

The east wind sleeps, O Miriam,
  Beside the sedgy sea;
To-night, no wall of crystal flame
  Is building there for thee.

No tramping of a nation's feet
  Has stilled its booming waves;
No angel host gone out to meet
  The Exodus of slaves.

No dread and lurid crimson breaks
  Upon the waters wild;
No rush of steeds and chariots wakes
  The Hebrew mother's child.

No hand will stretch its awful rod
  Over the shrinking sea,
And bid the tribes stand still, for God
  To win the victory.

The sedge, made restless by the waves,
  Lies heaped upon the shore;
The coral tosses in its caves—
  But there is nothing more.

No warrior's shield will glisten bright
  Beneath the rising morn,
No sword unsheathed in useless fight,
  No kingly mantle torn.

No Hebrew maidens, on the sand,
  Finding those trophies grim,
Shall see the timbrel in thy hand,
  And chant their battle hymn.

Long years agone, that army proud
  Was wrecked on yonder coast;
The Angel watches in his cloud
  Above the sleeping host.

The hand that held the awful rod,
  Is gently clasped in thine;
Eyes, clear with looking upon God,
  Beside thee sadly shine;

And Aaron kisses, with a prayer,
  That brow once smitten white;
And other girls with raven hair
  Are round thy bed to-night.

III.

The winds sweep soft, O Miriam,
  Around Macpelah's cave,
True angels of the great I AM,
  Watching that household grave.

The oak where Abraham sat to hear
  The promise of his race,
Drops its thick acorns, year by year,
  In that forsaken place.

Sarah, the mother of the flock,
  Beside her lord sleeps fast;
Rebekah did not hear the knock,
  When Jacob came at last.

Leah had slept for many a year
  The dumb, deaf sleep death brings,
Before her Syrian shepherd's bier
  Was borne to her by kings.

The Canaan where thy fathers sleep,
It opens not for thee;
Ye die, a noble fellowship,
Thou and thy company.

Your names in chorus shall be sung
By one in after years,
Who sends them from his prophet-tongue,*
A shout—but choked with tears.

Put by that yearning from thy heart,
That hope from out thy breast;
Be still, all weary that thou art,
The hour is come for rest.

God keeps a better Future sealed
Behind His silent sky;
And Rachel sleeps not in the field
Where Jacob's ashes lie.

M. C.

WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR OUR YOUNG SERVANTS?

BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

I HAVE been asked to write upon a definite subject, suggested to me by a friend. This involves always more or less a difficulty. That which has presented itself, as it were, spontaneously to our own minds, is the result of something that has forced itself upon us from our own experience, and we are consequently able to speak about it with a certain amount of authority. The suggestions of another, however true and valuable, will naturally be dealt with more timidly, and the result will often be a want of force in what is said. In the present instance, I entirely agree in the need to which my attention has been directed, but I can also see the obstacles which may stand in the way of remedy; and perhaps therefore the most safe and natural way of drawing attention to the subject in question is to put down the substance of the conversation which passed between my friend and myself when first we met to discuss it.

Mrs. Warne (for so I will call her) has long and successfully interested herself in the condition of the lower class of servant girls. She has trained and watched over many left destitute and homeless as children, and has procured for them situations by which they might obtain a

* Micah, vi. 4.

respectable livelihood. It was in reference to their position after they left her care that she desired to speak with me.

'I try,' she said, as she sat down by my fire-side, prepared to enter into a serious and earnest conversation, 'I try to bring up these girls religiously. They come to me from the workhouse as children. Whilst in the home which I am able to give them, they have careful instruction; many, I know, go out to their first situation with the best intentions of keeping up the religious habits which they have acquired. And the places to which I send them are perfectly respectable; it may be a gentleman's family, it may be a tradesman's, to which they go, but anyhow I have made the necessary inquiries, and have every reason to be satisfied that all is as it should be. But when a few months afterwards I see the girl I have placed out, and ask what has been done with regard to going to church and receiving the Holy Communion, I find that nothing has been thought about these things. The mistress has allowed her to go her own way, taking it for granted that it has been a good way; and so from various causes—a press of work, or visitors, or interruptions, or very often timidity and shyness, habits of outward religion have fallen into disuse, and with them I am afraid the inward religion has dwindled away likewise. This,' added Mrs. Warne, 'is what I want you to write about—*The duties of mistresses of families.*'

I suppose scarcely anyone receives a suggestion which involves reminding other persons of their duties without some passing retrospection as to the manner in which he has fulfilled his own; and I confess that my conscience was not so thoroughly clear upon the point to which my friend alluded as to enable me to reply with perfect ease.

'There are great difficulties in the way of talking to servants,' I replied, (recalling as I spoke the claims of my own crowded life, and the resolutions made—but very imperfectly carried out—for attending first to my own household.) 'One cannot thrust religion upon them in conversation; and life is in these days so busy, that it is very difficult to find any settled time for reading or instruction. Then if they are old servants, who have been with one for many years, it seems hardly the thing to talk to them and teach them as if they were children; and if they are new and young—'

I had made but a sorry excuse and grew confused, and my sentence remained unfinished.

'But the young people,' persisted Mrs. Warne, taking up my imperfect remark, evidently with reference to the subject she had so much at heart, 'the young girls—such young girls as I from time to time send out,—something may surely be done with them! If the mistress of the family cannot teach and look after them, there is generally some daughter, or sister, or niece—some young lady who may give a little time to them. There is a great cry in the present day for work. Young people rush to Sisterhoods, and take up Missionary work, and slave for the outcast population of the great cities. Why can they not

look at home, and take some step for diminishing the number of the outcasts for whom they profess to be, and no doubt are, so deeply anxious? To save a girl from degradation is surely a higher duty than even to rescue her when she has fallen into it. And these young servant girls belong to precisely the class from which the swarming misery of our streets is recruited.'

'Most true,' I said, with an inward sigh, as I thought of the dirty, untidy, rough-spoken, yet evidently warm-hearted specimens of young maids-of-all-work, who are especially to be seen in lodging-houses. 'But what kind of teaching would you give? What do you think the young ladies—supposing them so inclined—could do for the servant girls?'

'I am not speaking of young servants as a class,' was the reply. 'There are almost insuperable difficulties in the way of getting them together at a certain time—even if it were desirable—which I am inclined to question. But what I do think might be done, is for the mistress or the daughter, or someone who has leisure, to give—if it were only half an hour—in the week, or on Sundays—or on both, if possible—to open the minds of those members of their household who are ignorant, and to keep them open if they have been instructed.'

'The ignorance, no doubt, is astonishing in many cases,' I said.

'Yes, even in those who have been carefully instructed before going out to service. They forget so quickly. Words used in the Prayer Book, for instance, such as "absolution," "incarnation," &c., often are unintelligible to them.'

'That is to say,' I replied, 'they cannot define them, but that does not always imply non-comprehension.'

'I am afraid in their case it does,' answered Mrs. Warne, 'for I speak from experience, from cases which have come before myself.'

'And you would have the Prayer Book explained to them, then?' I said.

'I would have anything explained which required explanation. The language of the Prayer Book is perhaps more difficult than that of any other book they are required to attend to; and I might therefore not begin at once with it, but lead them to it by degrees, shewing them at the same time its connection with the Bible, explaining the origin of the Canticles, &c. As an example of more simple teaching, I have known a case in which a servant, being taught by the young lady of the family, was required to learn the Collect and a hymn for Sunday, and this of course gave rise to explanation and conversation. Miss Jackson's book on the Collects is excellent as an assistance to the teacher; and the stories introduced are attractive to a mind unaccustomed to much thought.'

'And the Bible, of course,' I said, 'would be read, but it is such a very vast field.'

'I have found young people of the class we are talking of very much interested in finding out the types of the Old Testament,' replied my friend; 'and they like also information in the geography and natural history of the countries spoken of in the Bible. The Christian

Knowledge Society has some very useful books upon these subjects, which I dare say you know; but I think they should rather be used as text-books for the teacher, to throw light upon the Scripture lesson, than as books to be put into the hands of the learner. In fact, to make a lesson of this kind really interesting, it must be thought over beforehand and well planned, and this requires a certain amount of mental effort which not everyone will make.'

'It may be objected,' I observed, 'that this is only head-knowledge; that neither a servant girl, nor any other girl, is necessarily better for being able to explain the types of Scripture, nor for understanding the allusions to the manners and customs of the Jews.'

'Not necessarily better, but very likely to be so,' was the reply, 'because these things give an interest to the study of the Bible, and open the door for more personal and practical suggestions connected with it. They are very needful also because the scepticism of the day is in nine cases out of ten the result of ignorance; and though we cannot of course undertake to give a partially educated mind an answer to every difficulty raised against the Bible, we may easily shew that there is something in the Book very different from any other book; that it is full of prophecy; that it spreads over a series of years; that the Jewish history stands distinct from every other history in its influence on the religious belief of the civilized world; and thus teach a young person to regard it with reverential awe.'

Something in my look and manner must have given my friend the idea that I differed from her, for pausing suddenly, she added, 'You don't agree with me? Tell me your objection?'

'I do agree,' I said, 'in the main. I was only thinking, with a despairing feeling, of the distance between A and Z in the high-road of learning.'

'And you think I have reached Z too soon?'

'I think perhaps you have calculated upon reaching it.'

'On the contrary, I have made up my mind never to reach it. In the majority of the cases we have been talking about, I doubt if one could ever get beyond E or F; but if travelling even so far on the intellectual road enables one to go much farther on the moral road, it is surely worth the effort.'

'You must not for a moment think,' I replied, 'that I want to throw a doubt upon the value of such efforts in the abstract, but my mind is rather unimaginative; and the first impulse I have when an idea is suggested to me, is to put it into its simplest form, and see precisely what it means, and how in every-day life it may be carried out. And so when you talk to me about these young servants, I have a vision of a Sarah, or Betsey, or Anne, very shy and very dull, sitting by my side with the Bible open before her waiting for me to speak, and very much afraid of the sound of her own voice; and myself, almost equally frightened, as I should have been years ago; and I say to myself, How is the lesson to be begun? and how is it to end?'

'The first difficulty comes before that,' said Mrs. Warne; 'it is to fix the hour. I have found myself that for the servants a week-day is often better than a Sunday, because of the Church services, and the afternoon better than the evening. But then this will interfere probably with the young lady's plans; and so comes in the need of arrangement and probably self-denial, and upon this rock the reading with servants is too often wrecked.'

'I doubt if I should make the reading weekly,' I said. It is always better to increase such duties than to diminish them; and for the employment of the intermediate week the girl might be told to find certain texts, or portions of Scripture bearing upon the lesson.'

'A small Concordance is a great help,' observed Mrs. Warne. 'The way in which Scripture illustrates Scripture is so remarkable.'

'Or, I suppose questions might be given for which answers are to be found from the Bible,' I added.

'Yes, but this again requires thought and preparation—real work, in fact, on the part of the teacher.'

'The Monthly Paper of Sunday Teaching gives a great deal of information of the kind we are talking of,' I said; 'and I think it would suggest useful questions; but I suspect no cut and dried form of teaching can ever take the place of that which is the result of the teacher's own experience, and the special circumstances of the time.'

'Of course not; one is a parrot-like repetition of other persons' thoughts, the other the genuine contact of mind with mind. But young teachers require to be kept in order, and a text-book is very useful in bringing them back to their point, and preventing them from being discursive. It is just there that the discipline of the great training schools for national school-masters and mistresses is so important. It teaches the students to aim at one object and keep all their efforts directed to it.'

'And,' I continued, 'you would, I suppose, have something learnt by heart.'

'Certainly, if I were teaching a girl. Of course with older persons it would be different. The Collects would come first, and I should choose a few of the Psalms also, such as the Penitential Psalms, the 23rd, 25th, 27th, 34th, 90th, 91st, and the Psalms of Praise, to be repeated again and again, till they are known absolutely perfectly. And I would give the reason for this.'

'You mean,' I said, 'that they should be imprinted on the memory in preparation for old age?'

'Yes, for the time when eye-sight will fail, and hearing will be dull. And for this purpose not only the Psalms but portions of the Bible will be invaluable. Young people lay up a treasure for themselves in this way, the importance of which it is impossible to over-estimate. They think that the constant hearing of Scripture in church, or reading it in private, will be enough to fix it in their minds, but it is not.'

'I can testify to that from experience,' I said. 'When I was young I was never obliged to learn the Psalms or any portions of Scripture, and now I question if I could quote half a dozen texts correctly; and some of the saddest experiences of my life have been when in cases of dangerous illness I have longed to repeat the precise words of Scripture, and could recollect none with sufficient exactness.'

'And this repetition of the Collects and Psalms,' continued my friend, 'will lead on to that which we both have at heart far more than any intellectual teaching. It will naturally bring up the subject of prayer.'

'What is to be done about that?' I said. 'Young people are so shy of talking to young people upon these personal matters.'

'And it is well they should be shy,' replied Mrs. Warne. 'It gives me an actual heart-ache when I see a bud forced open instead of being allowed to expand gradually. The last thing I should myself desire for the young-lady teachers is that they should take upon themselves the duties of the clergy. It is not their place to inquire into the spiritual condition of any heart but their own. They will have quite enough to do with that, if they will only give their full attention to it.'

'But you would have them speak to their pupils about prayer, I suppose?'

'Most certainly. But I would begin by making some inquiry which there would be no hesitation in answering, such as whether the young servant has any book of prayers. If the answer should happen to be "no," there would be the opportunity of making a little present, which is always winning. "Helps to Prayer and Holy Living," by the Rev. Richard Seymour, is an admirable book for this purpose. Then in the course of conversation about the book certain prayers may be pointed out as particularly useful; and especial attention may be drawn to mid-day prayers—the habit of which is, I believe myself, more effectual in keeping young persons in the right way than any other that can be adopted.'

'But persons may pray without having a form of prayer,' I said.

'Of course; and we should both agree that the most earnest prayers are spontaneous. But there is a form of prayer to be guarded against, which, though it may not imply using a printed book, is more unsatisfactory, since it is merely the repetition of something that has been learnt, and is not in the least understood; and this I suspect is often the kind of prayer used by young servants.'

'I have had an experience of that,' was my reply. 'I once asked a young servant in my house—a very honest right-minded girl—what prayer she used, and she replied, "The Prayer for the Queen." She was a girl brought up in our national school, certainly not bright, but having been taught what all the children were taught—and this was the result! You will easily understand that the next thing I did was to make a move that every child in the school should learn some simple prayers. But I had

a good deal of difficulty in gaiping my point, for we were then under the dominion of an anti-form rector, and I suspect he thought that to learn by heart a morning and evening prayer was the first step to the worship of the Blessed Virgin. But would you be contented with this outside teaching?' I added doubtfully.

'God forbid!' answered my friend solemnly. 'I would be contented with nothing save the earnest turning of the heart to God. But I would try to take God's method and bide His time. I would never, as I said before, open the bud by artificial means. I believe that this calm unexciting intercourse between two young persons in the relative positions we have supposed, will always work so as to awaken gratitude and affectionate respect on the one side, and hearty self-denying interest on the other; and when there is this foundation, the good influence can scarcely fail to work its natural result. The young servant will love the young mistress, and because she loves her she will copy her example, and become imbued with her principles, and so by degrees a spirit of true piety will, through God's blessing, be awakened. If we do what God puts into our hands to do, we may safely trust Him for the rest.'

'Paul may plant and Apollos water,' I said, 'but it is God that giveth the increase.'

'Even so,' was the reply; 'but what we often cannot understand is the value of planting and watering. Because they do not directly produce the increase, we think them unavailing. Yet one thing I am sure of—that if we will only begin in this quiet way, God will open the door for more personal and heart-stirring intercourse.'

'But with regard to the Holy Communion, such historical instruction is not sufficient,' I observed. 'One must come to something more nearly affecting the heart and the inward principles then.'

'You forget that I am speaking of young ladies as instructors,' replied Mrs. Warne. 'As a rule, preparation for the Holy Communion would be the work of a clergyman; and if it should have been neglected, it would be the duty of the head of the household to provide for it.'

'The duty, no doubt,' I replied; 'but duties are not always attended to.'

'That is true,' was Mrs. Warne's answer; 'and, as I said just now, one of the first things which drew my attention especially to the case of these young servant girls, was the fact that some, whom I had trained, had neglected the Holy Communion, simply because the mistress of the family had given them no opportunity for receiving it; but the fact that a duty is neglected does not make it less a duty.'

'But it may throw a temporary burden upon someone else,' I replied; 'and I suspect the young ladies, if they thought seriously themselves, and were really interested in the young servants, would consider themselves called upon to take some steps for securing attendance at the Holy Communion.'

'Of course. It would be one of the first things they would be likely to

be anxious about; and all I mean to say is, that, as a rule, the actual preparation does not devolve upon them; and as to opportunities for attendance, the utmost they could do would be to use their influence so as to arrange the household in such a way as to afford the opportunities. I have a dread of burdening young people with responsibilities beyond their province. It takes the life out of their work; it discourages them, and then, as a natural consequence, the work is done badly. I would say again the duty lies with the mistress. She is bound, absolutely bound, to see that her servants are constant communicants.'

'Too many are not communicants themselves,' I observed.

'Unhappily not; but that is an evil beyond our power to remedy. I am speaking of persons who are, and who would be shocked at the idea of neglecting such a duty themselves, and who yet never trouble themselves to think about their servants in reference to it.'

'And yet,' I said, 'it is the effort which is the most satisfactory in the end. Even apart from the great blessing which it brings, Holy Communion is in the majority of cases the test of earnestness.'

'Yes,' replied Mrs. Warne, 'if one can prevent the act from being merely the result of the wish to please the mistress who urges it.'

'One must take everything in this world with some attendant danger,' I replied. 'The reception of the Holy Communion may become a form, even as prayer may; but one would not therefore hesitate to insist upon it. I have found myself that the few words or the imperfect teaching I have occasionally been able to give my servants in reference to it, have worked for good beyond what I had reason to expect. I remember, some time ago, talking to a servant, who had married and gone to live in a distant county, and asking her about attendance at the Holy Communion, and she reminded me of something which I had said to her about its not being worthiness, but a sense of need, which was required as a preparation, adding that she had urged it upon her husband as a reason for making up his mind to go with her. It was but a small thing, but it gave me comfort at the time, and has encouraged me since when I have been inclined to shrink from talking upon the subject. I sometimes speculate with a painful interest,' I added, 'upon the position of girls in lodging-houses, with regard to their religious duties and privileges. They are such a marked class, so distinct ordinarily from servants in private families, and so very unsatisfactorily distinct—slatternly, dirty, uncouth—I have often asked myself what is to be done for them.'

'Little or nothing, unless you can make the mistresses take some trouble for them,' replied Mrs. Warne. 'Lodging-house servants, servants in tradesmen's families, and, in fact, what are called general servants, are, as a rule, I really think, some of the saddest specimens of the shortcomings of our boasted English civilization. Their mistresses are generally too *genteel*, as they call it, to look after their servants, except as regards their actual work; it touches their dignity.'

'Yes,' I said. 'Gentility is the curse of the middle classes in England.'

'Gentility, which is but another word for vulgarity, if they did but know it,' said Mrs. Warne. 'The persons who assist their servants in household work are afraid of becoming too familiar, and losing their position, if they mix with them in anything like friendly intercourse afterwards; and so this class of servant is left utterly without help or guidance.'

'Perhaps,' I said, 'it may be possible, now that so much effort is made to give what are called the middle classes a really good education, to open their eyes at the same time to the value of their own influence.'

'If one could only do that,' replied Mrs. Warne, 'England might be saved from entering upon the downward path which other nations have travelled. Commerce is the source of our prosperity, and persons engaged in commerce and trade, of whatever kind it may be, must have an immense influence upon those whom they employ. The tradesman's wife, who looks after her one servant, and keeps her in the right way, does a certain permanent good, the value of which will only be known when the work of each individual is tried by God at the judgement day. Just imagine how it would raise the tone of the country if the class of young ignorant servant girls, from whom the outcasts of our streets are so largely recruited, could be converted into steady, tidy, modest young women, with the self-respect, and respect for others, which mark an upper servant in a well-managed household. This can only be done by tradesmen's wives and tradesmen's daughters. But, as I said before, they are too genteel to attempt it. If they talk to their servants, and read with them, and shew friendly interest in them, they fancy that the servant will look down upon them.'

'Forgetting,' I said, 'that the very fact of trying to guide and help the servant, places them at once in a position which inspires respect. But I have very little hope of improving this state of things.'

'I have hope,' replied Mrs. Warne, 'if everyone, or many, or some, or even anyone, will just take the first small duty which lies in the path, and attend to it, trusting to God's help and blessing.'

'The fact that it is small is the difficulty with most of us,' I replied.

'Precisely so, and yet really and truly, there can be no such thing as a small duty. Everything that can be done for God is large, vast indeed—immeasurable.'

'Only small in its visible result,' I said.

'Yes, but even there we make a great mistake. We do not see that in everything whereby we strive to benefit our fellow creatures there is a twofold action. We do a positive good, and we check a positive evil. The poor girl, kept in the right path by our care, not only swells the ranks of the respectable, but diminishes the number of the disrespectable.

We say, and say truly, that the amount of positive good effected by the charitable efforts of all England is slight; but just imagine what the positive evil would be without it! The good we do may be in our eyes nothing but a check, a drag, yet it saves us from destruction; and therefore it is that I want you to write and urge the young ladies who are so earnest in desiring to find work and means of usefulness, to begin with the members of their own household.'

And so Mrs. Warne left me; and I felt that I could do nothing better than repeat her remarks, adding to them only my own earnest entreaty that anyone who may read this paper will not lay it aside without a serious inquiry as to how far and in what way the wish expressed in it may be carried out.

It is next to impossible, as we are all aware, to lay down rules, or even to make suggestions which shall fit every case not immediately before us. The best rules which could possibly be given for the training and instruction of the servants of a family, must needs be altered to suit the peculiar needs of each household; but I would state with the fullest conviction, that any effort made, any interest shewn, however slight and seemingly ineffective, will be productive of good. What has now been said has been intended chiefly for young persons, and I will venture to sum it up in few words. It may not be possible for them to teach or read with the upper and older servants; but if there should be any young member of the household, the work may begin there, after due preparation on the part of the teacher, and earnest private prayer for God's blessing and aid. A kind word, the present of a little book, the inquiry after a sick relative, may open the door for conversation. (There lies the first difficulty, a difficulty of shyness.) Then may follow a few questions as to past teaching, and a proposal for something more, with the suggestion that a Collect, or Psalm, or hymn, may be learnt and repeated on a fixed day. Some subject may be chosen from Scripture, perhaps the types, or the Old Testament history, with historical and geographical information throwing light upon it, or an explanation of the Collect, or the meaning of a portion of the Prayer Book. If the Holy Communion should have been neglected, its importance may soon be urged; some simple book of preparation may be given, an endeavour made to secure the opportunity for attendance. If the pupil has never been a communicant, arrangements may be made for the instruction of the Clergyman. *Preaching* to servants is not the duty of the young lady of the family. Talking kindly, and giving pleasant information, with a few words of occasional caution or advice, when occasion may offer, is.

Older servants must be left to the head of the family, unless a wish should be expressed to the contrary.

It is not a difficult task which is here proposed; it is only unattractive from arousing a sense of shyness. We can all deal so much more easily with persons out of our family than in it.

But the truth which we have all—old as well as young, mothers as

well as daughters—to consider, is the responsibility which lies on us, and the account which we have one day to give respecting it.

If we can once get this thought firmly rooted in our minds, we shall soon discover the mode by which we may best fulfil the duty set before us.

It would perhaps stir us up to greater exertion, if we were to consider that the personal help we can give is more likely to be effective than any other, from the fact that it is personal; that it is a direct aid which our servants are never likely to receive from any other quarter, because they have few friends in their own class of life who would be able to aid them. They listen to sermons, but sermons are addressed to all, and what they want is a word which shall come home immediately to themselves. And many—very many, it is to be feared—live without private prayer. At night from fatigue, in the morning from haste, prayer is too likely to be neglected even by those who have been well taught, whilst hundreds there are who have had no teaching. It would scarcely fail to startle us into exertion to think of the temptations, the loneliness, the hard work, the sickness and poverty, which too often form the incidents of a servant's life—all encountered without prayer, without a thought of God, without any preparation for another world, except the routine duty which the habits of a respectable household enforce.

Little indeed is the utmost we can do to remedy such evils—but that utmost is imperatively demanded of us all.

And it may be that in the sight of God the humble self-imposed task, of which no one hears mention, and the difficulty of which none but He can estimate, is of more value, and will carry with it a higher blessing, than even the devoted efforts of societies and communities.

'She hath done what she could.' What if those words should one day be spoken to us by the mouth of our dear Lord! Will they not be sweeter than the songs of angels, more thrilling than the rejoicing chorus of the redeemed? Shall we not long to turn aside, even from the welcome of the loved ones restored to us again, to ponder upon them in silent blissful awe, marvelling that work so mean should have brought such an unutterable reward?

I subjoin the names of a few books, most of which have been tried in the teaching of young servants and found very useful.

Patience Hart. A Tale.
Kitto on the Collects.
Portraits of the Bible. (Oxenden.)
Earnest Communicant. (Oxenden.)
Trower on the Epistles and Gospels.
Catechetical Hints and Helps. By the Rev. E. J. Boyce, M. A. Published by Bell and Daldy.

Sunday Teacher's Treasury.
Advanced Reading Book for Girls. *(S. P. C. K.)*—Excellent.
Manners and Customs of the Jews. *(S. P. C. K.)*
Scripture Topography. *(S. P. C. K.)*
Stories and Conversations on the Catechism. By Miss Jackson.
Stories and Conversations on the Collects. Ditto.

'THEY BLINDFOLDED HIM.'

St. Luke, xxii. 64.

Blind for our sakes, O Christ our Light!
Bound for our sakes, O Christ our Might!
What more could Love Divine, to shew
His sympathy with human woe?

'Oh, slay me, but in light,' Man saith;
''Tis Darkness that I fear—not Death.
Oh, give me freedom, though to woo
Pain, danger. Let me *see* and do.'

And Thou stand'st there: Thou only Dark
Yet only Light: a blindfold mark
For coarse derision, while they cry,
'Say now, who smote Thee? Prophesy.'

Those eyes terrifically bright
That felled a crowd to earth last night,
Those eyes that pierced the covert dim
Where Peter lurked, and 'looked on him,'

Now, hid beneath the twisted fold,
From sinful men their light withhold;
Eyes, whose least flash of sovran ire
Might wrap the world in folds of fire.

Oh, shame for sinners, shame and fear!
For sorrowing Christian, sight of cheer!
For He has felt thy deepest woe,
Thick darkness, and the unseen blow.

He drained the cup of sorrow dry;
Yea, even this draught of agony,
Blind helplessness, to souls well-known
'In power of others, not their own.'

Henceforth, O Christian, murmur not
If Darkness be thine earthly lot,
If flower, and bird, and face of friend
Are, save by scent, sound, touch, unkenned.

His perfect Human Body bore
Awhile, thine imperfection sore;
That even the blind might feel 'He knows
The secret of my sightless woes.'

And thou, whose natural eye is bright
Save for thy tears; yet feel'st the might
Of inner gloom, while galling bands
Are knotted round thy passive hands;

When Fate has wrapped her coils about
Thine head, and many a mazy doubt
Surrounds thine eyelids, and unseen
Some sorrow smites thee, sharp and keen;

Oh, bear it all for Jesus' sake,
Who chose thy blindness once, and take
This comfort more—No stroke of pain,
If borne for Him, is borne in vain.

The rod that makes thee writhe and crouch
May turn to golden Sceptre's touch;
And thou, with eyes unveiled, may'st see
'Tis Love's own Hand hath stricken thee.

VERITAS.

SKETCHES FROM HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'COURAGE AND COWARDS;' 'IVON,' &c.

XX. (*continued.*)

THE FIRST EMPEROR-KING.

A. D. 1419 TO A. D. 1437.

THE man who, in violation of his own solemn oath, had permitted the execution of John Huss, was not likely to meet with a very cordial reception from the countrymen of the reformer. Yet Sigmund might in a measure have retrieved his position, had he determined henceforward to act in a spirit of honesty and conciliation; for, as the only representative of the House of Luxemburg, it could not be denied that he was the

rightful heir to the throne, and as such the Catholic party were very ready to welcome him; while even the Hussites paused awhile in their hostilities, and did homage to him, in the hope that he would concede some at least of their demands. Deceived however, by this lull before the coming storm, into believing that it was already past, Sigmund acted as he had done on many occasions in Hungary, used threats where he should have tried persuasion, and seemed to fancy that a little coercion was all that was required to bring his subjects into a state of quiescence and obedience. When, however, one of his first steps was to obtain from the newly-made Pope (Martin V.) permission to proclaim a general crusade against the Hussites, there was an end to all hope of a peaceful settlement of the questions which had so long distracted Bohemia, and had already cost the lives of so many of her children. From this time for many long years, she was a prey, with but short intervals of repose, to that most terrible of all evils, a civil and religious war, which was carried on with great and relentless cruelty on both sides. In the July of 1420 Sigmund caused himself to be crowned, and by so doing involved himself in fresh difficulties; for the crusaders at once asked to be paid for the months during which they had been fighting in his service, and to satisfy them he had recourse to the plundering of churches and monasteries.

Hungary had but little of his real attention henceforward, even when he for a short time honoured her with his presence; but in the autumn of 1420 we find him at Presburg, making his will, and with a high hand assuring to his daughter Elisabeth the succession to all his dominions. Not all his previous experience had availed to instil into Sigmund's mind any respect for the rights of the people. Elisabeth's intended husband, Albrecht of Austria, had been a useful ally against the Hussites, and to attach him more closely to his cause, Sigmund now bestowed upon him, to be held as a fief of the Bohemian crown, as much of Moravia as he should hereafter conquer. The Hussites were far more formidable foes than Sigmund had expected to find them; and his own resources were failing, for the Hungarians were weary of sacrificing blood and treasure in a cause with which they felt little sympathy, and for a king whom they had little reason to love. Moreover, in spite of opposition and persecution, the reformed opinions had gradually spread and gained ground, not only in Bohemia but in many of the neighbouring countries, especially among the Sclave populations. Even Hungary had caught the infection through her merchants, who maintained a constant intercourse with Bohemia; and under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the Hungarians became still less inclined than before to supply Sigmund with the means of carrying on a foreign war, while their own land was left exposed and defenceless to the enemies which threatened her. In 1423, then, the war was left mainly to the Elector of Saxony and Duke Albrecht; while Sigmund, who dearly loved festivities of any kind, soon

after journeyed to Cracow to be present at the marriage of King Wladislaw with his fourth wife. Here he met Eric, King of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, going on pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, and brought him back with him to Buda, where the two kings were soon after joined by the unfortunate Emperor of Constantinople, Manuel Palæologus, who had come to see what help he could obtain against his troublesome neighbours the Turks, whose truce with the King of Hungary was rapidly drawing to a close. The party at the royal castle was yet further increased by the presence of the Dukes of Bavaria and Silesia. But the gaiety and festivity consequent on the presence of so many distinguished guests was considerably dashed, to two at least of the number. An unwelcome deputation to the royal host arrived from the electors of Germany, warning him to expect no more assistance from them against the Hussites, and adding that the success of the heretics was entirely owing to himself, for in spite of his seeming hostility he had secretly given them encouragement; moreover, as he had neglected his duties to the Empire, the electors would henceforward in turn discharge them for him, and shew that they could do without an Emperor. Unhappily, Sigmund could not refute the charges laid against him, for it was too true that he had not acted honestly, either by the Catholics or the Hussites; for he had secretly entered into negotiations with the latter, while at the same time he was urging the former to a crusade against them. It was, in fact, the policy of his whole life. He had with one hand made a solemn league with Wladislaw against the Teutonic Knights, while with the other he constantly favoured them; and he had entered into an alliance with England against France, the terms of which it was impossible for him to fulfil while the war in Bohemia continued to absorb all his attention and resources.

More worthy of compassion, however, was the Emperor Manuel, who lingered in Buda nearly two months, trying, though in vain, to enter into negotiations for the relief of his beleaguered city. Sigmund had no attention to spare for the unprofitable task of relieving Constantinople; and Manuel soon returned home to die, leaving his son John VII. to obtain peace from the Sultan, at the cost of a yearly tribute. Far more welcome at the court of Buda than this Imperial guest, was an embassy which shortly arrived from Murath II., begging for an extension of the truce, and bringing rich presents of gold and silver stuffs and Persian carpets. Sigmund readily prolonged the truce for another two years, and with his usual lavishness, sent the ambassadors away laden with such gifts for themselves and their master, as even surpassed in value those they had brought with them. There were stuffs of red, black, and blue, from Mechlin, pieces of velvet, magnificent horses, besides a good round sum in ducats; but amid all this interchange of presents Sigmund forgot what was far more important, and omitted to include Wallachia in the treaty, a circumstance of which the Turks did not fail to take advantage.

The death of Zizka, the great leader of the Hussites, in 1424, once more opened the way for attempts at reconciliation; but again they failed, owing to the want of sincerity on the part of the Catholics, and the strife continued with increased bitterness. Henry Beaufort, Cardinal of Winchester, was appointed Pope's Legate in Hungary, Germany, and Bohemia, with power to raise a crusading army against the heretics. But his force, large as it was, fled before the enthusiastic Hussites, who now carried their arms into the surrounding countries, making raids into Austria and Silesia, and everywhere marking their course with fire and sword.

Hungary had taken no part in these miserable campaigns, and even Sigmund had done no more than send a few auxiliaries to the assistance of Duke Albrecht; for the truce with the Turks had run to an end, and there was full occupation both for the King and the Hungarian army in the lands on the Lower Danube. The aged Prince of Servia, Lazarevitsch, had, with the consent of his bojars or nobles, adopted his nephew George Brankovitsch, and being anxious to secure Sigmund's recognition of him, and to provide Servia with the best defence he might against the Turks, he and his adopted heir journeyed to Tata for an interview with the King, who readily accepted Brankovitsch and his descendants as heirs of the 'Despot of Rascia,'* and enrolled him among the barons of the kingdom. The deed which conveyed the succession to him, contained however several clauses, which besides diminishing the value of the principality, also converted it from a vassal state into a mere province of Hungary; for the chief fortresses, among which were Belgrade and Galambócz, were to return into the possession of Hungary, and conditions of military service were annexed to the possession of Servia itself, as if it had been a fief, and its prince a feudal baron. Like a fief too, if the line of Brankovitsch failed, it was to revert to the crown.

Wallachia had long been in a divided state, which had increased on the death of the old Vajda Myrxa, whose son and successor had soon after been expelled from his dominions, and slain by his cousin Dan, who had had the assistance of the Turks. Sigmund, however, had had no time to attend to the affairs of so remote a district; and as Dan, on finding his power established, had loudly proclaimed himself a vassal of Hungary, he had been allowed to remain undisturbed. Now he in his turn had been driven away by his former friends the Turks, who had transferred their favour to his brother Radul. Late in the autumn of 1426, when the truce with the Sultan was at an end, Sigmund set out for Transylvania, to re-instate Dan in his possessions; and before the winter was at an end, the banderia of the Székels and Saxons had already rid Wallachia of the Turks, and their *protégé*, Radul. Still Sigmund lingered in Transylvania, and as spring advanced, issued several remarkable decrees, respecting the

* The name by which Servia was then known.

furnishing of supplies to the troops when engaged in a campaign. The fact was, that in the sort of spirit of adventure which at times possessed him, he, who could not defend his present dominions, and had already lost more than one province, was actually meditating a plan for the extension of Hungary's boundaries as far as the mouths of the Danube. In the summer occurred the death of the old Prince Lazarevitsch, and Sigmund went into Servia, in order to receive personally the surrender of the seventeen strongholds. Wishing to bestow upon Brankovitsch some compensation for the loss of these places, and also to attach him more closely to Hungary, he, with his usual recklessness, gave him a palace in Buda, together with several towns and castles with extensive estates attached to them. He then strengthened the fortifications of Belgrade, and built another castle opposite that of Galambócz, which had been betrayed by its commander into the hands of the Turks.

Preparations for a vigorous campaign went on actively throughout the following winter; and early in 1428 an army lay before Galambócz, under the command of Rozgonyi István, Count of Presburg; and a little later the King himself appeared, with some auxiliaries sent by Witold, Grand-prince of Lithuania. The land force was supported by a flotilla on the Danube, which soon encountered the Turkish vessels, as they ran out of the Morava into the broad waters of the great river. Cecilia, the wife of General Rozgonyi, commanded one of the galleys, and greatly distinguished herself in the engagement, running down many of the enemy's ships, and setting fire to others. The Turkish fleet was soon utterly destroyed; and then the Hungarian vessels turned their artillery upon the fortress, with considerable success, pouring in a heavy fire, and materially assisting the army on land. Here also the heroic Cecilia again distinguished herself, fighting bravely by the side of her husband; nor must we forget to note the great services rendered by a monster cannon, founded in Hungary. The towers and walls of the castle were already beginning to fall, and its capture seemed imminent, when the Sultan himself approached, at the head of so vast an army, that Sigmund, not daring to risk an engagement, entered into negotiations with him. A truce was agreed upon, during which the Turks should hold Galambócz, and the Hungarians should be permitted to re-cross the Danube unmolested. No sooner, however, had the greater part of the army safely gained the opposite bank, than the wild Turkish hordes fell upon the few troops that remained. The King, who was among them, owed his escape to Rozgonyi, who conveyed him in a small boat across the river, while the Italian artillery-men in the new castle of Lászlovár, did good service by covering the retreat of the rest of the army. So well was it effected, that the loss of men actually killed was inconsiderable; but so much the more disastrous were the consequences of this unexpected and treacherous attack, of which the Sultan did

not hesitate to take advantage, though it does not seem to have been made actually at his command. Nearly the whole of Servia now lay exposed to the Turks, and was laid waste by them with fire and sword, while the newly-made Despot, George Brankovitsch, was forced to purchase mercy by the promise of paying a yearly tribute; and Dan of Wallachia was glad to appease the Sultan's wrath on similar terms. Thus ended Sigmund's plan for pushing Hungary's boundaries farther southwards. The campaign had been begun at a most unpropitious time, and with far too little consideration. The defeats in Bohemia had diminished his resources and discouraged his people, who were yet further depressed by the scarcity, amounting in many parts of Hungary to actual famine, which prevailed in consequence of the repeated failure of the harvest for several years; finally, with almost inconceivable rashness, he had not called out the national army, but had taken the field at the head of some thirty thousand troops brought together from different lands; and with this inconsiderable number had ventured to challenge the Sultan and his one hundred thousand men. Moreover, while thus unprofitably occupied in the south, he had left the kingdom unprotected in the north; and the Hussites had taken advantage of the circumstance to make a raid from Moravia, wasting and plundering the country as far as Presburg, burning down the suburbs of that city, advancing to Neustadt on the Vág, and returning home laden with spoils, without having encountered any important opposition.

The Vajda of Moldavia, notwithstanding the treaty of Lublau, which bound him to furnish a contingent against Turks or heretics, had held aloof from the late luckless campaign, and Sigmund proceeded to lodge a complaint against him, with the King of Poland, whose vassal he was;* for by the treaty Moldavia was to be divided between Poland and Hungary, in case of any failure on the part of the Vajda to furnish the troops required of him. A meeting was appointed to take place between the two kings; and Sigmund, after having as usual caused himself to be waited for, was received, at the river Styr, in procession by the Latin, Greek, and Armenian Bishop, as well as the Jewish Rabbi. To the first of these alone did he pay any attention, but him he honoured by dismounting from his horse and kissing the relics presented to him. The kings deliberated each with his own nobles apart, and effected an interchange of sentiments upon the subject in question, only by means of messages. Wladislaw set himself strongly against the partition of Moldavia; and Sigmund, whose ardent wish it had long been to do something to humble the increasing power of Poland, determined to avenge himself. He could not forget that

* By the treaty of Lublau, 1412, it had been arranged that Red Russia should for the present belong to Poland, and that Moldavia should be a dependency of Poland. After the death of Wladislaw or Sigmund, the nobles of each country should decide to whom it should belong.

Poland had refused to accept him as her king, and had even preferred to him the heathen Jagello; that to this same Jagello, now the Christian Wladislaw, the Bohemian crown had been offered by the Hussites, and that though he had refused it for himself, he had accepted it for his cousin Witold of Lithuania, who had sent troops, under the command of a near relation of his own, to the assistance of the rebellious heretics. Sigmund had indeed induced both Wladislaw and Witold to make a formal renunciation of the proffered crown, but he could not forget that it had been proffered; and, conscious perhaps of his own bad faith, he did not dare to believe them sincere. It was towards Poland, however, that he owed the deepest grudge; and now, to spite that country, and to establish some claim upon Witold's gratitude, he exercised his imperial prerogative by offering to raise Lithuania into an independent sovereignty, and bestow the crown thereof upon the aged Prince, who eagerly accepted it, and promised, as the most fitting return he could make, to send troops against the Hussites. The Lithuanians were delighted, and the Poles annoyed, which was what Sigmund had desired; nor did the death of Witold, which very soon followed, suffice to heal the breach between the two nations.

Fresh attempts at a reconciliation with the Bohemians had failed, (1429.) and the states of Germany positively refused troops for the prosecution of the war. Sigmund's authority had sunk so low, that he might almost have been called an emperor without an empire; but he now saw clearly that something must be done, and therefore summoned the Imperial Diet to meet at Vienna. When the time fixed for it had arrived, however, he was confined to Presburg by an attack of the gout, and the assembly unwillingly removed to the latter city. Wondrously wanting in perception does this many-titled sovereign appear to have been: for as he had offended the Hungarians by placing foreigners in high government offices, advancing and enriching them at the expense of the natives; so now he must needs offend the German States, by admitting Hungarians to their conferences, even appointing the Palatine Gara and the Bishop of Agram his commissaries, through whom he communicated to the Diet the subjects which he wished to be discussed. The States angrily replied that they could consider no measures for the establishment of peace or the prosecution of the religious war, except in a German town, and with the participation of all the Electors, two of whom only were now present. This answer so enraged Sigmund, that he broke forth into a torrent of threats, which the States took calmly for what they were worth. 'Never more would he go to Germany, even if public order were trampled underfoot by everyone, from the princes to the poorest knight; he had exposed Hungary to the Turks by dawdling in Germany, and if he were now to go to Nürnberg or Frankfurt, they would break the truce. No; if the German states continued as

obstinate and inactive as they had hitherto been, he had quite resolved to wash his hands of them altogether; he would resign the wearisome dignity of being King of the Romans, and would be content with the crown of Hungary.'

The States, knowing with whom they had to deal, were not greatly terrified. They persisted in their determination; and Sigmund, having gradually cooled down, appointed a day in the following March for the Diet to meet at Nürnberg. However, the Hussites meantime were anything but idle, and their attacks upon various parts of Germany, as well as upon Hungary, delayed both the States and Sigmund, so that it was July before they actually met. Before leaving Hungary he appointed a regency, from which the Queen was excluded, for he expected to be absent some time. His head was once more full of projects for re-establishing the peace of the Church by the instrumentality of another council, and he had also set his heart upon being crowned at Rome. The Cardinal Julian Cæsarini was appointed Pope's Legate to preach a crusade against the Hussites, and a council was summoned to meet at Bâle. So great was the terror spread by the Hussites throughout Germany, that the States met at Nürnberg in great numbers, and proceeded to take vigorous measures. Preparations went actively forward on both sides; and so great was the zeal of the Legate, that he absented himself from the Council, of which he was President, in order to raise troops for the crusades. The Bohemians were allowed by Wladislaw to purchase horses and other necessaries in Poland, and his nephew Korybut, with other volunteers, were permitted to give them their services; they had made peace among themselves, and were prepared to offer a stout and united resistance to the enemy. Still both parties were afraid to begin the war, and negotiations were entered into; but unfortunately, Sigmund's conduct hitherto had not been such as to inspire anyone with confidence, and he was now mistrusted and suspected by all alike. The attempts at settling matters peaceably failed entirely, apparently from the want of confidence of one party in the other; and preparations for war again went on. The nearer came the crusaders, the more resolute and united were the Hussites; and a feeling of superstitious fear came over the crusaders as they heard in the distance the loud and inspiriting strains of the Bohemian battle-song. They dispersed without a blow; and though the Cardinal rallied them and brought them to the charge, their courage was broken, and they gave way at once. The Cardinal himself escaped with difficulty; and the victorious Hussites turned their arms against Hungary, taking several places, and committing terrible ravages, till they were met and driven out by Rozgonyi.

At the same time Transylvania was suffering from an incursion of the Turks and Wallachians. Wlad, an illegitimate son of the old Vajda Myrxa, having once been detained in Buda as a hostage for his father's fidelity, had managed to effect his escape thence to Constantinople; and

returning in 1430, had beheaded Dan, and then made his way to Nürnberg, where Sigmund was holding the Diet, asking to be appointed Vajda, and excusing his own conduct by affirming that Dan had faithlessly deserted to the Turks. Sigmund, glad of the opportunity for shewing that he still possessed even a nominal authority over Wallachia, solemnly invested Wlad with banner and club, (symbols of Wallachian sovereignty) created him a Knight of the Order of the Dragon, and caused him to be proclaimed Vajda of Wallachia in the streets and squares of Nürnberg, with beating of drums and sounding of trombones. Wlad, who henceforward, in allusion to his knightship, was known as Drakul, returned home well satisfied, encountered the Turks immediately on his arrival, and defeated them in a battle, in which their protégé Radul lost his life. But Sigmund was far away, and the Sultan Murath was close at hand, and not unnaturally Drakul was more in awe of the latter than of the former. No long time therefore had elapsed before the Sultan had won the homage of another vassal, who was anxious to shew his devotion and win his master's favour, by joining in any attacks upon Hungary. Just a year after his interview with Sigmund, the new-made knight, at the head of a mixed army of Turks and Wallachians, fell upon Transylvania, laid waste the lands of Saxons and Székels, and returned home bearing with him a large booty and many prisoners. At the Diet which was held at Buda this same year to consider some means of defence against these unscrupulous foes, there appeared ambassadors from Wladislaw, complaining of the incessant attacks of the Lithuanians and his old enemies the Teutonic Knights, and going on to announce that he had consequently entered into a league with the Bohemians against all Germans, but he hoped that this would not in any way disturb the good understanding which had subsided between Poland and Hungary from the times of S. Stephen, to those of Louis the Great. Wladislaw clearly wished to distinguish between Sigmund and his subjects, and perhaps would not have been unwilling to sow dissension between them; but the Diet, too wary to commit itself, returned no answer to the message, and communicated its purport to the King. He just now was detained at Siena, but the tidings determined him to hasten his negotiations with the Pope, and to make every effort to conciliate Bohemia. How in spite of many difficulties he was crowned first at Milan and then at Rome, whither he was accompanied only by eight hundred Hungarians, and how he then unexpectedly made his appearance at Bâle, does not pertain to our history. More nearly does it concern us to find that the Taborites, one of the large divisions into which the Hussites had split, meanwhile attacked the Zips, passing for this purpose through Gallicia, greatly to the annoyance of their ally, Wladislaw, who could not refuse them permission to pass through, and yet was very far from wishing to be involved in a quarrel with the Hungarians. The death of the Palatine Gara about this time, greatly added to Hungary's troubles and perplexities; and urgent messages were sent to the King, entreating him to return

home, and adding a promise that the expenses of his journey should be defrayed. After a four years absence, therefore, he sailed up to Presburg, where his father-in-law Hermann Cilly had died, a week before, and found that he had not been summoned without cause. Everything was in disorder; the powerful nobles quarrelled and fought among themselves, while they oppressed their inferiors; the clergy were disunited, disobeyed the laws, were extortionate and oppressive in the matter of tithes, and sowed discord among the people. It was not likely that such a king as Sigmund should succeed in remedying these disorders, though he did contrive to palliate them for a time, and to restore some degree of outward tranquillity to the country. His old rival Wladislaw was lately dead, and at Presburg he received an embassy from his son and successor of the same name, bringing proposals for the hand of his grandchild, the daughter of Albrecht of Austria; but Sigmund had not forgotten his enmity towards Poland, and nothing came of the proposal. Having appeased Hungary for the time, the Emperor departed to Brünn (1435) to endeavour once more to negotiate with the Bohemians, whom he now strove in every possible way to conciliate. But, while making concessions to the Hussites in Bohemia, he was very severe towards those of Hungary. A certain Franciscan friar had been very busy in Bosnia striving with fanatical zeal to bring all schismatics back to the Church. Him Sigmund had summoned to his court, and commissioned to employ all his efforts for the conversion of the many Bohemians who had left their country to settle in Hungary. With them he had little success, but he succeeded in inspiring the King and his court with something of his own spirit. In 1436 Twartko Scurus, King of Bosnia, was summoned to appear before the Diet at Stuhlweissenburg to answer the accusations laid against him by the friar, and to make a confession of faith. The same Diet empowered Friar Jacob to pursue his labours throughout Hungary, and ordered the Bishops to furnish and maintain troops for his use. Therewith he began the forcible conversion of Upper Hungary, including, it would seem, the members of the Greek Church among the objects of his persecution. Pope Eugenius IV. made him Inquisitor of the faith; and now at the head of his troops he passed through Transylvania and many other parts of Hungary, using force where words did not suffice, and when both means failed, actually slaughtering his victims. Hungary had witnessed nothing of the sort before, and was horror-struck. Such proceedings against innocent and peaceable men must of necessity lead to revolt and insurrection. With his usual inconsistency, Sigmund acted in a very different manner towards the Jews; but then, perhaps, he had good reason for it. They had returned to Hungary upon the death of King Louis, and had not returned empty-handed, so Sigmund could afford to receive them graciously. He was actuated by the same motive in his dealings with the Bohemians, towards whom he was now shewing extreme favour and compliance, solely in order that he might secure their throne.

It was done at last; and after fifteen years of war and discord, he and his queen made their triumphal entry into Prague. (1436.) A few months later, at the beginning of the year, the Queen's coronation took place, and Sigmund's great desire was accomplished. Bohemia longed for peace, and Sigmund might now have ensured it to her; but all his life long he had been cunning, faithless, intolerant, and bigoted; it had been a principle with him, that where heretics were concerned, it was lawful to promise everything and perform nothing—it was not likely he would change now, when his life was rapidly drawing to a close. Very soon his want of sincerity was apparent in the dismissal of the Hussite clergy, the breaking of many of his promises, and the cruel execution of a certain knight Rohacz, who after terrible tortures was hanged, in company with a priest of the reformed faith, and fifty companions in arms. Small wonder, therefore, that discontent daily increased, and with it the danger of another general rising. Nor were the tidings from Hungary of a more re-assuring character. The Turks had again attacked Servia and Bosnia, and Murath had endeavoured to soothe the feelings of George Brankovitsch, by giving him his daughter Mara in marriage. Nevertheless, in the following year (1437) the Turks had come again. This time they were received by two generals, whose names were destined to be famous in after years, and were completely defeated near Szendrö. The victory was ascribed to Hunyady János, whose name was soon to be a terror to the Turks; but we must do Sigmund the justice to say that he had sent some troops (chiefly Taborites, under the command of Giskra) to join the Hungarian army, which Pongrácz was leading to the assistance of Servia. Joy at this brilliant victory was, however, soon damped by the news of a terrible rising of the peasants in Transylvania.

This rising had been brought about by various causes, foremost among which were the oppressions to which the Wallachians, as members of the Greek Church, had long been subjected; and also the persecution of the Hussites by Friar Jacob. The nobles, too, had been oppressive and exacting, and had opposed their vassals when they strove to exercise their right of moving from one estate to another. Added to this, the reformed opinions were daily gaining ground, and urging the people to the resistance of all oppression; so that—when Bishop Lépes employed severity in the raising of his tithes, and exacted their payment in money, which the peasants did not possess; and Sigmund sent orders from Prague denouncing heavy penalties against all defaulters, which penalties were frequently inflicted—the whole peasant population, Hungarian as well as Wallachian, rose against its tyrants, committed deeds of violence against nobles and clergy, and took up an entrenched position on Mount Bábolna, demanding the restitution of its rights and liberties. The rising was formidable, for the peasants were trained to arms, and now turned their skill and knowledge against their masters; their resistance was stout, and the possibility of obtaining a victory over them so doubtful, that negotiations were begun, and a treaty was concluded.

Both parties were, however, dissatisfied—the nobles, on account of the concessions they had been obliged to make; and the peasants because, having gained so much, they wanted more, and did not feel disposed to return to the quiet routine of daily life. Under their leader Martin, they plundered and destroyed the dwellings of the nobles, murdered their inhabitants, carried the bloody sword through towns and villages, and compelled all whom they met to join them on pain of suffering terrible vengeance if they refused. Even the neighbouring districts of Hungary suffered, and the insurrection spread.

Usually, Magyars, Székels, and Saxons, (the three ruling nationalities of Transylvania,) were too jealous of one another to unite in a common cause. Now, however, for the first though not the last time in history, we find them determining to act in concert; and the result was the complete stamping-out of the rebellion. Unhappily, in their success, the victors did not remember mercy; and Bishop Lépes in particular, whose harshness and covetousness had been one main cause of the rising, continued obstinately to oppress his vassals, till he received a stern remonstrance from King Albrecht.

In addition to the disturbed state of the Church and of all his vast dominions, Sigmund was much troubled at this time by ill-health, which caused him to summon his son-in-law Albrecht and his daughter to Prague.

Little peace or comfort was there even now for the Emperor-King. His own wife entered into a conspiracy with some of the Bohemian lords to upset his plans, and secure the Bohemian throne for young Wladislaw of Poland, who, it was thought, would be more lenient to the reformed opinions than the strictly Romish Albrecht. The discovery of this plot may well have made Sigmund feel that he was no longer safe in Prague, and he determined at once to set out for Hungary, though he made no difference in his behaviour towards his wife and her relations. Before sunrise on the 11th of November, he dressed himself in his imperial robes, put a wreath of laurel round his head, carefully arranged the long beard which he wore in honour of the Hungarians, and was then carried in an arm-chair through the streets of the town, and out at the gate. He then proceeded in a carriage to Znaim, accompanied by his wife, the Princes of Cilly, and many other nobles. Here he was met by his daughter and her husband; and here, feeling himself to be safe, he ordered the Empress and her relations to be seized and imprisoned. The latter, however, had been warned in time, and made their escape.

Sigmund now grew so feeble that he could not continue his journey, and felt that his end was at hand. Summoning the Hungarian and Bohemian nobles who were with him, he presented Albrecht to them as their future sovereign, assuring them that they would find him all that they could desire; and then, in his imperial robes, and with the crown on his head, he heard Mass for the last time. Still he lingered, bearing the increasing pain manfully; and at last he bade them clothe

him in the dress which was to be his shroud, and so, sitting upon the throne, an Emperor to the last, he passed away, December 9th, 1437, ten short months after his wife's coronation at Prague. Three days after he was carried to Hungary, to be buried, as he had desired, at Grosswardein, at the feet of S. László.

'A melancholy spectacle!' says Æneas Sylvius; 'and a striking proof of the great instability of human fortune: the captive Empress and the dead Emperor journeying on together. The Hungarian nobles who came to meet the procession could not restrain their tears at the sight of so great a change.'

Sigmund was seventy years old, and had reigned in Hungary altogether fifty years.

We must not omit to mention the first appearance in Hungary during this reign of wandering bands of Gypsies, who had probably been driven by Tamerlane from their homes in Asia. Sigmund gave them settlements, allowed them to wander where they pleased, and permitted their Vajda, or chief, to settle all their differences without the interference of any other magistrate.

(To be continued.)

WONDERS OF THE STAR-DEPTHS.

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IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

We have considered the scale on which the stellar universe has been formed, and the general varieties of structure observable within the range of telescopic vision. We have seen that, compared with distances separating star from star, the dimensions of our Sun, and even of the system over which he bears sway, sink into utter insignificance. And then, endeavouring to picture to ourselves the manner in which these star-ranges are distributed—the plan on which this system of magnificent distances is formed—we have seen reason to believe that a variety of distribution prevails which renders the scheme of stars singularly difficult to interpret aright. So long as we could believe in uniformity either of dimensions or distribution, we could deduce certain conclusions as to the structure of the great star-system. Varieties of appearance were then at once explicable, as due either to the various distances at which the particular regions under survey were placed, or else to the various depths to which the telescopic sounding-line penetrates before reaching the limits of the star system. But so soon as we are led to doubt whether any sort of uniformity exists within the star-depths, we lose

at once the means of readily interpreting the scene disclosed to us in the telescopic survey of the heavens. A region which appears singularly rich in stars may be a true star-cluster—a subordinate star-system—or it may be a region where the line of sight passes through an almost interminable range of stars. Seemingly minute stars may form schemes of suns far smaller than our own, or than any of the leading orbs of the heavens; or they may be orbs surpassing even Sirius in magnitude and splendour, but set at depths compared with which his enormous distance is relatively as insignificant as the distance of our moon compared with the dimensions of the Solar System. A cloud of light in the star-depths may be a vast mass of nebulous matter, or it may be a scheme of stars as magnificent as the most splendid of all the star-clusters discernible with the telescope.

It does not follow that in the presence of these sources of perplexity we need wholly despair of solving the problems presented by the star-depths; but it becomes more necessary than ever to exercise extreme caution at each step of our progress. We must avail ourselves of every method of research or inquiry which promises to throw the least light on the very difficult questions we have to deal with. 'In the midst of so much darkness,' as Sir John Herschel has said to myself on this point, 'we ought to open our eyes as wide as possible to any glimpse of light, and to utilize whatever twilight may be accorded to us, to make out though but indistinctly the forms that surround us.'

It is not in this place indeed that this searching analysis should be undertaken. My purpose in writing these lines is not to exhibit in detail the reasoning by which certain conclusions may be attained, but rather to present an account of what is known or may be inferred respecting the stellar depths. But it is well that the reader should notice that the facts to be described have an interest other than that which they derive from their intrinsic importance, inasmuch as it is to them chiefly that we are to look for hints to guide us in the attempt to solve the noblest problem ever attacked by man.

We have already had abundant reasons for believing that 'one star differeth from another in glory,' not merely as seen upon the heavens, but in reality, and to an extent which corresponds to the variety of dimensions recognized among the members of the Solar System itself. Let us now briefly consider the evidence we have of an equally remarkable variety of condition and constitution among the stars composing our galaxy.

In the first place, we can infer from the different colours of the stars, that their condition, and the condition also of worlds dependent upon them, must differ to a corresponding extent. Even the naked eye recognizes remarkable diversities of star-colour; but it is perhaps when the telescope is directed to the work of survey that the true extent of these diversities is fully recognized. Confining our attention for the present to single stars, it is to be noticed that every variety of pure

colour—that is, of the hues seen in the prismatic spectrum—from bluish and greenish, (not full green or blue,) through yellow, orange, ruddy, and full red, even to the deepest ruby, may be recognized among isolated stars. But no isolated stars of a full blue or green colour have yet been detected.*

Here we have an instance of variety of condition which cannot but be regarded as highly significant. In whatever way we explain the colour of a red or orange star on the one hand, or of a greenish or bluish star on the other, we cannot but admit that they must differ markedly in condition, and that the condition of either must be markedly different from that of a white star. A red star may be heated in a different degree than a white star, or it may be surrounded by absorbing vapours different in character from those which surround an orb of the latter class, or the difference of aspect may be explicable in some other manner; but it is not conceivable that any explanation can present two such stars as alike, or nearly alike, in their physical condition. And so of other distinctions of colour.

We are not left in doubt, however, on this point; for the spectroscope exhibits to us the nature of the characteristic difference between stars which differ in colour. Father Secchi has been able, in fact, to arrange the stars of different colour into four distinct types, according to the character of the rainbow-tinted streak into which the spectroscope spreads out their light.

First in order are the stars usually considered white, but in reality shining with a somewhat bluish light. Such are Sirius, Vega, Altair, Rigel, and Regulus, as well as all the stars of Charles's Wain, except Dubhe. The spectrum of a star of this order 'shews rays of all the seven colours, and is sometimes crossed by very numerous and mostly very fine lines, but always by four broad and very dark lines. Of these four lines one is in the red, another in the greenish blue, and the remaining two in the violet. All the four are due to hydrogen.† The spectra of these stars shew also the lines of sodium, iron, and magnesium. 'Nearly half the stars in the heavens,' (that is, of those visible to the unaided eye,) 'are included in this type, and their spectra may be examined even with a telescope of small power.'

The second type of fixed stars is that to which our sun belongs. 'In this class,' says Secchi, 'most of the yellow stars are included, as for instance, Capella, Pollux, Arcturus, Aldebaran, Dubhe in the Great

* This, however, has been questioned, since some observers (and notably the late Admiral Smyth) have considered certain isolated stars to be decidedly blue or green. The general opinion is in favour of those who assert that the blue or green hues of these stars are not well marked, and that a peculiarity of vision has led the beforementioned observers into error.

† From Dr. Schellen's fine work on Spectrum Analysis, translated by Jane and Caroline Lassell, daughters of the late President of the Royal Astronomical Society, and edited by Dr. Huggins, F. R. S.

Bear, Procyon, &c. The dark lines are very strongly marked in the red and in the blue portions of their spectra, but are almost entirely absent in the yellow.' The well-known dark lines in the solar spectrum illustrate this peculiarity; yet it should be noted that though well-marked dark lines are absent from the yellow part of the spectrum, fine lines are present there in great numbers. 'The close conformity to the solar spectrum undoubtedly leads to the conclusion,' says Dr. Schellen, 'that these stars are composed of similar elements, and possess a physical constitution in other respects analogous to that of our Sun.' We have seen that about one half the stars hitherto observed belong to the first type. Secchi considers that the second type includes about two-thirds of the remainder; so that already five-sixths of all the observed stars have been taken into account.

The third type includes all the stars shining with a well-marked red tint. As an example, the brilliant but variable star Betelgeux, which marks the right shoulder of Orion, may be cited. The star Alpha Herculis, in the head of the Kneeling Hero, also belongs to this type. 'The spectra of such stars appear like a row of columns illuminated from the side, producing a stereoscopic effect; and when the bright bands are narrower than the dark ones, the spectrum has the appearance of a series of grooves. Red stars of even the eighth magnitude have been examined spectroscopically with Secchi's admirable instrument, and shew a similar constitution, while no spectrum could be obtained from white stars of the same magnitude.' The spectrum of stars of the third type resembles in a remarkable degree the spectrum of a solar spot, a circumstance which has led Secchi to regard these as spot-covered suns.

Stars of the fourth type, like those of the third, have a spectrum presenting a columnar appearance; but the number of the columnar bands is less, and the brighter side of each band is towards the violet end of the spectrum, whereas in stars of the third type the reverse is the case. Into peculiarities such as these, however, we need not here enter at length, because they do not affect those general relations with which we are here dealing.

Now, passing from the consideration that these varieties of the stellar spectrum indicate corresponding varieties of elementary structure in the suns which people space, let us consider for a moment how the condition of the inhabited worlds circling around other suns than ours must be affected by the nature of the light emitted by the orbs which rule them.

Our sun sends forth rays which supply three very different requirements of the living creatures, animal and vegetable, peopling our earth. Without light, we should all before long perish miserably; and the sun's rays supply us with light. Without heat, we should be even more quickly destroyed; and the sun's rays provide ample supplies of heat. But besides light and heat, we require, directly and indirectly, that chemical action of the solar rays which has been called *actinism*.

Without this action the air we breathe would be loaded before long with pestilential vapours, which would destroy the lives of men and animals; plants would wither, and presently die; the whole earth, in fact, would soon be the abode of death, as surely, though perhaps not so quickly, as though the sun had ceased to supply either light or heat.

Now at present, these three forms of energy are exerted in certain proportions, admirably suited to our requirements. Dividing the solar rays according to the position they occupy with reference to the spectrum—we have from the red rays, and from dark rays beyond the red, the chief supply of heat; from the whole visible spectrum, but chiefly from the yellow portion, comes the supply of light; and lastly, the violet rays, and the dark rays beyond the violet, afford the chief supply of actinism. If any change were to pass over our sun whereby the proportion of heat and light and actinism were appreciably modified, we should undoubtedly suffer sooner or later. If the modification were considerable, all plants and animals would probably perish. But if our sun's rays were so affected that he was visibly changed in colour—either to our own eyes, or to the inhabitants of some far distant world whence our sun is seen as a star—there can be no question that *this* change would result in a considerable modification of the proportion in which heat, light, and actinism reach our earth. For we have seen that varieties of stellar colour imply varieties in the stellar spectra, some stars having the red or heat end relatively more brilliant than the rest of the spectrum, others having the yellow or light portion in relative excess, others the violet or actinic portion. Since, then, the creatures living on this earth would unquestionably suffer if our sun were so changed as to resemble stars of certain colours, it follows that the creatures in worlds circling around stars of those colours must differ in many important respects from those existing on our own earth. So that the varied tints seen amid the star-depths supply evidence of a corresponding variety in the scenes displayed by the unnumbered myriads of worlds circling around other suns than our own.

In passing from isolated suns to double and multiple star-systems, I scarcely know whether to dwell chiefly on the varieties of arrangement observable in these systems or on the singularly-marked and beautiful colours seen among them, as the more striking illustration of the complexity of the scheme according to which the universe has been formed. But as the subject of colour has already been discussed, it may be well to consider the former relation more particularly at this point.

If we consider only the double stars, we find a perfectly marvellous variety of arrangement as respects magnitude and distance. In some pairs the component stars are equal, in others we find every degree of disproportion in the magnitudes of the components, from a slight inequality down to such an enormous disproportion as in the case of Sirius or Antares, where the chief star is a brilliant of the leading

order, (a 'double first,' as it were,) and the companion is barely visible in powerful telescopes. As respects distance, it is not possible to speak quite so confidently—at least, in any specified instance; since a pair whose components appear to be very close together may in reality be separated by a distance exceeding that which separates a 'wide double.' But among so many thousands of double stars which have come under telescopic scrutiny, this difficulty need not perplex us, since the laws of averages assure us that peculiarities of arrangement will not *prevail* in a large array of instances. So that we may feel assured that the observed immense variety in the distance of double stars—whether in the actual observed distance, or in the relation between this distance and the seeming magnitudes of the component stars—corresponds to an equally immense variety in the real distances. Then the subject of colour enters into the question of arrangement (apart from the evidence it supplies as to elementary constitution,) and here again we find the most surprising variety. We have pairs of white, yellow, orange, and red stars; then we have red and white pairs, red and yellow, red and orange, and so on, with all such combinations, the larger or smaller star having either colour of any such pair; again, we have white and blue, white and green, white and violet, red and blue, red and green, red and violet, and so on, the larger star in all such cases being white, yellow, orange, or red, and the smaller blue, green, violet, or purple. We have also small companion stars, coloured lilac, fawn, dun, buff, ash grey, livid, olive, russet, citron, and so on, to say nothing of colours so peculiar that no ordinary name can be given to them.*

If we regard a pair of stars as forming a double sun round which, or rather round the common centre of which, other orbs revolve as planets, we are struck by the difference between such a scheme and our own Solar System; but we find the difference yet more surprising, when we consider the possibility that in some such schemes each component sun may have its own distinct system of dependent worlds. In the former case, the ordinary state of things would probably be such that both the suns would be above the horizon at the same time, and then probably their distinctive peculiarities would only be recognizable when one chanced to pass over the disc of the other, as our moon passes over the sun's disc in eclipses. For short intervals of time, however, at rising or setting, one or other would be visible alone; and the phenomena of sunset and sunrise must therefore be very varied, and also exquisitely beautiful, in worlds circling round such double suns. But where each sun has a separate system, even more remarkable relations must be presented. For each system of dependent worlds, besides its own proper sun, must have another sun, less splendid, perhaps, (because

* For such a colour the celebrated astronomer, W. Struve, invented the pleasing name, '*olivaceasubrubicunda*,' respecting which the author of 'Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes' remarks that it matches Gruithuisen's '*stickstoffsauerstoffatmosphäre*,' and (an English chemist's invention) the *iodide of methylodiethylamylammonium.*

farther off,) but still brighter beyond comparison than our moon at the full. And according to the position of any planet of either system, there will result for the time being either an interchange of suns instead of the change from night to day, or else double sunlight during the day, and a corresponding intensified contrast between night and day. Where the two suns are very unequal, or very differently coloured, or where the orbital path of each is very eccentric, so that they are sometimes close together, and at others far apart, the varieties of condition in the worlds circling around either, or around the common centre of both, must be yet more remarkable. 'It must be confessed,' we may well say with Sir John Herschel, 'that we have here a strangely wide and novel field for speculative excursions, and one which it is not easy to avoid luxuriating in.'

If it be supposed that in some instances the smaller component of a double system shines either wholly or to a considerable degree by reflecting the light of its primary, we shall find yet further reason for wonder at the diversity of structure within the star-depths. For unquestionably the largest of all the planets which circle around the Sun would not be visible even under the most powerful telescopic scrutiny, at the distance of the nearest fixed star. Nay, an opaque orb as large as our Sun, if placed where Jupiter is, would not reflect a tenth part of the light necessary to render it visible at such a distance.

But such considerations as these become perfectly bewildering when extended to triple, quadruple, and generally to multiple star-systems. It will afford some idea of the amazing variety of arrangement observable among such systems, that even among the host of triple stars already observed by astronomers, not two have been found which closely resemble each other in arrangement, while, so soon as we pass to more complex systems, we find that each fresh object of the class differs utterly from all which have been previously observed.

In considering the actual condition of the region of space occupied by a triple, quadruple, or multiple star-system, we find ourselves surrounded on all sides by sources of perplexity—so long, at least, as we compare the worlds in such regions with our own earth, or with any member of the Solar System. All the most marked characteristics of life on our earth must be wanting in those worlds which circle around the component suns of multiple systems. There can be no year, strictly so called, no orderly succession of seasons, no regular alternation of day and night, in many cases *no night at all*, save for brief periods at exceedingly long intervals. Placed at such a distance from any star of one of these systems that that star appears as a sun, the others also must supply an amount of light sufficient of itself to banish night. More commonly, indeed, each star of such a system, while above the horizon, would be a sun shining more brightly than our sun does to the inhabitants of many planets of his scheme. But where there are three or four such suns, the simultaneous absence of all from the sky must be

an uncommon event—as uncommon, for instance, as those occasions when none of Jupiter's satellites can be seen. The inhabitants of worlds such as these can but seldom witness the spectacle of the starlit sky; and the study of any orbs beyond their own system must be a task of infinite difficulty, since it can only be pursued for a few occasional hours of darkness, separated by many months of persistent daylight.

The consideration of these multiple systems leads us on, step by step, to the various orders of star-clusters. For we can point to multiple systems of greater and greater richness, and as it were compactness, until we arrive at orders which we are compelled to regard as veritable star-clusters. Yet it is to be noticed that we might have approached the study of star-clusters in a different direction. For we have already had occasion to consider the various degrees of stellar aggregation in different parts of the heavens; and some of the regions of aggregation, while indubitably features of the galaxy regarded as a whole, are yet so well defined, and so clearly separated from the surrounding more barren regions, that we cannot refuse to regard them as vast star-clusters. We can thus either proceed from the smaller star-clusters—to which we have been led by the study of multiple star-systems—onwards to larger and yet larger groups of stars, until we have arrived at the aggregations just mentioned; or we can pass from these through the successive orders of a diminishing scale until we arrive at multiple star-systems.

Yet here it is well to remark that a difficulty presents itself which can only be removed by the theory, to which we have been already led by other considerations, that the great aggregations of stars are not (or at least, all of them are not) to be regarded as formed of orbs necessarily comparable with Sirius and Arcturus, Capella, Vega, and Aldebaran, in real magnitude and splendour. For we can pass from the single suns onwards to double suns, multiple systems, star-clusters, and stellar aggregations, thence to less and less condensed and more and more extended aggregations, until we arrive at unaggregated star-groups, consisting, in fact, of the single orbs with which we set out. Now it is to be observed that we seem to be brought to the single stars by a course which is not a mere retracing of our steps. For supposing we regard star-clusters as intermediate between the least condensed aggregations on the one hand, and single stars on the other, we pass onwards from these least condensed aggregations to single stars, without going through any of the steps of our progress *towards* the aggregations. Obviously there can have been no true progression here. And we are compelled to believe that by following the course indicated, we arrive at quite another order of star-groups than those which form our constellations, although in appearance the less densely aggregated star-groups may resemble systems of true suns, like Sirius and Arcturus, Aldebaran, and Capella.

But the fact is that, again and again, as we contemplate the wonders of the star-depths, we find ourselves thus tracing out perplexing sequences,

one class of objects merging into another class seemingly altogether distinct, and this class into yet another, until we are bewildered by the multiplicity of analogies whereof some at least must be deceptive.

For instance, I have spoken of the various orders of star-clusters by which we may be led to the vast stellar aggregations; and there can be no question whatever that an apparently perfect sequence can be traced from sharply-defined clusters such as the magnificent object '13 Messier' in the constellation Hercules, to such groups as the Pleiades, or Præsepe in Cancer, or the splendid star-clusters near the sword-hand of Perseus, these groups being undoubtedly mere condensations in rich star-regions. It also cannot be doubted that we can pass from such a cluster as the one in Hercules, to others less rich in numbers, but equally compact, and so to clusters continually poorer and poorer (numerically) until we arrive at mere multiple systems, and so to quadruple, triple, double, and single stars. But it is equally certain that we can pass from the globular star-clusters to others oval in shape, and more and more closely set,* until at length we arrive at the nebulæ, properly so called—that is, spots of cloudy light which have not been resolved into separate stars by any telescopic power yet applied. Here, then, a progression as real as either of the preceding, seems to lead us to objects which have been commonly regarded as wholly distinct from any *portions* of the galactic system, and probably analogues of the whole of that system.

But it may be urged that this progression may relate simply to distance, and that therefore we need not regard it as forming a new and distinct sequence. To illustrate the matter, suppose that we could recognize among the companies of persons proceeding along a road, —many different kinds of groups—and that we arranged these different orders into a perfect sequence; then, taking any given order, we should find the various groups belonging to this order presenting different aspects according to their distance. Say the order comprised sets of persons travelling six together; then a set of six close by would differ in appearance from a set of six far away; and we might form many sets of six at different distances into a perfect sequence, according to their varying appearance.

Now according to this view of the matter the various orders of regularly-shaped nebulæ, even down to those which no telescope can resolve, would be star-clusters lying at great distances. And since the star-clusters, properly so called, must be regarded as belonging to our own galactic system, it would follow that all the orders of nebulæ belong to that system. We should at least find it very difficult to say up to what point this complete sequence of objects belonged to our star-system, and

* The connection between shape and closeness of star-setting is certain, though most perplexing. Sir John Herschel writes:—'It may be generally remarked, as a fact undoubtedly connected in some very intimate manner with the dynamical conditions of their subsistence, that the elliptic nebulæ are, for the most part, beyond comparison more difficult of resolution than those of globular form.

where external star-systems began to be in question; and still less easily could we explain how complete external systems should thus be linked, as far as appearances extend, with mere portions, and relatively minute portions, of our own star-system.

So that whether we consider distance to be solely in question, or that the various orders of nebulæ are associated with star-clusters, as forming parts of a real sequence of objects, we alike find reason for believing that the nebulæ, or irresolvable star-clusters, belong to our own galactic system.

But at this stage a very striking and beautiful argument can be adduced to indicate the real place of the nebulæ—so long regarded as external galaxies—in the scheme of our own galactic system.

If we were to mark down on a globe the place of every nebula yet known to astronomers, we should not find that the marks were spread in a random manner over the sphere. On the contrary, we should find them aggregated in a well-defined manner into two large regions, separated by a wide ring-shaped region of nebular poverty. An interesting circumstance, this, whatever opinion we may form as to the nature of these star-cloudlets. Placed as we are, in the midst of a region of star-space, which appears to our conceptions as spherical, the existence of two great clusters of nebulæ in opposite regions of this seemingly spherical space, is a significant phenomenon, and one which any theory of the universe, to be established on a firm basis, is bound to account for. But the circumstance becomes yet more significant when we notice *where*, on the star sphere, the intervening zone of barrenness is situated. If the globe had been originally free from marks, and we sought to indicate by a circular streak the central circle of this ring-shaped vacancy, the streak would occupy the very place which astronomers have assigned as the central circle of the Milky Way. Now I shall not pause here to dwell on the significance of this fact, though I regard it as one of the most significant in the whole array of facts hitherto learned respecting the galaxy. The special argument I wish at present to insist upon is of a more delicate, though not less significant kind. The star-clusters, which as we have seen are associable with (or rather not separable from) the nebulæ, are also connected, as respects distribution, with the galactic circle. But whereas the irresolvable star-cloudlets are withdrawn from the galactic region, the star-clusters are aggregated over that region. This, however, is not all. If we consider the various intermediate classes between the brightest globular clusters and the faintest of the irresolvable star-cloudlets, we find that their relation to the Milky Way corresponds with their order in the series: the brightest and most obviously stellate clusters are found almost exclusively within the Milky Way; the next order of clusters are chiefly in the Milky Way, but a few are met with outside its borders; the next order are but slightly aggregated towards the Milky Way; the next are pretty evenly distributed over the

heavens; the next are slightly segregated from the Milky Way; and lastly, the actually irresolvable star-cloudlets, though counted by thousands, have scarcely ten of their order near the galactic zone.

It is not difficult to recognize the significance of these facts, though it may be exceedingly difficult to give their exact interpretation. Any doubts we might before have had, respecting the reality of the sequence of association linking together the most stellate clusters with the faintest star-cloudlets, must be removed, when we find in their distribution a law of sequence corresponding exactly with that recognized in their aspect. That they all form part and parcel of one and the same scheme, appears to me to be an inference as inevitable as it is important. The whole aspect of the universe, or of that which is for us the universe —that is, the region of space to which our range of research extends—is at once altered when we are led to regard the star-cloudlets, which have so long been looked upon as external galaxies, as forming, instead, subordinate features of our own star-system. Nor is the conclusion one which should lead us to entertain less exalted ideas of the real universe, although at first sight we seem to have blotted from existence thousands of star-schemes, each as important as our own galaxy. For as certainly as we must recognize the fact that the external galaxies are at least not demonstrated realities, so surely must we regard the ideas which have been entertained respecting our own galaxy as falling far short—infinitely short, I had almost said—of the reality. Its unnumbered myriads of suns are reinforced, according to these new conceptions, by thousands of star-schemes. Its imagined limits are shewn to be only the limits of certain portions of its extent. We find the Milky Way of the Herschels—already chosen as the apt emblem of the infinite power of the Creator—presented to us as the merest fragment of the great star-system to which our Sun belongs, the merest drop in the infinite star-depths. In place of an unlimited series of star-universes like our own, we find that our own star-universe is unlimited, or at least ungaugable by the most powerful telescopes man has yet constructed.

I have said in the preceding paragraph that the nebulæ have not been demonstrated to be external galaxies, assigning thus the lowest possible degree of significance to the argument which I myself regard as demonstrating that they form part and parcel of our own star-system. But it cannot be too often repeated that the reasoning of Sir John Herschel respecting the Magellanic clouds has in effect finally demonstrated the fact of which I have just attempted to give an independent demonstration. I have already indicated the bearing of his reasoning on our ideas respecting the distribution of stars throughout the galactic system; but the evidence he adduces is yet more striking as respects the nebulæ. For within the two Magellanic clouds are found all orders of nebulæ, from the most obviously stellate orders, to those which Sir John Herschel's fine telescope failed wholly to resolve. All classes of these

objects, then, exist within the regions of space occupied by the Magellanic clouds—regions which we have already seen to be roughly globular in shape, and unquestionably far within the limits of distance enclosing our own star-system.

But perhaps the most surprising of all the facts yet ascertained respecting the mysterious star-depths surrounding us on all sides, is the circumstance that inconceivably vast spaces are occupied by gaseous matter, shining with a faintly luminous light. I have spoken hitherto of nebulæ as star-cloudlets, and unquestionably large numbers of these objects are really composed of stars, and give forth the same sort of light (in general respects) as our sun, and other single stars. But others have been shewn by the researches of our great physicist, Dr. Huggins, to be composed of luminous gas or vapour. The famous nebula in Orion is among the number thus constituted, so is the dumb-bell nebula in Vulpecula, the ring nebula in Lyra, and other well-known objects. In the southern hemisphere the great nebula in Argo has been shewn to be gaseous, (by Captain Herschel,) and the fine irregular nebula in the greater Magellanic cloud is another of these gaseous masses. The strange objects called the planetary nebulæ are also all gaseous, so far as these researches have yet extended.

Here again we find a distinct association between the distribution of the gaseous nebulæ, and the features of the galaxy. The irregular nebulæ, such as the one in Orion, the great Argo nebula, and the great nebular masses in Sagittarius and Cygnus, are all on, or else close by, the Milky Way, with one solitary exception, the nebula (already mentioned) in the greater Magellanic cloud, that wonderful region which includes all forms of celestial objects. The planetary nebulæ also shew a decided tendency to aggregation along the galactic zone of the heavens. Added to this is the noteworthy circumstance that all the irregular gaseous nebulæ seem to cling around the stars forming certain very remarkable star-groups. For example, the Orion nebula clings round the group of stars of which the well-known set of four called the trapezium is the central aggregation. The Argo nebula is described by Sir John Herschel as ushered in by a marvellous array of stars, of which it forms in a sense the climax. And so of all these regions of irregular nebulous matter; they are all, without exception, rich in stars. Of the association of this gaseous matter with our own star-system there can be no question whatever.

And here in passing, I may be permitted to make a few remarks on the bearing of Dr. Huggins's noteworthy discovery on the famous nebular hypotheses of Sir W. Herschel and Laplace. These hypotheses, (for they must by no means be regarded as forming one and the same hypothesis,) were intended to account on the one hand for the various orders of objects seen in the star-depths, and on the other for the various signs of a process of growth or development in the Solar System. Herschel sought to shew how irregular nebulous masses might develop into solar

systems. Laplace endeavoured to prove that our Solar System has been developed from rotating nebulous masses.

That the reasoning of Sir W. Herschel as to the really nebulous character of many of the cloud-like objects he observed has been abundantly confirmed and justified by Dr. Huggins's discovery, cannot reasonably be questioned. It needs but a careful comparison of Herschel's remarks with Dr. Huggins's account of his own discoveries, to see that in this case, as in so many other instances, Sir W. Herschel rightly analysed what his telescopes had revealed.

But when we pass from Herschel's interpretation of what he actually saw, to his speculations respecting the unknown—to his views, in fact, respecting the past history of the objects revealed to him—we do not find any fresh reasons in Dr. Huggins's discovery for accepting, or at least insisting upon, the nebular origin of suns. We have vast gaseous masses intermingled with and surrounding groups of stars, and apparently spread with exceptional richness where these stars or suns are most densely aggregated. But this is not what we should expect to find if stars were formed out of this gaseous matter. On the contrary, we should expect that where stars were most numerous, there the nebulous matter would have been most completely used up, so to speak—exhausted, as it were, in the work of star-making. Nor again can we recognize in the substances which appear to constitute the gaseous nebulæ the fitting materials for making stars. So far as the spectroscopic analysis of the gaseous nebulæ extends, their chief constituent would appear to be the gas nitrogen, the element next in importance in their constitution being the gas hydrogen, while a third element as yet not identified seems to be present in their substance. I would not insist too much on this evidence; but it must not be forgotten that it is all the evidence we have: and it must be regarded as at least an unsatisfactory basis on which to rear the hypothetical development of suns like our own, in whose orb exist the glowing vapours of iron, copper, and zinc, sodium, antimony, and mercury, barium, carbon, silicon, and sulphur, and probably every single element known to our chemists.

As respects the nebular hypothesis of Laplace, Dr. Huggins's discovery must be regarded as wholly silent. In the mere existence of vast masses of glowing gas, we have no evidence whatever of those regularly rotating spheroids of vapour which Laplace's hypothesis requires as the primal forms of stars or suns.

These objections are not urged because of the special difficulties which have been recognized by some in the bearing of the nebular hypotheses on religious questions. It has indeed always seemed to me a circumstance to be regretted, that religious questions should have been in any way associated with the scientific difficulties involved in this particular question. There is always this objection to such association, that in forming them we are apt to associate scientific errors with great

religious truths; and these truths seem to suffer when the scientific errors are exposed. Thus well-meaning men have again and again injured the cause they were most eager to serve, by calling in to its aid unsuitable allies. But although I find no religious reasons for casting discredit on the theory that processes have gone on and are going on upon an infinitely vast scale, resembling those which we see daily going on around us upon a finite scale, yet it does appear to me that there are many excellent scientific reasons for doubting very gravely whether all the suns which people space were originally formed from masses of glowing gas.

To return, however, to the wonders of the star-depths.

Hitherto we have considered only the various forms of matter which occupy surrounding space. Stars and star-systems, star-clusters and star-aggregations, star-cloudlets and star-mist—all these, and probably yet other forms of matter, spread throughout the immeasurable depths which surround us on all sides—form a scene altogether amazing in splendour and sublimity. But how infinitely are the wonders of this scene enhanced, when we recognize in every part of its extent the existence of the most stupendous vitality!

In the first place, we know that those wonderful processes, taking place, as recent discoveries shew, in the central orb of our system, must have their analogues in the economy of every star of the universe. Not one star, indeed, may resemble our sun very closely in details; but in general respects, every self-luminous orb in the universe must be, like the Sun, the scene of the most intense activity. For no otherwise can the continuance of their intense luminosity be maintained. We have, indeed, in the case of many stars, direct proof of a degree of activity far exceeding even that recognized in the case of our own sun. For many stars vary in lustre to an extent so remarkable as to be scarcely comparable with those minute changes of lustre which our sun undergoes as his spots alternately wax and wane in number and extent; while one or two—as the star Mira in the Whale, and the star Eta in the Ship—undergo changes so remarkable, that it is almost impossible to conceive that these orbs can be the centres of schemes of inhabited worlds.

The motions taking place within the star-system are also altogether amazing when rightly apprehended. Contemplating the stars on a still night, the idea of infinite repose is suggested by their serenity of aspect. Judging the stars again by the ordinary tests of motion, the astronomers of old had abundant reason to regard them as the very emblems of fixity. But in the light of modern astronomical research, we have this lesson forced upon us, that every one of these bright orbs, and all the millions that are unseen save by telescopically strengthened vision, are urging their way so swiftly through space, that the most rapid motions familiar to us must be regarded as absolute rest by comparison. We know with what startling rapidity an express train rushes past a quiet

country station. In its swift motion and heavy mass, it seems the embodiment of might and energy. Yet the swiftest express train moves but at the rate of about one mile in a minute of time, and its bulk is utterly insignificant compared with that of the smallest member of the Solar System. What inconceivable energy must we recognize, then, in the motion of our sun through space, at a rate of three hundred miles per minute, the whole of his attendant family (each member of which is travelling rapidly around him) accompanying him in his swift rush through the interstellar depths? Yet even this wonderful energy of motion seems little when compared with the flight of Sirius, an orb a thousand times larger than the Sun, and travelling many times more swiftly. And we have abundant reasons for believing that amongst the stars revealed by powerful telescopes there are thousands as large as Sirius, and millions as large as our Sun—all with their attendant systems speeding with inconceivable rapidity on their several courses!

I would ask, in conclusion, whether we have now better reason than the astronomers had of old time to regard the mysteries of the universe as revealed to us and interpreted. We know much that was unknown until of late, and we have been able to understand some matters which once seemed inexplicable; but are not the star-depths, as we see them now, even more mysterious, as well as far more wonderful, than as revealed to the astronomers of old? Our knowledge differs only in degree, not in kind, from theirs; our wisdom, like theirs, is foolishness before God:

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day, and cease to be,
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith; we cannot know—
For knowledge is of things we see,
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness. Let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make our music as before,

But vaster. We are fools, and slight—
We mock Thee when we do not fear;
But help Thy foolish ones to bear,
Help Thy vain worlds to bear Thy light.

THE LEGEND OF S. LESMOS.

SEVEN or eight hundred years ago, a hermit is said to have lived and died at Glen Tanar, a deer-forest in Aberdeenshire, belonging to the Marquis of Huntly, and adjoining his estate of Aboyne.

The holy man is supposed to have inhabited a small hut or grotto, near a mineral spring, which still bears his name.

At Braeline, in the forest, stood the walls of a deserted manor-house or farm, once occupied by the Ladies Gordon, sisters of the late Marquis of Huntly. This ruin has been restored, and converted into a private chapel, by W. Cunliffe Brooks, Esq., M.P., the present tenant of Glen Tanar. The chapel was consecrated by the Lord Bishop of Aberdeen, and dedicated to S. Lesmo, November 15th, 1871. Above the altar is a lovely picture of the Virgin and Child, by an old master.

THE LEGEND OF S. LESMO.

WITH a worn and weary footstep,
  With a saddened face and pale,
Wandered on the hermit, Lesmos,
  By the rivers, down the vale.

Looking, longing, hoping ever,
  That his prayers, and vows, and tears,
Would bring fruit of gracious blessing
  To this haunt of long long years.

Wild and lawless came the clansmen,
  'Give us absolution, Monk!'
And he shrived them, but with trembling
  From their reckless lives he shrunk.

Oft he gave the healing water,
  From the flowing holy spring,
And with loud and fervent Kyries
  Did his supplications ring.

'Make them good, and true, and saint-like,
  Make them children meet for Thee;
Heal their bodies, heal their souls—Lord,
  Set them from sin's thraldom free.'

Faint and faltering, daily, hourly,
  Wandered he, in vale and glen—
'Bless this lovely spot, good Heaven,
  Save and help these wayward men.'

Oft and oft these prayers repeated,
  One day near the torrent stream,
Tired, he laid him down beside it,
  And the hermit dreamt a dream.

And he thought he still was troubled—
  All he asked for was to die:
'I have prayed, and scourged, and fasted,
  Yet no comfort, Lord, have I.

'These fair woods, Thine holy water—
  Surely, then, Thy Hand is near;
But I feel discouraged—lonely—
  All my faith is merged in fear.'

All at once, a glorious shining
  Seemed to spread o'er hill and dell,
And the echoes of soft music
  O'er the hermit's spirit fell.

By his side there stood a lady,
  Clad in robes of blue and red;
In her arms she held an Infant,
  With a glory round His Head.

'Holy Lesmo, sainted father,
  Cease thy murmuring, dry thy tears;
All are answered; I will shew thee
  Vision true of future years.'

Then the Lady, sweet and gracious,
  O'er the rugged roadstead stept,
And the hermit, awe-struck, followed,
  Asking pardon as he wept.

On a spot of sward of velvet,
  Round it, pine-trees—noble, grand—
Near it birches waving softly,
  Did this beauteous Lady stand;

And she held aloft her Baby—
  Sweet He smiled on all around—
Then unto the wondering hermit
  Whispered she, ''Tis holy ground.

'First, a lowly simple homestead
  On this spot shall take its stand;
Happy thankful hearts shall live there,
  Sturdy labourers till the land.

'Yet another generation,
Nought but walls remaineth there;
Faithless Lesmo, see, the ruin
Now becomes a chapel fair.

'There, in holy chants and praises,
Shall the joyous anthems ring;
There, in thankfulness and gladness,
Shall young voices sweetly sing.

'Many hearts—the sad, the joyful,
Some despairing, some in pain—
Kneeling there shall have God's blessing;
He will give them peace again.

'There shall come the gladsome bridegroom,
There shall be the Holy Feast,
There, in Holy Font, the infants
From sin's curse shall be released.

'Come, good Lesmo—see God's working,
Wonderful His ways to men;
He, when all seems sad and hopeless,
Faith and comfort sendeth then.'

Then she signed that he should follow;
And in vision saw he there
Such a sweet and glorious building,
Far beyond his warmest prayer.

Entered he, and still beside her
Bow'd his head, and bowed his heart;
He, who had been sad and faithless,
Now had learnt 'the better part.'

More amazed, above the altar—
Sure the lovely picture smiled—
There, portrayed in life-like image,
Were *the Lady and the Child.*

As he gazed, in awe-struck wonder,
Sunk, with trembling knees to pray,
Soft the sweet breeze hover'd o'er him,
And the vision passed away.

Then arose the holy hermit,
Strengthened, purified, and glad;
Now no longer wearied footsteps,
Now no longer visage sad.

When he reached his rocky cavern,
  Knelt he low upon the sod,
And a rush of joy tears blinded,
  As he raised claspt hands to God.

'All in mercy is this tarrying,
  Now I feel Thy Work's begun;
Like a worn but joyful warrior
  Rest I, for the victory's won.

'Praise unto Thee for Thy power,
  For Thy patience and Thy love,
For the pity that to comfort,
  Sent a vision from above.

'Still I see that dazzling Lady,
  Still I see her glorious Son;
Make me fit to see them ever,
  When Thy servant's labour's done.'

* * * * * *

Ere the leaves had brown'd with autumn,
  Ere the river's swollen tide,
Rushing red and raging downwards,
  Swept the banks on either side—

Early morning brought a pilgrim
  To the sainted hermit's cell;
Loud he shouted, for a welcome
  From the voice he loved so well.

But no answer—solemn stillness;
  Nature even gave no sound;
So with hushèd breath he entered,
  Stood upon that hallowed ground.

There, upon his narrow pallet,
  With his hands crossed on his breast,
The Hermit of the Glen was lying,
  Taking long and peaceful rest.

His face was pale and wan, but faintly
  As in life the sweet lips smiled;
And they said, 'In Heaven for ever
  He sees *the Mother and the Child.*'

H. F.

Advent Sunday, 1871.

THE PILLARS OF THE HOUSE;

OR,

UNDER WODE, UNDER RODE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BRYNHILD.

'Oft with anxious straining eyes,
We watch the coming of some joy long hoped for,
And now 'tis near. But at its side a dark
And stealthy thing that we should fly like death
Did we but see it, is advancing on us,
Yes, step by step with those of its bright compeer.'

King Henry II., a Drama.
(*Quoted in Help's Casimir Maremma.*)

'WHICH is to have the precedence, Alda's child or ours?'

'Alda's child is not likely to be ready for inspection as early as ours.'

'Oh! I thought you would vote it treason to babydom not to begin with Lowndes Square.'

'My maternal feelings draw me the other way, you see.'

'You won't confess it to Wilmet!'

'It is of no use to go to Alda before twelve,' put in Marilda. 'Cherry had better go to the Royal Academy before it gets full.'

It was May, and the catalogue of the Royal Academy bore—

No. 260.—Brynhild ..... T. E. Underwood.

and a good way further on, among the water-colours,

No. 601.—Four Studies, { The Lesson / Hearing a Story / With the Kitten / Listening to Music } Geraldine Underwood.

No. 615.—The Faithful Acolyte ..... Geraldine Underwood.

'But abruptly turning,
Hied he to the choir,
Touched the Altar tapers
With a flake of fire.'

(*The Three Crowns.*)

So, these having been accepted, Geraldine had come up to town to see them in their place. The undertaking was far less formidable than it had been a year ago, for Cherry was now much more at home with her cousins.

She understood Marilda better now, and reproached herself for having taken for worldliness what was really acquiescence rather than cause

any disturbance in the family such as could worry her father, of whose state she had been aware all that last summer. Cherry respected her now, though they had little in common. Marilda had become too much acclimatized to London to like country life. She made some awkward attempts at squiress duty, but was far more in her element in her office, where she took on herself to attend to business so vigorously, that no one would have known there had been any change but by the initials. Felix had been of much use to her, and had certainly gained a good deal in consideration by the manifest reliance placed on him; and his position among the citizens of Bexley was now a fixed and settled thing.

Mrs. Underwood, in the inertness of grief, did not move from Centry until she was carried up to town by her strong desire to preside at Lady Vanderkist's confinement. She was, however, disappointed, for Lady Mary undertook the care of her daughter-in-law; but she made up for it as well as she could by permitting all the assiduities from the good lady that Alda would endure, and being herself extremely friendly and good-natured.

The first proposal had been that Cherry should go up with them and see the pictures on the private day, but east wind and flying threats of rheumatism had prevented this, till Marilda, flying down to inspect her works at Centry, carried her off, undertaking, with better knowledge than before, that she should be well cared for.

So here was the carriage at the door, and Edgar come to escort her to the realization of the almost incredible fact that she as well as himself was an artist and exhibitor. She had heard favourable opinions, but none the less did her heart palpitate with far more of distress than of exultation as at a strange presumptuous unnatural position—she, who, while striving to be satisfied with faithfully doing her best, had so much wished for success as to make it a continual prayer, that the works of their hands might be prospered upon both, and to feel it an effort honestly to add the clause, 'If it be Thy will—if Thou see it good for us.'

She had not seen Edgar's picture, nor himself since the concert, and there had been some breaths of rumour which took form in the saying that the absence of the family from Kensington Palace Gardens had been a sad thing for him.

However that might be, he was as much at his 'Chérie's' service as ever, though with something of the forced manner she had known in him at moments of crisis, and which betrayed much anxiety. He repeated to her many times on the way that Brynhild had been unfairly dealt with in the hanging, and related anecdotes of injustice suffered by whoever did not belong to favoured cliques, all which made her uneasy. Of hers he said little. She knew that water-colours at the Royal Academy exhibition received little notice, but had obediently followed some crotchet of Mr. Renville's which had taken her thither. Trafalgar Square was then still the locality, and when the steps had been surmounted, and they stood between the two doors leading to the water-

colours, it was straight on that they went, for the sight of Brynhild was the triumph and delight that Geraldine had figured to herself for months past.

It was, as she already knew, in the second room, rather below the privileged line; and at this early hour, the numbers of visitors were so scanty that she could see the cocoon shaped glow of yellow flame across the room.

'Oh! there she is! She is smaller than I thought.'

'Just what Polly said. All ladies go in for 'igh hart on the Zam zummin scale.'

She must have hurt his feelings, she saw, or he would not have compared her criticism with Marilda's; and as she felt that he was watching her countenance as he led her forward and lodged her leaning on the red balustrade. From eager expectation her look became constrained, as it shot through her that this was not the Brynhild of the sketch and of her imagination. She was disappointed!'

'Well, what?' asked Edgar impatiently, reading the countenance in spite of all endeavours.

'How like Marilda!'

'What, Brynhild, the toad! So she would be. I suppose the caricature demoralized me, and the family features are the same.'

'And Sigurd is Ferdinand.'

'Nature created him for a model.'

It was not the likeness to Marilda which gave Cherry the sense of unfulfilled expectation and dissatisfaction. The lofty expression, the deep awe, the weird cloud-land grandeur that she had connected either with the sketch or her memory of it, had passed away from the finished oil-painting; and when she had called it small it was not because it was cabinet sized, but because it was wanting in the sense of majesty that can be conveyed in a gem as well as in a colossus. What was to have been a wild scene of terror in the world of mists *would* look extravagant, and neither the pose of Brynhild's limbs, nor the position of Sigurd's sword, approved themselves to her eye for correct drawing.

Brother and sister were both far too acute, and too well used to read each other's looks and tones, for fencing or disguise to be possible.

'You don't like it.'

'O Edgar!' much distressed, 'indeed there is a great deal very beautiful, but somehow I had imagined it different.'

'Oh, if you came with a preconceived notion.'

'Perhaps that's it,' said Cherry, peeping through her eye-lashes, as long ago at the great Achilles, and making them a sieve to divest the image before her of all her eye would condemn in spite of herself.

'I see a great deal of beauty, but somehow I thought the whole would have been more finished,' she said.

'Not possible. A rude half developed myth is not in keeping with the precision of a miniature. Besides, the finish of Sigurd's armour throws back the vague beyond.'

Her feeling had been that the Pre-Raffaelitism of the hawberk was too like worsted stockings, and not in keeping with the Turneresque whirl of flame and smoke around the sleeping Valkyr; but the disloyalty of not admiring Edgar's picture was impossible to her loving spirit, she listened and looked through her eye-lashes, till though Brynhild's limbs were to her unassisted sense almost as uncomfortable as those of Achilles had been, he imparted a glamour such that she thought she beheld it as it ought to have been, and believed it to be so great and deep a work of art that study alone could appreciate it.

'Yes, I see—I see it now—I could not before—but that is all the better!'

The room was filling, and they were jostled by a group diligently working their way with their catalogue from No. 1 to No. 1200.

'What's that glaring red and yellow thing?'

'260, Brynhild. Who was she, Flo?'

'Don't you know, Mamma? That French queen who was torn to pieces by wild horses.'

'I don't see any horses. She is all on fire.'

'I suppose she was burnt afterwards. And that's the king who did it.'

'What a horrid picture!'

'There's the intelligent public one works for,' said Edgar. 'Come and try your luck.'

He paused, however, to shew her the difference a foot's elevation would have made to his painting; and she, with a mind more at leisure from itself, waited not only to sympathize but to be fascinated with the loveliness or power of more than one picture past which he would have hurried her, with murmurs at the R. A. who had secured the best situation.

Here they were in the water-colour room, obliged to wait, to penetrate the throng round the lesser ones, which were so close together that there was no distinct appropriation of the remarks.

'What a dear little thing!' 'Is it all the same child?' 'It can't be portrait, she is so pretty.'

Edgar smiled at her, and she whispered, 'No, it can't be that. Besides, childish prettiness always pleased more people than anything high and ideal.'

She tried to turn to the Acolyte, and two or three gentlemen yielded place to the lame girl. 'Geraldine Underwood,' said one, making her start, till she saw he was reading from his catalogue. 'I don't remember her name before.'

'No, and there's so much power as well as good drawing and expression, that I should not have thought it a woman's work.'

This, the most ambitionated praise a woman can receive, made her indeed Cherry-red, and Edgar's beaming glance of congratulation was most delightful.

Certainly, whatever his faults, among them was neither jealousy nor

want of affectionateness; and Cherry's success gave him unqualified pleasure, both agreeing in the belief that she was on a level with the public taste, while he soared too high beyond it.

Her paintings had a strength of colouring unusual in inexperienced artists, perhaps owing to the depth of hue she had grown accustomed to when painting for her old woman, and thus they
and were not killed by their neighbours, but ra
committed slaughter all round.

Yet 'The Acolyte' was on the whole a dark pict
in a brown dim shade, within which, however, its
arches, and tracery, were perfectly drawn, knowing v
and what they meant, yet not obtruded; and the A
patterned in olive green and brown gold, were kept back in spite of all their detail, throwing out the 'flake of fire' and the glitter reflected on the gold ornaments, which had been drawn with due deference to Clement's minute information, while in the fragment of the east window just seen above, glittered a few jewels of stained glass touched by the rising sun, and to which the subdued colouring of the rest gave wonderful glory; and the server himself was so tinted with grey that even his white dress did not glare, while his face was the face of Lance, as it had been a few years back, boyish and mirthful through all its dutiful reverence. Of course it was not new to Edgar, but he owned that he was always struck by it whenever he came that way; and Cherry heaved a little sigh of parental pride and delight as she owned that her little 'server' did look better than she had expected.

Then Edgar elbowed her to what was called at home her 'Constellation,' where she had caught Stella's sweet little head four times over—in the seriousness of lesson-learning, with the eager parted smiling lips with which she listened to a story, with her tender caressing expression towards the kitten she was nursing, and with the rapt dreamy gaze that her brother's music would bring over her countenance. All had the merit of being caught—in the first sketch—entirely without consciousness on Stella's part; and though she had been nailed to the positions afterwards, it had been possible to preserve the unstudied expression that was one great charm of the drawings, much more sketchy and suggestive than was their companion.

It was not easy to maintain a stand before the frame that held the four, for people must have told one another of it, and squeezed their way to it; till the poor little artist, growing nervous at the press, was grasping her brother tight to make him take her away. Just then there was a kind eager greeting, 'Good morning; I am delighted to meet you here. You must allow me to congratulate you.'

It was Mr. Grinstead, too considerate to utter a name that would instantly have brought all eyes upon the little lame girl, whom the gazers were almost sweeping away. He was full of that gracious fatherly kindness that elderly men were prone to shew her, and solicitously asked

where she was staying, and whether he might call upon her; and then, taking advantage of an interval of people, he brought her again in front of her pictures. With him on Lord Gerald's side of her, and Edgar on the other, she felt safe enough to enter into his kind critique, so discriminating as to gratify, improve, and stimulate, her far more than if it had been all compliment. By the time this was over, Cherry could stand no longer, and it was time for her visit to her sister, so the sculptor did Ferdinand's old part by taking care of her while Edgar hunted up their cousin's brougham.

O Edgar aren't you coming?'

'Well! I can't say the Mynheer's *ménage* likes me better than I like it.'

'Oh, Eddie, dear, *do*. How shall I ever get in among all those dreadful strange servants?'

'What, the crack exhibitor, whose pictures transcend woman's genius, afraid of a flunkey or two!'

Nevertheless, he let her pull him into the carriage, laughing, and demanding whether she could not have opposed coachman and footman to their congeners; but he recollected the stair-case, and was all the more amenable that in her he had the only perfectly willing auditor of all his whys and wherefores of all Brynhild's characteristics, all his hopes of purchasers and plans built upon her, and (now that Brynhild was out of sight) the most profound believer in her beauties and sublimities.

The arrival was impressive. The vista of liveries, flowers, and marble, was so alarming, that Cherry could hardly have found courage to make her way through them with no support but Lord Gerald's; but when she the drawing-room the grandeur was instantly mitigated by the attired, gentle, motherly lady who came forward to greet her kiss. 'So you are Geraldine, the only sister I have never seen. ill be delighted.'

Mary Murray must have been rather surprised by the sight of tle deformed one,' with her sweet pensive face of sunshine and nd the small slender form as shapely as that of her sister, though a little forward when walking. So kind was she, that Cherry t she could quite spare Edgar when he made his retreat, and bserved that he was not pressed to stay to see Alda, who had a aker with her, and would send down when ready.

gave Cherry time to become at home with Lady Mary, and to some gratifying compliments upon her constellation, united with caution on the danger of making the little girl vain. 'I hope d Cherry, much in earnest; 'indeed, I think Edgar and I are rors to all our pretty ones, we teaze them so with sitting.'

little boy in a surplice is another brother, I think I heard.'

my brother Lance. He is gone into the business now. He was athedral choir at Minsterham.'

I understood that it was a portrait of the one who was in the hew's brotherhood, in his ornaments.'

'Oh no. That was Clement; and I am sure neither of them wore anything like that! I made out the ornaments from a book.'

'I am glad to hear it,' said Lady Mary, a little less cordially; and when Cherry, recollecting her views, proceeded to lead away by speaking of Brynhild, it was to be met with a kind smile and avowal that Mr. Underwood's picture was not so easy to understand.

Then came the summons to Lady Vanderkist's roo
chiefly addressed to her mother-in-law, who, however,
Cherry, and proffered a soft, comfortable, substantial arm
the stairs.

There sat Alda, beautiful to behold in white and brigh
thinner than formerly, but exquisitely and delicately pretty
in her conference with her milliner, that she could only give Geraldine a hasty kiss, and sign her to a seat, before appealing to Lady Mary on some point of clashing taste respecting her court dress, which was the present subject of engrossing interest to the younger lady, while the elder evidently did not feel greatly at home or interested in a subject which she said had not come before her since the maiden days of Queen Victoria. Indeed, when Alda became excited in maintaining her own opinion, she put an end to it with gentle but irresistible authority, dismissed the milliner, and insisted upon the repose that Alda was inclined to laugh to scorn.

After an exhibition of the little four weeks daughter, a pretty creature, in whom mother as well as grandmother shewed plenty of pride, the two sisters were left to a *tête-à-tête*, Cherry feeling almost hypocritical when Lady Mary supposed them to be so eager for it.

Rather languidly Alda inquired after everyone at home, chi
Wilmet and Captain Harewood, where he was, and what chance
of his return. Then Cherry talked of the great home subject o
namely that the organ was actually ordered; but Lady V
attended little, and it was safer as well as more entertaining t
talk of herself; and she seemed to have had a very gay winte
been recognized as the great lady of her neighbourhood as wel
and beauty, and to have had much sporting society at home an
while now she looked forward to a season among the circles w
always been the object of her ambition. No wonder that the
joys of Bexley occupied her but little, and that it was not mu
whether Felix was to be a town-councillor. However, she
among people who considered it an honour to have a sister exhi
the Academy, and she professed much eagerness to see the com
'But what could have induced Edgar to send such a picture?' sh
'Adrian says it is the maddest thing he ever saw in his life.'

'It takes some study,' said Cherry, subduing her indignation.

'I should think it had taken very little study.'

'You have not seen it?'

'No, of course not yet. I shall go as soon as I can, it is so s

to be able to talk of the exhibition; but I don't look forward to Edgar's picture at all, I hear the drawing and painting are so disgraceful.'

'There is an apparent carelessness that enhances effect.'

'Standing up for Edgar as usual, Cherry! But if you still have any influence with him, this is the time to use it. Adrian hears that he has taken up with a lot of tremendous scamps. Indeed, he saw him on the Derby day betting away with all his might. Now he cannot stand that long, and Adrian says I must let him know that when he gets into difficulties, he need not expect to fall back upon us.'

'The last thing he is likely to do,' said Cherry, burning with suppressed wrath.

'Well, give him a warning, and tell him to be careful how he comes in Adrian's way. It upsets me so when he comes in and asks where I think he has met my precious brother.'

'I don't see,' cried Geraldine, breaking out, 'why a place should be worse for one than for the other.'

Alda drew up her head with a little contempt, but instead of flying out as when they were on an equality, she merely said, 'Don't you?'

Then Geraldine recollected herself, and tried to say meekly something about the difference made by being able to afford it; but though Alda was kinder than usual, and changed the subject, there was no more real comfort throughout the visit, and she went home to be unhappy. Here it was as hard as ever to behave properly to Alda. Her presence seemed always to rouse the spit-fire propensities, of which Cherry would otherwise have been unconscious; and what was far worse was the misgiving that she had only spoken too truly. Cherry's heart sank, scold it as she would for sinking. Her *will* might adore Brynhild, but her sense assured her of grievous carelessness in the execution; and when she recalled Edgar himself, she knew there was something indefinable about him that confirmed Alda's suspicions.

Her own success had been real and brilliant, but through it all her heart ached with apprehension as she became more conscious of the difference with which her doings and his were regarded, and could not always succeed in attributing everything to personal politeness to herself. She was staying on to take a few more studies, and to collect materials for the illustrations of a serial tale, an order for which Mr. Renville had procured her; and she found herself quite at home at those pleasant little parties at his house, treated as one of the confraternity who had won her standing, and with new comers begging to be introduced. Mr. Grinstead was always there, and a real friend and protector among strangers; and all was delightful except the reserve about Brynhilda, and the frequent absence of Edgar, who used once to be always welcome, and like a son of the house.

Even at Lady Vanderkist's, Geraldine found herself a mild sort of lion, when Alda came out into the world and found that her sister was viewed as having done something remarkable.

Not that there was much intercourse. There *was* an invitation to the Christening, extended even to Edgar and the school girls; but Lady Mary was more the mover in this than Alda herself. Edgar excused himself, and it was not a very brilliant festivity. Indeed, one anxiety on Geraldine's part was lest Lady Mary's engaging kindness should embolden Angela to break out aloud in the wrath and indignation that stiffened her neck and shone in her eyes at the bare dull christenin day—standing all alone—in an ugly 'pewy' church. A which the health of Mary Alda Vanderkist was drunk, w honour to the occasion; and Sir Adrian, though not actu looked as usual bored, and left the amiable and gracious to mother.

Mrs. Underwood was indignant, and abused him all the way home. All Lady Mary's kindness had not hidden from her the fact that Alda was ready to spurn aside the scaffolding by which she had mounted to her present elevation, and was only withheld from so doing in consideration of Marilda's wealth; while Marilda, with her unfailing good nature and instinct of defence towards Alda, declared that all arose out of anxiety lest Sir Adrian should be wearied with them, and bluntly declared, 'You know, Mamma, we are very tiresome people, not like Cherry here, who always has something to say.'

'Oh! Cherry is a genius, but without that people needn't be tiresome, as you call it, to those that brought them up, and made them what they are.'

'We didn't bring up Sir Adrian, Mamma.'

'I'm not talking of Sir Adrian. One expects nothing from a fine young man about town; but, Alda, that was like my own ch never so much as asking us to see her in her court dress!'

'She ought to have done that,' said Cherry, who had been the quantity of pleasure that could have been so cheaply given.

'Now depend on it, Sir Adrian doesn't like his wife to mal of herself,' cried Marilda, hitting on a subtilly delicate motive r have no weapon of defence for this favourite cousin. Certa never had been a fuller adoption as sister and brother than been of Alda and Edgar from the moment they had been giv She respected and trusted Felix, and was free and kind with C all the rest; but her affection for these two was quite a differ and resolutely blind; and this—just as last year with Wilmet—comfortable to Cherry, since she too ignored all that could Edgar, and fought his battles fiercely when mother or gra picked up reports of his idleness, of the ill success of the Minstrelsy, in which he was somehow concerned, and of the unas habits into which he was falling.

Very dull were the evenings when he did not come, and through by reading aloud. No doubt the house in its quiet condition was far less attractive than of old, and that the liv

man should neglect it, even with his favourite sister there, was more to be regretted than wondered at; but whenever he did come, he was greeted with delight, petted and made much of, as if with the desire to secure that presence, though it was not always as much of a sunbeam as of old.

One afternoon, however, he hurried in in a state of ecstasy. A wealthy manufacturer, noted as a purchaser of modern pictures, was in treaty for Brynhild; and Edgar looked on his fame and fortune as made. Three days ago the taste of the cotton-spinner had been denounced as dependent on fashion and notoriety. Now his discernment had gone up to the skies, and Edgar was wandering about the room in his exultation, talking to Cherry of a winter trip to Rome, and ready to promise everything to everybody. Only the next day, however, came out the principal art journal, containing the long expected mention of Brynhild.

'Alas! No. 260 was disposed of in two lines as 'the flaming production of a tyro in suspense between the Præ-Raffaelite and the Turneresque, who in the meantime had better study the primary rules of drawing.'

Poor Geraldine! She shed a great many bitter tears over the cruel verdict, while Marilda characterized it as wicked, ill-natured, and spiteful; and when Edgar came to them they received him with tenderness and sympathy that would have befitted his sentence in his own proper person.

He was crushed as he had never been before. He did not abuse his critic. Indeed, he had candour enough to tell Cherry that her editorial experience might have taught her the need of shedding a little life-blood now and then for the public to slake their thirst upon, but this very charitableness almost proved it to be his life-blood.

The intended purchaser had not gone so far but that he could draw back, and this breath of hostility had effectually blown him away. He had broken off his treaty and declined Brynhild.

'I don't blame him,' dejectedly said Edgar; 'all the other critics will yelp in suit, and he would be the laughing-stock of his fellow-cotton lords; but he has done for me. The very sight of "Sold" upon my picture would have saved me.'

'Shall you be worse off than before?' asked Marilda.

'Of course one is, for having been led to make engagements under a deception. But there—never mind. Don't vex yourselves about me. I'm the most miserable dog in the world, and that's all about it.'

'Dear Edgar,' said Cherry, smoothing his hand, 'maybe the opposition paper will take up another line.'

'Not a hope, Cherry. That demolished me long ago, only they were all too merciful to shew it to you. This was my last chance.'

He lay back in a sort of collapse of complete depression.

Marilda, meanwhile, sat writing at her davenport, and presently rising, came towards him with a closed envelope. 'There, Edgar,' she said. 'Now put "Sold" on your picture.'

'Polly, Polly, you're a girl of gold!' cried Edgar, starting to his feet. 'You've made a man of me. I must give you a kiss.'

To Cherry's amazement, a little to her horror, the kiss was given; Marilda only bluntly and gruffly saying, 'There then, only take warning, and don't be a fool again.'

'Your warning comes sweetened, my dear,' said Edgar, 'and it ought to save me. I don't mind confessing that I was in a most awful fix. Well, you have Brynhild, and we'll hang her over the drawing-room door for a scare-crow, only don't let in any Sigurds who won't be as good as you are to art out at elbows!—Good-bye, my Cherry ripe. I must betake me to shaking off the toils of the hunter, now that this good mouse has nibbled them through.'

Cherry had not spirit to rally him on his quiet assumption of the lion's part. And her acceptance of his embrace was not warm. To the delicate sense nurtured under Felix, the whole proceeding was as painful as it was strange; and she was longing to have sold her pictures so as to relieve him herself. True, she had many visions, but she would much have preferred freeing her brother herself to seeing Marilda make a purchase to which she was indifferent, palpably for the sake of assisting him.

Maybe he saw the questioning look in her face, and therefore hurried away so fast that Marilda broke out in regret at having failed to secure him for an intended visit to Sydenham the next day, when part of the day would be spent with friends, and the rest in the Crystal Palace. It was the sort of expedition Edgar hated, and Cherry's pride rose enough against the notion of his being purchased to be dragged at Marilda's chariot wheels to prevent her from seconding the proposal to write and ask for his company.

She would have been glad enough of his arm through the long galleries. The heartless glare and plaster shewiness tired her to death; nor were Mrs. Underwood's friends particularly restful.

When she came home late in the evening, she had hardly energy to open a note that lay on the table; but when she had wearily unfolded it, she screamed with amazement and delight. Mr. Renville wrote to tell her of an offer for the Acolyte, and to propose to her to meet the intending purchaser at his studio on the second day ensuing, at twelve o'clock, to consult about an order for a companion water-colour, the subject likewise taken from the Silver Store, the price of the two together to be £150. Here opened the fulfilment of the longing of her heart, the lightening of Felix's burthen! Her dreams were a strange maze of beautiful forms to be drawn, and of benefits to be heaped on all the world; and her first measure in the morning was to write a dispatch to Edgar, begging him to come and support her at the interview, and almost laying her gains at his feet.

All day she expected him to shew himself, full of advice, joy, and congratulation; but he came not. Her note must have missed him, she supposed; and she had to experience the lack of sympathy, for Spooner had come almost before breakfast was over, and Marilda had immediately

gone back with him into the City; and Mrs. Underwood was not sure whether it were *comifo* to be elated about selling a picture, and had no counsel to give between Cherry's sketches of the robin with the wheat-ear, the monk and his olive tree, the blessing of the swallows, or the widow Euphrasia and her straw.

When Marilda did come home, she was more glum than Cherry had ever seen her. She would not even guess why Edgar made no answer, but advised that no one should think about it. Man could not be always dancing after woman. She was in no better humour in the morning, when Cherry expressed her security that though he might have come home too late to answer her note, he would not fail her at the appointment.

No such thing, he did not come for her; nor did she find him at the studio, where Mr. Renville was however a perfectly kind and sufficient protector, in the arrangements with the courteous and gracious old nobleman who viewed it as a duty to encourage art, and intended the pictures to adorn his daughter's morning-room. The choice fell on Cherry's favourite, the red-breast, and altogether the interview would have filled her with transport if only Edgar had been there to share it. She could not believe him to be so changed as to neglect her out of mortification at the contrast between her success and his own; but the bare idea poisoned the laudatory critique in the Times of her two productions.

It was Mrs. Kedge's birth-day, when her family always dined with her at her own old-fashioned hour of five. When they set off, Cherry faltered an entreaty that they might call and inquire for her brother at his lodgings, but this was so curtly, almost harshly, negatived, that she feared that she had unwittingly proposed something improper. Still there remained the chance of his coming to the festival, where he was certain of a welcome. It would be so like his good nature, that Cherry never relinquished the hope through the hot stuffy dinner, when, after the two elder ladies had sighed, shed a few natural tears, but wiped them soon, over the absence of poor Mr. Underwood, they took to City gossip, occasionally rallying the two young ladies on their silence and abstraction; Mrs. Kedge contriving to joke at her grand-daughter's supposed loss of her 'eart, and at Cherry for having made such a conquest with her hart.

Just as dessert came in, and Geraldine was reflecting with a sort of dreamy despair that it was the hour for driving in the park, there came a thundering knock, and Cherry bounded on her chair, exclaiming, 'There's Edgar!' while Mrs. Kedge cried out, laughing, 'Just like him! I knew he'd be in time for my preserved ginger. Ah! Mr. Hedgar, trust to— What! isn't it him?—Who is it, Mary?' handing the card to her.

'Mr. Travis!' Marilda and the maid exclaimed at the same time; and the next moment he stood before the quartette, receiving a cordial

welcome from all; for though Mrs. Underwood might bridle a little, she remembered that Alda was safely disposed of, and that he was now an undoubted millionaire depending on no one's good-will. Geraldine was flushed, and quivering between pleasure, shame, and the moment's disappointment; and Marilda's broad face flashed for a moment with a look of indescribable illumination and relief, then subsided into its usual almost stolid calm.

For himself, he looked more like what he had been as Peter Brown's clerk than the Life-guardsman, for he had outgrown the boyish display of ornament, though he had never lost the fine military bearing that so well became his figure; but he now had a grand black beard, which made him more romantic-looking than ever. His countenance was as usual grave, but not so depressed or languid as formerly, and indeed it lighted into glad animation at the unexpected sight of Geraldine, as he wrung her hand with the fervour of a brother. He sat down; but except to drink Mrs. Kedge's health he accepted none of the eager offers of hospitality, but said he was to dine with Mr. Brown at eight o'clock. He had come home on business, and not being able to wind up his uncle's affairs quickly, thought he should have to spend his time between England and America for a good while to come; but he hoped to run down and see Felix, 'and to hear about the organ.' Cherry had so much to tell him about the building of it, and of Lance's delight in the prospect, that she forgot her anxieties for the moment, till he asked after the success of the concert, and she had to tell him of Edgar and his stars. He looked at his watch, and said he should have time to see after Edgar before dinner. 'Ah, do!' said Cherry; 'and find out whether he got my note, I haven't seen him these four days!'

There was a break-up from the dining-room; and Ferdinand, smiling a sort of apology to Mrs. Kedge, offered his arm to Cherry to take her up to the drawing-room, where except on these great occasions no one ever sat; Marilda managed to linger on the stairs, so as to intercept him on his way down.

'Mr. Travis,' she said, 'you will do me a great favour, if you will call on me at our office between ten and twelve to-morrow. Can you?'

'Certainly,' he replied, much surprised; but she flew up the stairs before any more could be said.

She was at her counting-house in full time, sitting at the library-table in the private room, just like her father, opening letters and jotting on them the replies to be made by her clerks, without often needing to take counsel with Spooner.

At ten o'clock a clerk brought up Mr. Travis, and he was soon seated opposite to her, not quite so unprepared as on the previous day.

'Thank you for coming,' she said; 'I knew you were the only person whom I could trust in for help.'

'I shall be very happy,' he began. 'Is it about Edgar Underwood?'

'Do you know anything?'

'Only that no one at his rooms seems to know where he is.'

'Ah!' (as if expecting this.) 'Now, I know you would do anything for Felix Underwood and the rest, and can keep silence. To speak would be worse than anything.' He bent his head; and she went on, 'Read that. No, you won't understand it;' then collecting herself, 'Poor Edgar! you know what he is, and how he can't help running into debt. We gave him his tastes, and it is our fault. This year he managed to do a picture, an odd red and yellow looking thing, but very fine, with a lady fast asleep in the middle of a fire. Well, he thought he had sold it, and made sure of the price, when some spiteful newspaper abused it, and the shabby man was off his bargain, and left the picture on his hands. He was so frightfully downcast, and I had reason to think him so hard up, that I thought I'd take the picture off his hands; and so I popped a cheque for a hundred, done up in an envelope, into his hand, not telling him what it was—more's the pity. We were out all the next day, and he called and wanted to find out where we were gone, but the footman is stupidity itself, and could not tell him. He came three times; but we were racketting at that miserable Sydenham, and did not get home till eleven. If he had only come in and waited! The next day came Spooner to me in a terrible rage. Now, promise, Mr. Travis, that this is never mentioned. On your honour!'

'On my honour. Never!'

'My cheque had been presented with the one hundred changed into four. The clerk at the bank doubted it, and had come here, and Spooner came to Kensington about it. I believe I went nearer to a lie than ever I did before; I said it was all right, and stood to it so that they both had to be pacified. You see,' as she saw how shocked Ferdinand was, 'he was in great difficulties, and he only meant it for a trick which would have been explained directly, if only I had not been so unfortunately out of reach.'

'You don't mean that you would overlook it?'

'Well, it seems that I was altogether wrong about the value, as pictures go. Of course I thought it rather too bad, and meant to give him a piece of my mind and frighten him thoroughly; but ever since poor Cherry has been pining, and wondering at his not coming; and yesterday I got this—addressed here, no doubt that Cherry might not see it, but marked private to keep Spooner's hands off.'

She thrust a sheet of paper into his hand.

Dear Marilda,

Had I seen you yesterday, I should not be in my present plight. I rehearse continually in my own ears the assault I had in readiness for you for your ignorance of the market price of art. Brynhild may be worthless, but if she be worth a penny, she is worth £250, which was what that gay deceiver was to have given. I had liabilities which I had staved off; indeed, my villain of a landlord only refrained from seizing my goods and chattels on the promise of

the cash instanter. Other debts I durst not face. All that was left of your father's bequest is gone in the smash of the National Minstrelsy. County courts yawned on me, and only promptitude could save me. But verily I would not have taken a sheep when a lamb would have sufficed the first wolf, if *one* would have lent itself to transformation into anything but a cool *four*. Your round hand has been the ruin of me, Polly. It must have been the loop of your *e* that undid me. Nevertheless, I had the odd £150 in my pocket to hand over as your rightful change, (and maybe have begged of you,) when thrice I failed in finding you; and as I was coming this very morning—or was it yesterday? I'm all in a maze—I saw Spooner dash by in a cab, and knew it was all up with me!

Don't believe so badly of me as he has told you, dear old Poll. I have put myself out of his reach that he may have the less chance to break Felix's heart. For myself, I don't care a rap what becomes of me; but if it be not too late, I implore you to screen him and poor little Geraldine from the knowledge. Let them think it a simple flight from creditors—true enough in all conscience, as I fear they will soon find.

If it have got wind, I need not beg you to spare them and let Lance know that I am thankful to the 'early piety' or whatever it was that kept him out of the scrape. Some day all shall be repaid; but until then you have seen and heard the last of—your not ungrateful in heart, however ungrateful in deed—the most miserable and unlucky of dogs,

T. E. U.

'Where was this posted?' asked Ferdinand.

'At Ostend. Here's the post-mark.'

'Has he sent back the £150?'

'Oh no; of course he must have that to go on with.'

'It would have been more like repentance if he had sent it.'

'No, no; he couldn't. He would have had nothing to live on. Besides, it makes no real difference. Don't you turn against him, Mr. Travis, for I have no one else to trust to. I can't tell Felix; for it might do him serious harm in his business, and he might not consent to hush it up. Then Clement is a formal prig; and Lance is a boy, and couldn't get away. Nobody but you can do any good.'

'And what is it that you wish me to do?'

'I wanted your advice, first of all; I had no one I could venture to talk to, lest he might think some dreadful thing his duty, and go and tell!'

'There can be no palliating the criminality of the act,' said Ferdinand gravely; 'but for the sake of the—the innocent—' (his lip quivered at the word,) 'it may well be concealed, since you are so generous. Vanderkist might make a cruel use of it.'

'And I think it would kill Cherry. What I wished was—since one can't write with no address—if anyone could go after him, and tell him that not a soul knows. I do believe now, after this shock, he might be sobered and make a new start; not here perhaps—'

'I'll go!' cried Ferdinand. 'I'll do my business with Brown, and start by to-night's steamer. Do you know where he is likely to be?'

'His wish has always been for Italy, but it is hardly the season; and my dread is of his going to Hesse Homburg, or Baden, or some of those places, hoping to retrieve this money.'

'I'll look, I'll make every inquiry. I'll never rest till I have found him!' said Ferdinand, with the earnestness of one delighted to have found the means of rendering an important service to his dearest friends.

'I felt sure that you could and would, from the moment I saw you,' said Marilda. 'When your card came in, there seemed to open a way out of this dreadful black misery.'

'Remember,' said Ferdinand, 'it would not be right to bring him home at once on the former terms. You forgive him, and for the sake of his family you do not expose him; but he ought not to be reinstated.'

'Not only for his family's sake—for his own!' cried Marilda. 'He is just like my brother—it was only between brother and sister. But you are right,' she added, as the man's grave look of severity recalled her from her sisterly championship; 'it would only be running him into danger again. He had much better go and study in Italy; and he can be helped there, if he will only keep out of mischief.'

She then mentioned all the haunts of his she knew of in Belgium and Germany; Geraldine might know more, but how was she to be told? Marilda had a perfect terror of renewing the condition into which she had last year been thrown, and besides feared her quickness of eye might discover the secret. She hoped to keep her in ignorance till Ferdinand could send home tidings, and make Edgar write what would be some comfort after the suspense; but when the time that, at the lowest computation, must elapse before anything could be heard was reckoned, they both felt that it was cruelty to keep Cherry in her present state. A week more would be enough to destroy her.

But Marilda, though a strong-minded woman enough ordinarily, shrunk with dismay from telling her. Should Felix be written to? There was no doubt that so soon as he heard the tidings from Cherry, or otherwise, he would hurry up to investigate and to take her home; so that to ask him to come and break it to her was hardly giving him unreasonable trouble. Besides, the secret might be safer, so managed. Thus, the two generous spirits who sat in council first destroyed poor Edgar's letter, lest it should ever serve as evidence against him; and then Marilda wrote—

My dear Felix,

Geraldine will have told you that we have not seen Edgar for some time. From a note received from him, I have reason to believe that debts are the cause of his flight. Mr. Travis is kind enough to follow and see what can be done; but I do not know how to tell poor Cherry, and if you will come up I will meet you at the station at 11.30.

Your affectionate cousin,

M. A. Underwood.

(To be continued.)

DOMINIE FREYLINGHAUSEN.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

CHAPTER XVII.

'I WISH you a happier fate than wearing out your heart in waiting for the Dominie's return,' Mr. Vyvian had said tauntingly when taking his farewell of Franzje; and often and often during the remainder of the spring and through the hot tedious summer those words haunted her, for a strong feeling of expectancy grew and grew as the months went by, and still no word came from the absent Pastor, no promise that he would come back, no tidings even of his having reached the land of his destination.

There was something ineffably dreary in this abandonment and silence; and other hearts besides Franzje's ached and drooped, and other eyes turned longingly in the direction of the deserted Manse, feeling it hard to be deprived of counsel and support just at a time when they had most need of them.

It was one of the saddest and most anxious summers that the good city had known for a long time; the war was pursuing its weary course close by, with continued ill-success on the Anglo-American side; and the frequent passage of troops through the town, the summary requisitions of supplies, and the erection of a hospital for the reception of the wounded, brought it home as a reality even to quiet phlegmatic unexcitable people, who were apt to be engrossed in their own concerns, and to care little for news of the outer world. The tidings of the loss of Fort William Henry, and of the massacre of part of the disarmed garrison by the Indians on the French side, excited universal consternation; and now, as autumn advanced rapidly towards winter, people were anxiously awaiting intelligence from Fort Edward, where General Webb and the remainder of his army had retreated, expecting daily to hear that he was attacked by the French, who would surely not fail to follow up their recent victory by a fresh attempt upon the British posts.

'We never have any nice excursions now, like we had last autumn,' grumbled Dirk and Albert Ryckman to their sister. 'Is it because Evert's away, or because of the French?'

'I don't know,' replied Franzje absently, her gaze fixed on the opposite porch, towards which a wounded militia-man was limping his painful way.

'Why are you so stupid, Franz?' proceeded one of the little questioners; 'that's only poor Arrian coming home from his walk. He told me such a long story about Colonel Goffe yesterday. *I* shall serve under Colonel Goffe when I'm old enough: but I don't see why we shouldn't have any fun because we're not big enough to fight. Don't you care about us now, that you never make fun for us?'

The girl turned round with her tender beautiful smile.

'My little hearts, have I seemed to neglect you? We have all grown stupid, I think, in these anxious times. I will ask Mother if we may invite your Company, and we will take them to drink tea in the chestnut wood near the Wendels'. Madame Wendel will give us some hot water and some fresh milk, and we will ask all the little boys to join us, and have such fun.'

'If our Company don't object to having other children mixed up with us,' said Dirk with a dignified air; but Albert seized his sister's hands, and jumped up and down in a sort of exuberance of delight, forgetting all his fancied injuries in a moment, and ready to vote Franzje the very best sister that ever lived.

The party came off not long afterwards; and Franzje, though not belonging to the same Company as her little brothers, was graciously allowed to accompany them and preside at the feast, in consideration of her having taken all the trouble of it. Blithe and gay as she seemed on the occasion, it was not all pleasure to her by any means: the chestnut wood had associations which were largely mingled with pain; and yet she was glad to be there—glad to sit once more where she had sat with the Dominie, and to watch the evening sun shedding its radiance through the rifts in the heavy foliage, just as it had done on that well-remembered day.

When the children had finished their meal, and had gone off in an exploring party further up the glen, she lingered to collect the fragments, and to pack up mugs and plates; and presently Madame Wendel came out to help her, not at all sorry to have an excuse for a chat with someone from the city.

'It was kind of you to fix your pic-nic here, Franzje,' she said; 'it makes a rare treat for my little boys, who see nobody but just the Bleekers from year's end to year's end almost. Gerrit Bleeker and his wife were finely set up at his brother marrying Keetje Banker, but they don't say much about it now. She drove out to drink tea with them once in the spick and span carriage that Jansen brought her from New York, and she was as fine as a popinjay, and as gracious as Madame Renselaer herself; but I didn't think much of her, and I don't think they did either. If Jansen had married Franzje Ryckman, I said, that *might* have been something to boast of.'

Franzje laughed, but coloured also, and wished that good Madame Wendel would not be so personal. She was stooping down picking up the tea-cups, and was particularly glad to be so employed, when her frank-spoken friend went on, 'Not that you are quite in your best looks to-day, Franzje. I did think, when you came here last autumn with the Dominie, that there couldn't be your match in the whole city for health and beauty; but though you have a pretty colour of your own still, you are not nearly so stout as you were,'—stoutness was evidently a charm in Madame Wendel's opinion,—'and your eyes have a ring round them

as if you lay awake o' nights. I hope you're not pining after those fine English officers.'

'No,' said poor Franzje, simply and truthfully enough.

'For my part,' continued the young housewife, who really had too much good feeling to pursue her attack upon her visitor, 'I owe them a grudge for having so upset our Dominie. The idea of his going away! I should as soon have expected to hear that the Town-hall was gone. I could scarcely credit Marte when he came in and told me, and I don't believe old Pete ever looked up from that day. Marte said, what odds did it make to us, who did not see him above three or four times a year? but I know I miss him sadly; and now that Pete's dead, there seems nobody to speak to us about Heaven and the way to get there, nor to see after the children's Catechism, nor anything.'

'Don't they say it to you?' inquired Franzje, as she heaped up the plates together in a lofty pile, and proceeded to tie them up in a cloth.

'Oh yes, sometimes on Sundays; but they don't take half the pains in learning it for me that they did for the Dominie. He was strict with them, you know, and yet he was kind too. Franzje, they all loved him, I do believe, even the littlest of them, though some of them would run and hide when he came if they thought they had not got their lesson right. I never saw anybody that made one feel so ashamed of one's faulty ways, and so anxious to be good. When he looked at me, I used always to think he could see right down into my soul.'

'Oh, I wish he could have!' said Franzje, lifting her head with a sudden eager sigh. 'Then he would have seen that we were truer to him than he thought—that he need not have despaired of us altogether. I don't mean you, who were safe out here; but we of the city, who got into temptation, and displeased him.'

'He could never have thought much harm of *you*, I should think,' said Madame Wendel, looking kindly at the young face, which, though it had lost something of its roundness, had gained in depth and sweetness of expression.

'Oh, but he did, and I deserved it—in part. Madame Wendel, do you think he will come back? I feel as if nothing will prosper with us unless he does.'

'Come back? oh, of course he will!' she rejoined cheerily, leaning to the bright side, as was natural to her; 'he's just gone away in a grand sort of pet—I say a pet, because I can't think of a proper word for it—but he'll no more be able to keep away than I should from my children, even if they'd been ever so naughty. I fancy it was partly not being well in his health that made him take things to heart so; he looked as ill as possible the last time I saw him, and I think he'd been sitting too much over his big books. He gave *me* a book that day, and I've a great mind to shew it you, for I can't make it out at all. It's all about predestination, and reprobation, and "the final state of the damned," and it gives me the shivers whenever I open it.'

She started off to the house to find it; and Franzje, who after this unattractive description felt no great curiosity to see it, was still not sorry to have the chance of a few moments' solitude in that beautiful shady place.

The sunlight flickered down here and there on the long soft grass, and in the far distance came a mirthful sound of children's voices; but there was an intense coolness and greenness and sense of seclusion about the spot, and memory and hope seemed to meet there, as Franzje pondered silently over the past, and then turned to the bright anticipations awakened by Madame Wendel's cheerful words.

'Of course he will come back.' Oh! how ready the young heart was to echo the assertion. It was so natural, so delightful, to believe that the anxious gloom of the last few months was to disperse in brightness after all, that the Dominie would certainly return, and that better times would come back with him.

The boys and girls of the Company of the Yellow were in a state of almost uproarious merriment on the homeward way, but Franzje could not find it in her heart to check them. Why should not they be glad and gay, when all nature was steeped in radiance round them, and everything seemed to speak of hope and joy, and the burden was lifted from her own spirit as if by magic? what harm was there in the songs that rose upon the air as the two great waggons creaked slowly along, in the shouts with which each vehicle which they chanced to meet was greeted? It was all perfectly innocent mirth, such as not even the Dominie himself could have condemned. Oh! suppose he was embarking at this very moment on his way back to them!

A soft breeze came up from the river, and caressed her cheek as she leant forward to meet it; a golden transfiguring glow was upon everything, just as it had been on the evening when she had driven home with the Dominie and her mother by the very same road; and even the houses in the town looked something more than common wood and stone, with their walls all shining, and their windows all ablaze in the intense glory of that sunset. Franzje could never pass the Gronows' house without a thought of Mr. Vyvian; but there was no regiment marching out to impede the progress of the waggons, only a few townspeople standing about, and ready to return with kindly greetings the merry shouts of the children. Other children clustered at the doors, or came running into the road, as they got further into the town; and some ran along by their side, and were pelted with flowers, which they gleefully threw back again; till at length, when the cortège reached the Ryckmans', where the Company was to sup, it had assumed the character of a triumphal procession. All was fun and brightness and jollity; there was not a cloud in the sky, not a murmur in the air, not the least shadow of coming evil to dim the golden splendour of the day. As Franzje sprang gaily down, and went smiling up the steps with her arm round two or three little necks, how could she guess that the woe of her life was to meet her on the threshold?

She could never quite tell who formed the excited group that were gathered in the hall; she never quite knew who it was that spoke first to her, nor what were the words they said. She had a vague impression of seeing the Patroon standing up straight and stiff, holding a letter in his hand; of M. Jansen gesticulating in the background; of her father and Jan bending over a convulsed figure which she took to be her mother; who else were there, and what they looked like, she never could remember. But *somehow* her startled senses grasped the fact that the Dominie would come back to them no more, that he was dead—*drowned*, someone was saying; oh! could it be true?—'dead, dead, as surely as you stand there alive,' someone else reiterated; drowned, yes, really drowned, and lying still beneath the blue waters of the Atlantic, while she stood there in the sunset glory, full of life and youth, with her bright hair wreathed with flowers!

One of the little children who were clinging to her, understanding well enough to be frightened, burst into a loud wail; and roused to her accustomed thought for others, she mechanically opened the door of the big parlour where the supper was laid, and drew them in there.

Then she met the others, who were thronging up the steps, hushed their boisterous merriment, and ushering them also into the supper-room, shut the door upon them. In another moment she was bending over her mother. 'I will see to her if you will go and take care of the children, Jan,' she said, in a voice which sounded strange even to herself; and Jan went readily enough, leaving her to assist her father in guiding poor Madame Ryckman's steps to her own big chair in the accustomed sitting-room, where she might give way to her grief in comparative privacy, and find a support for her quivering frame.

'Is he really drowned, Father?' Franzje asked, as they went along.

'Ay, my girl,' was the answer, in gruff sorrowful tones.

And then she could not find courage to ask anything more.

M. Ryckman went back to the group in the hall, but Franzje remained with her mother, kneeling on the floor beside her, and offering her tender breast as a pillow for the bowed aching head. She had not time to think of her own loss, her own grief, and the weariful remorse which was keenest of all; her whole heart was bent upon soothing the more demonstrative sorrow before her, and her soft kisses and low murmurs of love came in that natural spontaneous flow, which belongs by right to those chosen souls whose mission is to be the comforter of others.

But a terrible shock was still in store for her.

'He can't have thrown himself overboard—it *must* be false!' sobbed the poor lady, with a sort of passion breaking through her heavy grief; 'we who knew him, know he was the last person to be guilty of such a crime as that. I shall always deny it, whatever anybody says; and you must do the same, Franzje.'

She spoke as if Franzje had already heard the report, and disbelieved

it; but the girl started away from her with wide wild eyes, and cheeks that had grown suddenly white with a new awful terror.

'That is not what they say, is it?' she gasped. 'Drowned! does it mean *that?* Mother, Mother, tell me!'

There was not a tear in the blue eyes, but their strained fixed look of anguished appeal remained in the mother's memory to her dying day.

It was her turn to offer comfort. 'Don't look at me like that, my child,' she sobbed, drawing the girl's head down upon her own shoulder. 'I forgot you had not heard the Patroon read the letter. It said the Dominie had either fallen overboard or thrown himself over, and that the sailors all believed the latter; but neither you nor I need believe it, nor anyone that loved him. It's easy for those sailors to say so, who did not know or care for him; but I hope he did not live a godly life among us for all those years and years without convincing us that *he* was not the man to put an end to himself in that wicked way. I thought I should have choked when I heard M. Jansen cry out that that was what we had driven him to, with our worldliness and our sinful pleasurings. *He* to believe it! he who knew our Dominie so well!'

'Did the letter say what made the sailors think so?' asked Franzje, in a voice so unnaturally calm as to contrast strangely with her mother's excited tones.

'Did it? I forget,' said Madame Ryckman, all in confusion. 'Where are you going to, my child?' as Franzje rose quickly to her feet. 'To see the letter? Ah yes, you must be quick, or the Patroon will be gone; he is going to the Flats.' And then, as Franzje left the room, she relapsed into a fresh paroxysm of grief, rocking herself to and fro as she sobbed out, 'It's pretty near broken her heart, poor child! and well it may. To think that our Dominie should be drowned, and that people should be found to slander him even in his grave!'

Madame Ryckman's utter incredulity regarding the terrible reports of the manner of the Dominie's death, and her intense indignation against the 'slanderers' as she considered them, were really a kind of support to her; so that, violent as her grief was, there was no such utter intensity in it as there was in Franzje's. All that the girl had heard of the Dominie's moodiness, of the strange state of hard despair in which he had gone forth from among them, flashed back upon her memory with agonizing vividness as she ran out into the hall to entreat for a sight of the letter which had brought all this woe to the house. 'That is what you have driven him to!' Oh! could it be true? Did life really hold such possibilities of retribution for faults committed, like hers, in the mere thoughtlessness of youth?

She was too late; the Patroon had gone, and her father and M. Cuyler were descending the steps together; while M. Jansen, whom no grief could subdue, was lingering for a parting admonition to the weeping negroes, who had gathered from kitchen and stable to hear the sad

tidings, and a few of the children, who had stolen out from the supper-room to learn more particulars than Jan would tell them.

'Take warning,' he was saying as Franzje came upon the scene; 'take warning, all of you, and abstain for the future from all godless pleasurings.' And then, as his eye fell upon her, his zeal waxed fiercer with the sense of having now got hold of one of the real culprits, and in his harsh cracked voice he added pitilessly, 'And you, my fine wench, it is time you left off bedizening yourself with flowers. Your fickle gallant will never leave Fort Edward alive, I warrant you, and it will be poor comfort to think it was for his sake you drove our Dominie to an untimely end. 'Tis because of you and such as you that he lies under the sea, and you may well go in sackcloth for your sins till your dying day, and put off for ever those gauds that so ill become a Christian woman!'

He was pointing with scornful finger to the rich crimson flowers that the children had twined amid that wealth of flaxen hair, to the gay yellow streamer that they had pinned in sport to the little white tippet that covered Franzje's shoulders; and she was fronting him with her beautiful sad face, and that same fixed look of anguished appeal as she had turned upon her mother. How could she care what he said to or of her, when all that she wanted was to know the truth about the Dominie!

The negroes and the children, who were by no means so indifferent, were gathering round as if to defend her; and Jettje in particular was advancing towards the fiery little Elder with a determined 'You go 'long!' when gliding among them came the unexpected apparition of the recluse, who in the general excitement had been forgotten by everyone. He had been standing on the stairs a silent listener, and now advanced to Franzje's side, and cast his arm about her.

'Silence, my friend,' he said, raising his other arm authoritatively, and drawing up his usually bent figure to its fullest height. 'You do this maiden wrong by your words, and still more do you wrong our Dominie when you speak as if it were certain that he had brought his fate upon himself. It *may be* that disease brought a cloud over his brain, and that in a delirium, as it were, not knowing what he did, he cast himself into the waves; but still more likely is it that through some accident he fell, and as none, it seems, were by to see, none have the right to affirm that it was not so.'

'The sailors all believe—' began M. Jansen angrily; but the grey-beard stopped him with unwonted peremptoriness.

'Ay, I know; but a belief of that kind is a belief, not a knowledge nor a certainty: we who knew him, among whom he lived, have a right to *our* belief, and God grant it may be the true one! Dear little children, and friends all, this is the whole story, as the master of the vessel wrote it to our Patroon, and as the Patroon read it here in this hall scarce a quarter of an hour ago.—On the voyage to Holland, our

Dominie was observed to be sad and full of thought; he spoke little, and walked often on deck alone. One evening, when he had gone above for this solitary walk, he appeared no more: search was made for him when he was missed, and a boat lowered, but no trace of him was found. The sailors said at once he must have thrown himself overboard; the captain thinks he must have become giddy when he was leaning over the vessel's side, watching the waves according to his wont, and must have fallen accidentally. The man at the helm neither saw nor heard anything, for the wind was loud, and his whole attention fixed upon his work. This is all we know concerning our dear minister's fate. Doubtless the waves received him; but the exact spot where he fell, and the exact manner of that fall, none can say. God, Whom he loved, has taken him to rest, and it is with him as with Moses, 'no man knoweth of his sepulture unto this day.'

The speech, so strangely long for the silent old man, was ended, and there was a hush, broken only by the unrestrained crying of the negro women and children. The little Dutch-Americans were too awed and bewildered to cry; it sounded to them like a story, a melancholy tale full of a certain mysterious fascination, like those legends that their mothers would sometimes tell them just at this hour, when night was dropping suddenly down, and putting out the splendour of the day.

'Do you think,' said one of them at last, in a low awe-struck tone, 'that God may have prepared a big fish to swallow our Dominie, just as He did for Jonah, and that so he may get to land, and come back some time to preach to us?'

'I've got such a big gourd, all my own, for him to sit under!' cried out a younger child, without the slightest perception of the absurdity of the suggestion; and then the negroes tittered even in the midst of their tears, and M. Jansen gave a contemptuous snort, and wrapping his cloak round him, prepared to go.

He stopped on the threshold, however, arrested by Uncle Jan's voice, once more raised in clear emphatic tones. 'Do not laugh at the children; God has strange ways of deliverance for His servants even now. Since none can say that they have seen the dead body of our Dominie, I for one think it *possible* that he may yet come back to us, that he may be hidden from us for a time rather than taken from our head for ever. Let us each pray that it may be so, and in the visions of the night God may reveal to us whether it be so or not.'

As he stood there in the gathering darkness, with his tall thin figure, and his flowing beard, and his thoughtful visionary face, he looked almost like some seer of old enunciating some prophetic message. M. Jansen turned on his heel and hurried away, snorting as he went; but the slaves and the children gathered eagerly round the speaker, full of excitement, and ready to embrace the well-nigh impossible hope which had been suggested.

Franzje's two hands were locked tight round her uncle's arm; now

that M. Jansen was gone she laid down her head upon them, and silently in the darkness her tears began to flow. *She* had no visionary expectations, she knew with a calm aching certainty that the Dominie would never come back, that not till the last awful day would the sea give up its dead; but the great unutterable horror that had possessed her was lifted from her soul. No, it was not with the guilt of self-destruction upon him that the Dominie had passed into eternity: sad indeed they had made him, broken-hearted perhaps, but not desperate; he had lost faith in them, but not in God, never in God! and so a merciful accident, a delirium for which he was not accountable, a something—no matter what, since it was no rash sinful act, but rather a putting forth of a Providential hand to draw him to his rest—had taken him away for ever from the life which he had found too bitter.

There rested on her—so she thought, poor sorrowful child!—and on all who had sinned with her, the guilt of having wearied him out, of having broken his heart, but not blood-guiltiness, not the utter misery of having driven him to a doom which would have well-nigh wrecked all hope for this world and the next, and wrapped his very memory in unutterable darkness.

'Go in sackcloth!' yes verily, when would the day come that she should cease to mourn?—and mechanically she put up her hand to pull the flowers from her hair—but the mourning was all for her; there was peace now for the Dominie, nothing could grieve or trouble him any more.

The children came thronging out of the great parlour, ready to disperse for the night; and Franzje went back to her mother, whom she found sitting just where she had left her, but quiet and composed now, as if the violence of her grief were spent. For a little while they rested tranquilly in a mutual embrace, and then Madame Ryckman's housewifely instincts re-asserted themselves, and she got up and bade Franzje call for lights, and tell the maids to be sure to have something nice ready for their master's supper when he came home.

'He has gone round with M. Cuyler to tell the bad news, I suppose,' she said, 'and a sad office it is for him, dear good man! Put an extra lump of sugar in his Hollands and water to-night, Franzje; he has a sweet tooth, my goodman has, and we must get him to take his supper as usual if we can. We must eat and drink, whatever happens, poor weak creatures that we are!'

So things began to slip back into their usual course in that natural inevitable way which sometimes seems hard and heartless to the young and sensitive, but which older people acquiesce in as being only one of the many incongruities of this imperfect world, in which not even sorrow can live on heroic heights, but must come down to attend to every-day wants and trivial commonplace duties. To Franzje the tedium of it all was very repugnant at first; what did it matter whether the churning turned out well or ill, whether the four meals a day were served with

their usual regularity or not, whether the autumn preserves proved a success? what did anything matter, when the Dominie lay cold in his ocean grave, and regret for the past was powerless, and hope for the future no longer possible?

But after a while she grew to be glad that her mother at least could find a solace in those little cares and interests, and recognized that the continuance of the daily routine did not imply forgetfulness; that though the men went to their stores or to their farms as usual, and the matrons and maidens occupied themselves with their wonted industry in household tasks, there was a general heaviness of heart, which no industry could dispel. Through his strong individuality, his real interest in his flock, and his intense devotion to what he thought the right, the Dominie had left his mark on the place in a way which no one else had ever done. Even when his people had been most out of humour with him, most disposed to grumble at his love of power, and to try to shake off his yoke, they had never ceased to respect him in their secret hearts; and the intellectual gifts which they had been so little able to appreciate, the enthusiasm which had left their feelings unstirred, had yet made an impression on such imagination as they possessed, so that perhaps they had *admired* the Dominie all the more because they did not thoroughly understand him, because he was so utterly unlike themselves. And now that he was dead, now that the pathetic story of his fate had been told from house to house, and commented on and magnified till it had become the most dolorous of all possible tragedies, there was but one universal feeling of sorrow, largely mingled with self-reproach in the case of those whose contumacy had helped to drive him from among them. Few were found to blame his desertion of them, few sat in judgement on his mistakes; had the Dominie come back in living presence, much might have been said in self-justification, but before the accusing shadow of their dead pastor nearly all tongues were silent. He was dead, and in a certain sort their sins had slain him; it was they who, by their frivolity, their disobedience, their want of sympathy, had helped to send him forth on this fatal voyage; they had had a prophet among them, and they had not honoured him as such, and behold, he was gone from them, never to return!

Out of the grief and the reverence there grew at length something like a revival of hope. Wonderful stories began to be circulated—whence originating no one distinctly knew—of how the Dominie had been picked up by a passing vessel, and carried off on a distant voyage, or had managed to swim to a neighbouring island, and was living there as a hermit, passing his whole days in meditation and prayer; and however contradictory these legends might be in many of their details, they all united in the same conclusion—that he would some day come back to his people inspired with new wisdom, and that then a golden era would arise for Albany, in which all that was painful in the past should be forgotten. It was strange to see how minds not peculiarly

imaginative by nature turned for comfort to these romantic possibilities, and how some in their simple faith were even ready to believe that God had worked a miracle in their Dominie's behalf. The accomplishment of predictions which he had uttered was pointed to as proof that he had been something more than a mere ordinary man; and people recalled his deep spiritual gaze, and the flights of religious eloquence in which he had so often soared above them, and said to one another that surely a life such as his could not have been cut short prematurely, that some providential interposition must have occurred to preserve him for the holy work which he might yet do on earth.

Franzje listened, and at times her eyes would light up as though a bright vision had passed before them; but young as she was, hers was not a mind that readily lent itself to illusions, and besides, there had been borne in upon her from the first an irresistible conviction that nowhere in this lower world was the Dominie to be found, that he had passed utterly away. She never forgot the chance words that had forced the truth upon her—'So surely as she stood there alive,' with that passionate, trembling, loving, beating heart—so surely was he lying in the stillness of death, the grave awful stillness that no bewailings could break. Oh! how little her penitence availed! how all too late was the better mind that had come over his erring people! She was speechless, tearless, almost prayerless, as she realized it, crushed by that sense of the *irretrievable*, which is perhaps the most poignant source of human heart-break.

He had warned her himself that the awaking might not come in time, but she had not heeded the warning; he had told her to remember when that day came that 'the least expression of penitence would have been accepted had it been offered now;' and oh! she did remember it, with aching sickening distinctness, when the remembrance was no longer availing, when that 'now' had become the irrecoverable past. She was sorry, but she could never tell him so; she was ready to obey with the trusting filial obedience of her earliest and simplest days, but he would never again utter a command; she would have done anything in the world to serve him, but he needed service no more.

It was right, it was just; there was nothing against which she could rebel, nothing that she could say was undeserved, only she had not known that life could be so terrible, and justice so pitiless; her heart seemed frozen within her as she went about her weary way.

Her mother told her that she was growing white and thin, and lovingly begged her to get up her looks against Killian's and Evert's return, which was expected almost daily; her father's eyes rested on her anxiously from time to time, and he puffed away a great many doubts and fears and longings on her behalf together with the smoke from his evening pipe; but though they often talked about the Dominie before her, they never seemed conscious of anything which might make the loss of him more painful to her than it was to them or to Jan. When her gaze grew absent, M. Ryckman believed her thoughts

had flown to Fort Edward; he had a great notion that love troubles were the only ones a girl could have, or at least, the only ones that could affect her deeply, and he believed he had found a salve for her grief when he came home one day with an important piece of military news. Contrary to all expection, the French, instead of pursuing their advantage, and attacking Fort Edward, had returned to Canada, and there was therefore no fear of any further hostilities till the following spring. Colonel Trelawny's regiment would probably return to Numberfour, or might even be sent back to Albany for a while—in his secret soul the worthy elder devoutly hoped that might not be the case—and at any rate, Mr. Vyvian was safe from the chances of war for the next six months. He told it all with good-humoured elation and importance, and Franzje's face did really brighten for a moment with a look of eager interest which he mistook for delight. He was pleased, and yet he was a little frightened. Was it well that she should continue to care for Mr. Vyvian, when—even supposing that his heart was faithful to her, and that his love-passages with Engelt had been nonsense—no alliance was possible between them, since not even to make her happy could it be admissible to give her in marriage to a worldling, and one, too, who had wrought such harm among them all, and given such sore umbrage to their dead pastor? He need not have been alarmed; Franzje cared for Mr. Vyvian in the way in which a faithful nature always cares for anyone it has ever loved at all, and had prayed for his protection in battle many a time, but more for his soul's sake than because she ever hoped or wished to see him again in the flesh; he had gone out of her life, and she had nothing more to do with him: it was not that she forgot or despised him, but that he seemed to belong to a past which could never revive—to that little bright foolish time of happiness, which had to be paid for with years of pain. She was glad, oh! heartily glad that he was safe, and that he would be out of perils for a while, but it was for his sake only, not for her own.

She spent some time in her Uncle Jan's room that afternoon, and by way of something to say, she told him the news, and when she had told it, she sank into one of those profound reveries which had become habitual to her in her hours of leisure. He seemed to be thinking deeply also, but for once his mind was occupied with her rather than with those abstruse meditations in which it was usually engaged. Those dreamy eyes of his, that seemed half closed to sublunary things, had pierced the veil of her gentle patient reserve more surely than any other eyes in the house; and though he had been content to keep silence hitherto, it seemed to him that the time to speak had come.

'My child,' he said suddenly, 'it is not for the young soldier, is it, that your heart is so heavy?'

'No, dear Uncle,' she said softly, with her grave eyes turned upon him in a sort of awed wonder at his discernment.

'You are very young,' he went on, 'to bear your burden alone; why

not let the old man share it? If the Almighty had taken our Dominie from us a year or two ago, should you have sorrowed as you do now?'

'No,' she answered, almost inaudibly.

'And what has made the difference?'

She tried to speak, and faltered, and was silent. He waited with sweet patient eyes, and a loving hand laid upon her head. Then out it came, in a burst of tears. 'O Uncle! because then I had never angered him, or only in such a way as could be forgiven the next minute; and now I have done wrong, and vexed and grieved him, and he has not forgiven me; and I am sorry, and he can never know!'

There was no immediate answer; and she grew ashamed of her vehemence, and was afraid that it had displeased him. 'I did not mean to complain,' she added, in humble heart-broken tones; 'it is all right and just, and I have deserved it, only—' and there the voice died away in sobs.

'Only God's justice is very terrible? so it seems, my child, when we forget His love. Was it God or the devil, think you, that was nearest our Dominie at his death?'

She looked up at him with a startled bewildered gaze, as she whispered, 'God.'

'Yes, surely, for what does the Holy Book say?—"Because he hath set his love upon Me, therefore will I deliver him;" our Dominie loved Him with all the force of a strong man's soul, and doubtless He Who gave the love rewarded it. Well, then, can you think if God was with him that he died unforgiving?'

'No; but he did not think I deserved to be forgiven.'

'Does forgiveness wait for our deserts? There was one who came back to his father covered with sins, and "when he was yet a great way off his father met him, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him."'

'But the Dominie did not know that I was sorry.'

'Could that father have known unless God had revealed it to him? the embrace came before the prayer for pardon. You will say the Father in the parable means God. Well, be it so, but does not God give of His own loving-kindness to His servants, to His shepherds? Our Dominie went away despairing of us, but do you think he died despairing of us? My child, I do not think it, though it may but have been a lightning-flash at the last that showed him his mistake.'

'Mistake?' echoed Franzje, as if there were presumption in the sound.

'Yes, surely, a mistake such as Elijah's, when he cast himself under the juniper-tree, saying, "It is better for me to die than to live."'

'But we drove him away by our sins,' said Franzje.

Could it be a smile upon the old man's face? '*Your* sins!' he said; 'poor child! so it is this that lays so heavy at your heart. Could the Dominie see you now, he would weep to see you weep; but he is at rest, as we trust, and be you at rest also. Are you thinking of him as still bitter against you, as still angered and grieved, that you mourn for him so much? Nay, earth's griefs and stings are over; he fears and

frets and despairs no longer, but is lost in the ocean of God's charity, and hopes and loves.'

Franzje's face was buried in her hands, and the low gentle tones seemed to murmur on above her like something heard in dreams. They were as the very droppings of balm to the bruised heart.

'If I could only see him again for one moment!' she sobbed, but not in the crushed hopeless accents in which she had spoken before.

'And you *shall* see him. Have you forgotten the great day of meeting, the day in which there can be no more misunderstandings, for the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed? Think of the pastor's joy, when he finds some of the souls that he despaired of the brightest jewels in his crown!'

She did not take this to herself in any way, but the thought was comforting, even in its awfulness. In a few minutes she put her hand upon her uncle's knee, and said timidly, 'Uncle Jan, help me to live so that I may not be a grief to him then; I do not want my life to be like these last weeks. I have nothing to look forward to, like other girls, but I will try to look *further* forward now. On Easter Day I seemed to see what life might be, and then this sorrow came, and blotted it out; but it is coming back, coming out of my very grief!'

She broke off, for her thoughts were growing too deep for words: how often the dawn of a new life has sprung from a *grave*, He whose Resurrection is the Church's hope alone can tell!

'You will live to comfort others,' said the old man tenderly; 'sometimes I fear that your lot has been cast in evil times. Our Dominie once said that this war was but the beginning of sorrows, and I seem to fancy that he was right; but if so, there will be but the more work for those who live for God and their brethren, and are at the call of all who suffer. Your parents, I know, have other thoughts for you; they think that in time Killian—' She shook her head, and he continued, 'Nay, then, I will not vex you by dwelling on their hopes; it is more your mother's fancy than your father's, and will never be urged upon you against your will. I should have joyed to see you a happy wife, as well as another; but I can well believe that one who has been formed by such a man as our Dominie, and who has had their fancy caught by a brilliant man of the world like Mr. Vyvian, could never be happy with a lad like Killian Barentse, single-minded and true-hearted though he be. God bless thee, my little one, and make thee happy in His own way!'

She still felt as though happiness were not for her, but she lifted her face up brightly for the old man's caress. Oh! how good it was that such comfort had been sent her through him just now, when she needed it so sorely!

She went about her daily tasks less sadly from this time forward, and seemed to put aside her own grief in care for the griefs and pains of others. Little Engelt was the first to claim her sympathy, for the

regiment did not come to Albany; and as time went on, and no letter or message came from Mr. Vyvian, the child began to droop sorely, and to feel that she had been deceived. 'I thought all the summer he was too busy to write or even to think much about me, perhaps; but now that the fighting is over he must have plenty of time, and he might send me one word, at least, if he cared for me at all!' That was the piteous lament; and Franzje soothed and stilled it as best she might, finding after a while an unexpected assistant in Evert, who seemed to see a great deal more in his sister's pretty little friend now that he had come home, than before he went away.

With his bronzed complexion, and his sensible thoughtful manner, he was like a totally different creature from the troublesome boy who had taken his departure in such giddy spirits. The trading expedition, with its toils and dangers, had made a man of him, and the shock of the news which met him on his return completed the sobering effect. Killian, after spending a day or two with his grandfather, went on to New York to dispose of his cargo; but Evert remained at home, and was his mother's great delight during that dreary winter, in which all attempts at gaiety seemed to stagnate, and which was marked by an unusual number of deaths among the elder citizens.

Saddest of all these losses was that of good Colonel Schuyler, whom everybody missed, and whose death left Madame so desolate, that all her friends vied in offering her attention and sympathy, feeling as if the childless widow, whom everybody loved, had become the special legacy of the whole town. Her sister and nieces were much with her, but she had a craving for Franzje's company; and it was in ministering to this dear old friend—the best she had ever had, except the Dominie—that the girl began in earnest that tender mission of comfort which the recluse had set before her as her life-work.

(To be continued.)

IN TIME OF WAR.

CHAPTER VIII.

'Gentle river, gentle river,
Lo, thy streams are stained with gore;
Many a brave and noble captain
Floats along thy willow'd shore.'

Spanish Ballad.

THE middle of July found the Markhams still at Newark. Ursula often thought wistfully of her household at Ollerton, and Katharine longed for the fresh forest air and the freedom of home, but neither were willing to leave Newark while Colonel Markham's head-quarters were still there.

Sir Richard Byron was come to be Governor of Newark; his brother Thomas was colonel of the Prince of Wales's regiment of foot; but one of the younger of those valiant brothers was with Cavendish's horse. The brave Nottinghamshire men still made the town a sharp and pricking thorn in the side of the rebels, who were now under a new commander, Sir John Meldrum, a brave and wise old soldier, who gave the King's troops much uneasiness.

Colonel Cavendish was about to attack Gainsborough, which town was held for the Parliament by Lord Willoughby of Parham. It was a more important service than any they had lately been engaged on; but Colonel Markham endeavoured to make light of it to his family—not very successfully, for Katharine, after watching him for a while, as in readiness to start he paced up and down the room, called him to her in the corner window.

'I see you are troubled, Brother; what is it?'

'Must I tell thee, child? Nay, it is very little, but I am vexed that we did not start sooner, we should have gone with the early dawn, and it is now near noon. Old Meldrum is clever and wary; were I in his place I would try to intercept this party before we come to Gainsborough, and such a movement would have us at a disadvantage.'

'You always grow anxious and doubtful when you have to wait,' said Katharine, with a faint pretence of being saucy.

'Perhaps I am growing crabbed, and like no counsel but mine own. Cavendish is usually hot enough, but now he thinks it wiser to give my Lord Newcastle time to join us; his judgement is so often sound, that I know not why I should question it to-day.'

'We women should grow used to waiting, but it is weary work,' said Katharine, with a sigh. Oh, Brother! when will there be peace, and you at home once more?'

'I cannot see it grow nearer, it is a sad and heavy time for merrie England; but we must all take courage and do our duty, be it light or heavy; is it not so, my Kate?'

'Ah yes, I know; be brave and patient, as you always say; but, Brother,' she went on, laying her hot cheek against his steel corselet, 'you do not divide the task fairly, for how can you be other than brave, while I have to struggle hard for every poor bit of patience that I use?'

'That is because we are both Markhams; you see I too am but poorly off for patience. Ah! there is the bugle at last, and Bertie coming with the Ollerton men; he is a good lad, and ever ready. Now God keep thee, my Kate.'

The regiment was assembling in the market-place, Colonel Markham's horse was waiting below; he took his usual leave of Ursula, Katharine, and his young son—very loving, but always with cheerful and hopeful words. Then they watched him mount and ride away with handsome gallant Sir Charles, Bertie, and the rest, their men clanking and

clattering after them, with many a farewell to the crowd who were watching them. Just as they turned towards the north gate, Thomas Markham looked back once more, waving his hat, and looking towards the window where they stood, with a face as bright as if, without doubt or care, he was riding to hunt the deer in Sherwood. Then they were gone, and the market-place was left to the townsfolk, and to Sir Richard Byron and others of the garrison who had met to wish them Godspeed, and now moved off slowly, a little weary of their work within the walls, and a little envious of those who had ridden on more active service. 'They too have to be patient,' thought Katharine, drying the tears she had bidden to wait till her brother was out of sight; 'and what is good enough for Sir Richard and Cousin Godfrey may well be good enough for me.'

So a little wearily, but without much anxiety, Mrs. Markham and Katharine waited through a few more of the long July days. They were often at the services in the magnificent parish church, where many Markhams lay buried; they visited many of the country ladies, who, like themselves, were lodging in the town; and they went almost daily to see old Gervas Markham, who was sick and drawing near to his end. He had been obliged to give up his command, but his counsel was often asked by the officers of the garrison; and the shrewd implacable old lion was never better pleased than when he could be propped up in bed, with his books and charts around him, to draw up some plan of operations that was utterly to overthrow the enemy he so much detested. Godfrey lodged at his brother's house, and spent many of his spare hours in watching and tending him with a son's duty and submission.

One day, being alone at the open window of their parlour, Katharine heard a knot of soldiers talking below, and gathered that Sir John Meldrum was supposed to be moving with a large force, and by a circuitous route, towards Gainsborough. Such scraps of news she had now learnt to keep from Ursula, whose baseless hopes and causeless fears were often very trying to Katharine and wearing to herself; besides, she considered herself as in some sort Ursula's guardian, and bound to do all in her power for her sister-in-law's comfort and peace. As soon as she could she got speech of her cousin Godfrey.

'I think this true, the rumour is general,' he said, his weather-beaten face lighting with excitement. 'I wish from my heart we were strong enough to give the rascals a blow in passing; but we have no horse, and all the men we could spare are gone to Gainsborough. They say that Oliver Cromwell is with them, with the troop of heavy horse of which they vaunt themselves so much.'

'Is there not danger that they may cut off our forces?'

'They will try, no doubt, the rebel knaves! But never look so scared, little cousin; Cavendish and Markham are not so easily dealt with; we have also news that my Lord Newcastle is marching towards Gainsborough, so that it is more than likely that the rebels may get

another drubbing, and learn that clowns and preachers are not so soon to be turned into officers of horse.'

'Mr. Cromwell is no clown,' said Katharine, only half satisfied. She knew her brother did not hold his foes in such contempt, and it seemed as if no one but he could be both brave and wise.

'Kate, Kate!' said Mrs. Markham, a few days later, in gentle reproach, to her sister, 'you spend all your hours at the window; your eyes are more gad-about than your feet.'

'Ah, if my feet were but in merrie Sherwood, my eyes would not need to rove,' said Kate, with a glance full of distaste at her neglected embroidery.

'I like not that you should wear out your heart in watching; you know we always get what tidings there are, as soon as may be.'

'I always think I may gather something that no one else has thought worth the telling; but now I see Cousin Godfrey coming, and I will leave the window to talk with him, the more willingly that there has been nothing stirring the livelong day but Mr. Hall and his recruits; he has sore work with them, they be so dull; methinks I could do the exercise right well. Ah! see, Ursula, come hither!'

As Captain Godfrey came into the market-place on one side, walking leisurely across to have his daily talk with his kinswomen, two troopers rode in on the other, grimed and dusty, on spent and weary steeds; the arm of one was roughly bound with a scarf, the other had lost his head-piece, and both had the spiritless air of bearers of evil tidings. Katharine's exclamation brought Mrs. Markham to her side, and they watched the men dismount, while Sir Richard Byron, the mayor, and some others who had been holding a meeting at the Governor's house, came down the steps to meet them; Godfrey Markham turned from his course, and a crowd quickly gathered round. There was a shout, but not of joy, it was rather a sound of angry disappointment; a woman threw up her arms, another screamed. Katharine, pale as death, and all her impatience turned to sickening dread, closed the lattice, and drawing Ursula to her chair, stood by her in silence, waiting. Not for long; kind Godfrey did not forget them, but as soon as he had heard all, came slowly and heavily up the stairs, ill news written clearly in his face, but his first words were, 'Take courage, Cousins; all may yet be well with Thomas, we have no certain word of him, he may be safe for all we know, but our army is in very evil case.'

Ursula caught at the hopeful word, and relieved from her first dread, began to cry; but Katharine's white face never relaxed its look of horror. Godfrey thought she had not heard.

'We have no news of him, Kate, or of Bertie; they may yet both return.'

'What evil has happened?' she gasped.

'There has been a terrible fight, the rebels threw themselves between our troops and the town, and after many charges, and a desperate fight,

broke them utterly. The two knaves who have just come in, have been in haste to save their worthless skins, and fled when their company was broken, though the fight still raged. But—they say that Cavendish had fallen, and that Markham was holding the remnant together almost without hope. The fight was close to the Trent, and numbers of our men were driven in, and so drowned. Without doubt, it is a sore defeat; and if, as we fear, Cavendish be dead, our loss is great indeed. There is a report that my Lord Newcastle was close at hand; he may have come to your husband's relief in time. God grant it may be so; so take courage, Cousins, and get to your prayers; I will come to you with the first tidings.'

He went out, and the two women were left to try to realize what had happened. Ursula would only hope as regarded her husband, but she bitterly lamented the defeat, and mourned for the noble Cavendish, her husband's friend, on whom the Royalists of Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire had fixed so many hopes. But Katharine, to whom she looked for sympathy, spoke of neither hope, nor regret, nor fear; but only looked frightened, and as if she scarce comprehended. She hardly moved, and never went again to the window; her little nephew grew afraid of Aunt Kate, so grave and still; his mother's tears and embraces were far less strange, they only meant now, as so often before, 'Father is gone, and Mother is so sorry;' but this white unresponsive stillness of his chief play-fellow, made the little fellow cling to his mother and look askance from her skirts at his aunt, who never even noticed him. Ursula looked at her with a passing fear that handsome courtly Sir Charles might have caught her fancy away from Richard Bertie, who had learnt to cover his impulsive temper under very quiet ways; it seemed so very possible to Ursula, she would ask her husband—ah, if he would but come, to be asked! And then Ursula fell into a fresh passion of tears, which partly roused Katharine, who soothed her with gentle unmeaning words, and took her to bed, sitting by her till she slept, and then went herself, still in the same dreary trance, to pass the night as best she could, till the early dawn came with a fresh chill of terror and suspense.

Godfrey Markham came early, to say that no fresh tidings had come, but they were to keep within doors, and he would come again. Ursula found it hard to keep up the hope she had clung to the night before; and with the terrible unspoken certainty in her own mind, Katharine could not and dared not comfort her. At last, about an hour before noon, Godfrey's voice was heard below. Katharine started up and ran down to meet him, for she thought she could never bear again to listen to his heavy step, coming laden with ill news; but he was not alone, Sir Richard Byron was there, and Captain Carey of the garrison, and a man whom she knew to be Sir Charles Cavendish's private servant. They looked at one another as she came down the dark staircase into the little entry, but neither their words nor their faces, dark with sorrow,

were needed to tell her their errand, the blow had fallen on her the night before.

'O Cousin, then it is indeed true!'

The tears falling on Godfrey's grey beard were answer enough.

'Come with me to Ursula,' she said, and went up before them to the parlour, leading the little party, who had come with a sort of sad ceremony to tell the young widow of her loss. She too guessed their errand, and stood up to receive them with a piteous dignity, but clinging to Katharine while Sir Richard Byron spoke.

'Madam, I bring you very ill and grievous news, which I beseech you to bear with courage, for God's sake. Our right dear friend and true brother in arms, Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Markham, was slain two days since near Gainsborough, fighting with great valour and loyalty for his gracious Majesty King Charles, who hath thus lost a most true and faithful servant.'

'I thank you, Sir, for your courtesy; my husband— O Kate! tell them—'

Poor Mrs. Markham broke down over her first effort, and sank trembling into her chair, still leaning on Katharine, who said in a clear high voice that sounded strange in her own ears, 'We thank you, Sir Richard, for your courtesy; and my sister would say that in our great sorrow we take comfort that my brother died for God and the King, and we well know that he did so of a willing mind.'

'God comfort you, Madam—and you too, Mistress Katharine; we have lost a trusty friend and brave officer, whose place will be hard to fill, and whom we most truly do lament. If I can serve you now, or at any time, command me through your good kinsman here.'

Then they went, leaving Godfrey to tell his tale, which the sight of their grief and his own sorrow and disappointment made a heavy task; indeed, Mrs. Markham could not grasp more than that her beloved husband lay dead by the Trent side, and would never ride into Newark or through the Forest again. Katharine's mood was different; she listened with dry eyes and painful eagerness, and never, to her life's end, forgot one detail of that terrible fight, more terrible in the desolation it brought to them, than any battle throughout the war. It was a bitter reverse to the Royalists, coming after a series of victories that had made the Cavendish horse think themselves invincible. Perhaps they were over-confident, certainly they under-valued their enemy, and were all but surprised; and though personal valour was never wanting, their successes had led to laxer discipline and more license in plunder than was for the well-being of the corps.

Colonel Cromwell and his famous body of heavy horse, already known as the 'Ironsides,' assisted by the Nottingham horse, threw themselves between Sir Charles and the town of Gainsborough, at so critical a moment, that Lord Willoughby had actually determined on evacuating

the town. Cavendish, finding himself intercepted, occupied a slight rising ground, leaving the low marshy ground near the Trent, known as Candish Bog, in his rear. Cromwell brought up his men under cover of a high fence, and charged up the hill again and again, under a heavy fire, at last breaking Cavendish's right wing, and utterly routing his left. Colonel Markham, who commanded the right, rallied towards the centre with a mere handful of his men, just in time to take the command as Cavendish fell by a musket shot. He held the remnant well together for a time; but Cromwell did not pursue the routed wings, keeping all his strength for fresh charges on the centre. Two charges Markham repulsed, but the third drove him over the hill, and the marshy ground, that had been their defence, was turned to the discomfiture of the Royal troops, they were entangled in the bog, many were actually driven into the Trent, and so drowned; while the Ironsides, mad with their success, slaughtered all before them.

This was the substance of what Godfrey had to tell; but Katharine had yet one question for him.

'How did he die, Cousin? Oh! surely he was not drowned?' she asked, shuddering at the thought of the bog, and the Trent—the strong, swift, merciless Trent.

'Nay, that could never be, though many of our best have met no better fate; nay, Thomas died a soldier's death, fighting where the last stand was made, not far from where Sir Charles had fallen; his horse was killed—the big black one, you know—and they suppose he fought with his back to him at last, for he had fallen across him, his sword was yet in his right hand, and a pistol in his left; the home thrust into his left side that killed him was his only wound. A noble death, Kate, and worthy of him, but a sore stroke for us all. God rest his soul!'

'He is at rest, Cousin. We shall thank God for him ere long; but now it seems that I can neither think nor pray; and Ursula, you see, is quite stricken down, and scarce knows what we say. Come, sweetheart, come to the boy; he too is weeping, and knows not why. You can comfort him.'

They never asked for Richard Bertie; Ursula did not think of him, and Katharine dared not. 'I cannot bear it yet,' she said to herself; 'I must mourn for my brother first. Oh, I hope they will not tell me yet!' Godfrey was glad enough not to be asked, for he had not been able to learn anything of the young captain's fate, and greatly feared that he too lay dead in Candish Bog, and thus his young kinswoman was desolate indeed.

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH LINKS OF FOREIGN FORGING;

OR,

'THE LADY WITH THE LONG NOSE.'

(A TALE OF CONTINENTAL TRAVEL.)

BY A. F. FRERE,
AUTHOR OF 'WONDER-CASTLE;' 'THE THREE SONS-IN-LAW,' ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was nearly mid-October, and the foliage was assuming its richest hues; the days were still hot, and the evenings rarely too cold for wandering along the shore, or in the sparkling fairy-land of the garden groves, all alive with myriads of fire-flies. People coupled or tripled themselves as the moment suggested, and went their way, and seldom asked questions about the rest. It befell very often that Hugh and Mrs. Langton set off together, with one or two more, but would drop the adjuncts by degrees, absorbed in some long Australian talk; and if Januaria was the *tiers*, she was sure soon to fall back, with a tact for which Mr. Neville *lui sut gré*, as well as for a certain delicate sympathy which in many ways she had shewn towards Mrs. Langton of late—turning off more than once some painful subject in general talk, with discretion unusual, perhaps, in a girl not yet twenty. Once or twice, however, the coveted place was taken by Mr. Colvin, with whom the widow was frequently discussing the plan of a charitable institution which she wished to found at Langton; and then Hugh was not altogether displeased with the gentle companionship of Janet, who never thought it necessary to make conversation, and generally allowed him full scope for silent thoughts, till suddenly a sense of compunction would prompt him to address her. Sometimes it was rather hard to find an appropriate remark.

'Do you like travelling, Miss Milman?' was on one occasion the most brilliant thing he could think of to utter.

'That is just what I was considering myself,' said she quietly. 'I'm not sure, altogether; but I believe I do. I like the staying in beautiful places, but I can't bear the going away from them; only then one comes to others just as delightful, and which otherwise one would never get to at all. It's tantalizing, but I think it's wholesome.'

'Ordinary moralists,' said Hugh, 'are apt to say that travelling dissipates the mind by perpetual change. You don't seem to find that effect from it.'

'No, it would not strike me in that way,' she replied, after a moment's thought. 'On the contrary, I should rather say the change was a good thing—a sort of way to get rid of one's matter-of-course feelings.'

'I don't quite know what you mean by those,' said Hugh, rather amused by the reply. Then, as she hesitated to proceed, he jestingly added, 'Pray enlighten me, for unless you do, how shall I tell if I am *en train* to get rid of mine—as of course must be my desire!'

Januaria still hesitated. 'If I do I must speak gravely,' she said.

'By all means,' returned Hugh, in a thoroughly sobered voice.

'I mean that people like us, who have always had everything good and convenient and plentiful about us, are apt to take it all as a matter of course—to forget that every day brings fresh needs, and fresh supplies, and that they *might* not, but for great goodness, always be found ready. One *knows* of poor people and their difficulties, to be sure; but it seems too far off—one *can't* feel it real to oneself. Now that is what moving about in this way makes me do. There is a sort of uncertainty about everything, so very different from the regular luxurious easy round we have always lived in.—You are laughing, Mr. Neville,' said she, interrupting herself, but with perfect good-humour; and presently, as if catching his comical view of the kind of discipline to be found in travelling *à la milord*, with servants and appliances of all descriptions, she laughed brightly also.

'I beg your pardon,' began Hugh, trying to control his risible muscles.

'No, don't. I see how ridiculous it must look to you, who have been out in the colonies, and have seen what bush life is; of which I'm afraid my own notions are exceedingly vague.'

'What are they like?' asked Hugh.

'Not exactly sitting under a gum-tree, with a green parrot talking overhead; but very little better. Would you mind telling me something about it?'

He gave her a slight sketch of some of his Australian experiences, ending, 'It certainly is rather a rougher school than your continental travel.'

'Yes, our little hardships look wonderfully small beside those. But after all, everything is comparative in the way it affects people; and really, bad beds, horses that won't go, a greasy dinner, or goat-butter for breakfast, have quite enough of a revolutionary sort of flavour about them to make an impression on hum-drum people like us. It must be from the frame-work we have been brought up in.'

'Did you ever read Carlyle's French Revolution? and the vivid description he gives of that "earth-rind of custom," the breaking up of which plunged all France into a fathomless gulf? *Every* change was so surprising, that men lost the sense of proportion.—"*Sa Majesté vous accorde les grandes entrées!*" was said to Lafayette at Versailles, by a wondering chamberlain, when admitted in hot haste to the King's presence; and the next morning saw that King dragged to Paris, helpless before the mob.'

'Yes,' said Janet thoughtfully; 'and the princesses' especial horror in their prison life was *On nous tutoye*.'

They talked a little more on some such points of history, where Hugh found that his companion had read a good deal, and with attention.

Presently a turn in the hilly lane they were ascending discovered Mabel and Mr. Wilton seated on a bank, in contemplation of a magnificent sunset glow reflected upon Monte Brè and the peak of the 'Pane di Zucchero.'

'Look behind you, my good friend,' was Wilton's salutation. 'You don't know what you are losing.'

They turned, and stood for some moments admiring. As they passed on, aiming at a certain point which Mr. Colvin had made the goal of their walk, Mr. Wilton observed to his *fianeée*, 'That degree of absorption appears to me rather symptomatic.'

'Of what?' asked Mabel; then, catching his meaning, 'Oh no—not *that*, I am sure. If there is anything on his part, it is for a very different object.'

'The graceful widow, perhaps? She is a very agreeable woman; but I doubt if she and Neville are cut out for each other; and yet they seem to be very thick at times. What do you say?'

'He was her husband's friend,' said Mabel. 'I suppose that might have an influence.'

'Probably; but in which direction would be very doubtful. Much more would depend on character than on mere circumstance in such a case. I believe some women are particularly ductile to any new impression that has affinity to the earlier one; and with some the effect would be quite opposite. One can seldom account for such unions, much less predict them.'

Mabel did not feel greatly disposed to speculate upon second marriages, and they returned to the pleasanter topic of a possibly approaching *first* one, based on the probable fall of an excellent Trinity living. They had been engaged five years—no very long term as college engagements go, but long enough to make this prospect a very joyous one; especially as there was nothing to damp it in the expected death of an old incumbent, paralyzed for some time past, and to whom life was but a burden.

Still, Mr. Wilton was afraid to be over-sanguine. 'There's many a slip,' he quoted, 'between the cup and the lip of expectant parsons. Poor old Stokes may drag on a good deal longer than anyone expects, a mere clog on the earth, as *we* might think in our faithless philosophy; or who knows but my seniors, Clark or Gumbleton, may be attracted by the charms of Abbot's Crome to leave their luxurious rooms in Nevill's Court, and experiment on parochial life?'

'But they have been passing livings these five years,' said Mabel.

'Not such a living as Abbot's Crome is. I think I have a good chance; but it is quite *possible* we may still have to wait eight or ten years, till we are both grown very withered leaves on the tree of bachelor and maidenhood.'

He spoke lightly, but Mabel was frightened for a moment, and exclaimed, 'Oh! I don't think anything so dreary *could* happen to us. *You* don't think it likely, Ernest?' seeking with her blue eyes to read destiny in his face.

Mr. Wilton did not answer immediately. He believed that probabilities were greatly in favour of his bringing home the wife he loved before time had marred the girlish bloom on her cheeks, still unimpaired at twenty-five. But he knew a case where a sixteen years waiting for a college living had been followed by a matrimony of sixteen days; a slight chill, caught upon the excitement of a happiness too long deferred, had killed the bride. He would not dwell on the thought, nor sadden his gentle trusting Mabel, whom he knew to be one of the women that can better bear evils than imagine them possible. So he only said, 'No, dear! I hope, please God, the prospect is very much nearer;' and went on to give, at her request, a sketch of the place which might be their home some day.

Meanwhile, Hugh and Januaria had hastened upwards, incited by the eager wave of two pair of hands and a parasol from a terraced *pergola* that seemed to hang almost perpendicularly over their heads, but was reached by a few sharp zigzags of stony path. At the top they were greeted by their friends, Mrs. Langton exclaiming warmly, 'I am so glad you have come in time!'

Her welcome, probably meant for both, was specially appropriated by Mr. Neville, as well as the end of the bench where she sat, under a trellis of crimson-leaved vines, against the wall of a small dwelling. Janet was standing by Mr. Colvin, who pointed out some new features in the distant prospect, much more extensive than from the point below. It stretched to the snow-masses beyond the Lake of Como, and all lay bathed in the rosy after-glow of a gorgeous sunset; an exquisite frame being added to the picture by the tangled wreaths of the luxuriant vines, now in warm shadow; a little dark-eyed woollen-capped child nestled shyly among the branches, now and then casting a furtive glance at the *forestieri*; and presently its mother came out, distaff in hand, at whose approach Hugh vacated his seat, but was checked by a smiling, 'Resti, resti pare, Eccellenza!' as she sat down quietly beside them, and presently gave Mrs. Langton a lesson in spinning.

The light had soon faded, but it was difficult to leave so fascinating a spot, and both ladies owned to being glad of a rest after their climb.

'I am afraid,' said Mr. Colvin, 'that I dragged *my* companion up here at an outrageous pace for anyone to keep up with; but a month's experience about the lake district made me suggest that nature's effects would not *wait*, and that our conversation on sisterhoods would be best taken down-hill.'

'I am very grateful that you did,' said Mrs. Langton, 'for I might perhaps have got so earnest on the subject as to forget what we were come for; and *such* a view! It is one of those perfect pictures which art is apt to fancy nature wants a little of its help to form. Perhaps it is only in Italy that common objects fall so precisely into the shapes that are most harmonious and effective.'

'You should see this view also in morning light,' said Mr. Colvin,

'with the deep blue shadows along the flanks of those mountains towards Porlezza. My wife has a scheme of coming up to sketch here, and breakfast *al fresco*.'

Mrs. Langton expressed a wish to do the same, and a combination was talked of for the next day, Hugh suggesting that somewhere in that direction, but a little higher, a splendid view was to be had towards Monte Rosa.

'From a road up the side of San Salvator,' said Mr. Colvin; 'but you should start at six, or the heat will be too great, and the snow-peaks will probably have retired for the day: they are very coy beauties.'

A little party was planned for these two objects, and Hugh revelled in the idea of carrying up Mrs. Langton's sketching paraphernalia. It was now time to start homewards; but he felt very averse to another pairing off *not* in the way he preferred, and asked if the sisterhood discussion was of too confidential a nature to be overheard.

'By no means,' laughed Mrs. Langton; 'but these lanes are hardly favourable for general conversation, and I should fancy nothing more tiresome for you than stray chips of our talk.'

Mr. Neville, however, was only too glad of chips, or even splinters; and they set off closely together, Janet saying to him, just as he wondered if he was acting civilly by her, 'I am so glad, for I wanted to listen too.'

'Ah! you are interested in the subject?'

'I like always to hear people talk who have thought about such things. Do you remember, Mr. Neville, one day at Grindelwald, when you stopped Miss West from discussing sisterhoods, because a shower was coming on? I was so vexed.'

'You have a good memory,' said Hugh.

'It is not very long ago,' said she, smiling. (*He* felt as if it belonged to another period of his existence.) 'But hush! we are going to listen.'

Mr. Colvin was giving some account of the progress of a 'Home' which had been founded a few years before in the populous seaport of which he was rector. Hugh, though far too candid and deferential not to feel that the views and experiences of an active intelligent clergyman on such subjects were worth hearing, yet found his attention often wander from the narrative, and only return with the few comments occasionally put in by Mrs. Langton. He strained ear and step to catch her words, and was horribly vexed when the narrow passage was obstructed, now and then, by some peasant troop returning from work, or donkey pyramidally piled with market wares and woollen trappings till only its nose and four black hoofs were visible. Janet, on the contrary, listened steadily throughout; and if the thread of the discourse had been broken by these accidents, would venture to beg modestly for a brief repetition. She was not shy where a genuine motive existed, and evidently cared to understand the matter under discussion; so it was a benefit to all when the path they were following struck into the main road, just as Mr. Colvin's narrative had given place to a more general discussion of the principles of sisterhoods.

The conversation was brought to an end by the too great enlargement of the party; for a boat-full of Milmans, whom Ida also had accompanied on the water, were just landing as they came up, and Januaria fell into the grey ranks, answering a quiet question or two as to where she had been walking. Lady Milman had many virtues of a somewhat negative cast; among them that of not being either an anxious, a jealous, or a scheming mother. She knew her girls to be discreet and sensible, and never worried herself about them when out of her sight. The elder ones, however, scarcely ever went out of their calm methodical beat; it was only Janet who occasionally stepped beyond it, and made a friend for herself, or originated a pursuit; and the family traditions remained quite undisturbed by the very temperate way in which she used her freedom. It was thus without exciting any remark that she lingered behind her party with the Nevilles in the garden of the hotel, where the other ladies were found sitting. Poor Hugh, who thought his patience was at length to be rewarded by a few words with Mrs. Langton, was sorely dismayed to see her carried off with a high hand by Edwin and Eva, who, in that state of irrepressible springiness that often precedes juvenile bed-going, claimed a promise to go with them and 'feed the big owl'—dignified and blinking sovereign of a wire palace among the bushes. A sort of instinct prompted Hugh to chew his cud of disgust at Januaria's side, where he always felt more in charity with all the tiresome people (herself included?) who were not Mrs. Langton. Ida had been called away for a few moments, and she was still standing among the fragrant flower-beds, a little thoughtful, which induced him to draw nearer and say,

'Well, Miss Milman, 'you have had your desire, and heard enough about sisterhoods to-day, have you not? I suspect you are meditating on Mr. Colvin's *vivâ-voce* essay.'

She smiled, but did not answer; and he went on, recalling some incidents of the Grindelwald Sunday walk. 'At any rate, you won't answer me again, if I ask your opinion on such points, that you have none!'

'Sha'n't I? But I don't think I have, now. Opinions are *great* things: one ought to know a very great deal first.'

'But I am sure you have as good a right to them as most people. You think about what you know.'

'Oh yes; I may think to myself—'

'And couldn't you "think" to somebody else?'

'I don't know,' said Janet slowly; then with a sudden frank impulse, 'I think I could sometimes to you, Mr. Neville. I am not afraid of boring you, because you are good-natured, and not so very very wise and learned. I don't mean that you are the reverse, at all,' she added, with a little blush and hesitation; 'only—'

'Only not so very very. Certainly not,' said Hugh, with a hearty laugh, in which Januaria joined. She laughed particularly pleasantly; there was an innocent child-like ring in the sound, and it came sparingly enough to be anything but childish. Both speakers were so entirely free

from the least taint of coquetry or desire to *se faire valoir*, that neither had an idea of implying more than was said; but Ida, happening to look back from the steps of the Chinese pavilion where she was talking to Mrs. Fulham, could not help a moment's speculation, quickly succeeded by a sigh over actual probabilities, and then by a resolve to keep off useless worry. It was not an easy resolve for the poor little sister to maintain; and at this time she was frequently given to practices not generally in her nature—to solitary pacing of the Parc grounds in anxious thought, or desperate appeals to the wisdom and foresight of the great owl. 'Will he, or will he not?' 'Would she, or would she not?' 'Does she *see*?' '*Can* she be blind?' and such incoherent exclamations, formed a vent for the perplexity she could not impart to any of her present companions; not to Mabel, now engrossed with her *fiancé* and his prospects; nor to Mrs. Fulham, for kind and sympathizing as the good Granny was, her perception of love affairs had gone to sleep since her daughters had all been married, not to wake till Eva should be a possible subject in ball-room attire;—least of all to Hugh himself, the usual recipient of her fancies and speculations! So that really the only *live* confidante she dared trust was that majestic owl aforesaid, to whom she would exclaim, 'Oh, you sage bird! You feathered satellite of the goddess of wisdom, as Miss Dodson's mythology book had it! *Can't* you borrow a scrap of Minerva's vast penetration, and tell me what I ought to do, and how it will be with this hot-headed brother of mine, and his schemes and his wishes, by the end of another week or month?'

The owl strutted about his domain, and looked at her with a kind of grave sympathy in his downy-framed orbs: but if he had any counsel he kept it to himself.

(To be continued.)

THE RED FOREST.

A GOBLIN STORY.

BY GAMMA.

PART I.

CHAPTER VIII.—A PARTING.

'THERE they are! Heaven be praised! there is my Prince, my sweet nursling!' exclaimed Grisilde, who came up, followed by the sergeant and some others of the searching party; but when she came close she started back, thinking the Prince was dead, so deathly pale was he as he lay asleep.

'Come, come, Sir,' said the sergeant, stirring Kerl roughly with

his foot, for he of course thought it was he who had led the Prince into danger; 'come, get up, and march along with us. You'll have to answer for this, my fine fellow, I can tell you.' Kerl opened his eyes, and looked wonderingly on the party; he could not understand anything about it, but resigned Max passively to Grisilde, and followed as in a dream.

There was joy at the cottage when all came up: Katinka embraced her son, who was all she had in the world, with passionate caresses; Patschanpowdr was in ecstasies, for she began to see daylight through her troubles; the Prince was safe, the rescue had come, a coach to travel in had followed the troopers, and was waiting at Sourkrout, and the next morning they would be off. Katinka outdid herself in providing supper for the party; and lodged the soldiers, some in Kerl's out-house, some in neighbours' cottages. Kerl alone was silent and dejected, and to all his mother's questions only replied, 'I'll tell you all about it by-and-by, Mother.' While Max's attempts to give an account of what had happened were an utter failure.

Next morning, when all was ready, Madame Patschanpowdr met with fresh difficulties of a very unexpected kind. Max declared he would not go, and said he had already written to his father and mother to tell them of his intentions to be a shepherd boy all his life. Madame told him his letter had not gone, as there had been no one to take it; she coaxed, scolded, wheedled, in vain. Grisilde at last cut the matter short by catching up the Prince and carrying him off to the coach, where she seated herself with him in her lap. Max found they were too many for him, and gave in; but seeing Kerl come to the door of the carriage, he again sprang from the nurse's into his friend's arms, and hung sobbing upon his neck. Kerl hugged him heartily, and looked lovingly at him out of his great blue eyes, and then gave him up without a word. Max then insisted on having his sheep-skin and leggings put into the carriage; and to this Madame, though with great disgust, was obliged to yield. She said some kind words to Katinka in a stately way, and assured her the Duchess would send her an ample reward for the trouble and expense she had been at. Katinka drew herself up proudly, and said she wanted for nothing, but that she, her son, and her neighbours, might be left undisturbed in their cottages where their fathers had lived before them. The carriage rolled away, the troopers rode gaily after it, their bright uniforms gleaming in the sun. Katinka and her son returned to the cottage hand in hand; and Kerl, throwing himself on the floor, with his head on his mother's knees, sobbed as if his heart would break.

CHAPTER IX.

A MEETING.

At Rosencrantz, agitation had succeeded agitation. After Grisilde's arrival and departure, two or three stragglers from the Prince's escort

had come in, men and horses all more or less the worse. They had all strange adventures to tell; but none could throw light on what had further befallen the Prince after the storm which dispersed the party. Others of the escort and of the attendants did not make their way home till long after—some few, never. Madame Patschanpowdr's letter had also arrived, and comforted the Duke and Duchess by shewing that their child was alive and safe, and that the expedition they had sent out was on the right track. Madame, however, in her agitation, had not written a very detailed account, and while mentioning that they had been received by some peasants, had not said much of the part played by Kerl, nor had she thought it worth while to mention the insignificant names of their hosts.

Two days later, the Duchess looking from her window saw a mounted soldier arrive post haste in the court below. She recognized him as one of the searching party, and knew he must have brought news; she turned sick with anxiety. She saw the soldiers come out of the guard-room and surround him, and there was a great stir and talking. Then she heard a commotion within the Castle; and presently after, the Duke's gentleman arrived with a request that she would come to his High Mightiness in his cabinet. She went trembling, and found the Duke standing up, with a face purple with rage, and the soldier messenger standing before him.

'Hear this, Madame,' said the Duke, turning round upon his wife, 'this fellow has arrived to say that our son has been inveigled away from Madame Patschanpowdr's care by a young peasant, and is supposed to have been decoyed into the Red Forest, which is notoriously dangerous at night. The night before last and yesterday morning he was missing. Is it not so, Baldwin?'

'Oh! speak,' said the Duchess, 'speak, good man—who gave you this message?'

'The sergeant Lothaire, your Highness,' said the soldier, with a salute, 'and Madame Patschanpowdr was by—it was she who told him.'

'But Lothaire, and the rest, and the good nurse,' said the Duchess, 'they will search for the Prince—they will find him, will they not? Oh, tell me they will find him!'

Then the Duke said to her more mildly, 'Doubtless, dear love, they will search: Heaven send they be not too late to rescue my son from the hands of these crafty wretches. Return now, Madame, to your rooms, where I will soon attend you.—Stay, Baldwin, I will send an order by you to the captain of the guard. You said the name of the peasant was—?'

'Kerl, your Mightiness.'

'Ay; here is the order, tell the captain to see to its speedy execution.'

The Duchess lingered a moment, hoping, yet fearing, to know what the order might be. She dreaded some hasty act of injustice on the part of the Duke; but her curiosity was not satisfied, and she dared not ask.

Another night and day were passed in absorbing anxiety; but in the evening, standing on the tower with her ladies, she saw far off a party of horsemen coming along the road, and presently, in the midst of them, she distinguished a travelling-carriage. What if it should be only old Patschanpowdr by herself! The Duchess seized the arm of the lady next her, and pressed it so violently that the lady winced with pain. 'Forgive me,' said her mistress, with a kiss, 'I don't know what I do!' The party came nearer, and they could see the sun playing on the lances and epaulettes of the soldiers. The warder had given notice, the guard from the Castle were turning out to meet them. The Duchess hurried down to the court-yard in an agony of suspense; as she reached the top of the flight of steps reaching from the great hall into the court, a bugler was sounding a joyful note of welcome. The troopers clattered over the bridge, the carriage clattered after them; it drew up at the foot of the steps; the Grand-duke was there, the Duchess hurried to his side. The coach door was opened, and a graceful young figure leaping out, knelt on one knee before the Duke and Duchess, and kissed their hands. But the two parents catching him up, and vying with one another who should make him the most prodigal caresses, almost carried him into the Castle, followed by the now happy Madame Patschanpowdr, the enthusiastic Grisilde, and a crowd of attendants.

From that time everything changed at the Palace. The Duchess became another woman: joy made her once more young and beautiful, and she no longer seemed, as heretofore, afraid of the Duke. The Duke improved wonderfully in temper; and a time of mirth and jollity, of fun and feasting, set in for everybody. Max was the idol, the spoiled darling of all.

The adventures of the Prince and Madame Patschanpowdr in the Forest country were in every mouth; and Madame, pleased to be made a heroine, every time she told the story made the most of her own part and the least of everybody else's. She spoke well of Katinka in a patronizing way; but passed slightly over the great debt she owed to Kerl—perhaps, as she was half dead with fright on the night of his rescue, she really did not remember much about it. She described him as a half-witted ignorant peasant lad, of whom she had not thought much harm until that last night, when his conduct was certainly very unaccountable; he was probably more cunning than he looked—his familiar manner towards the Prince also was disgusting.

The court was divided in their opinion of the peasants' conduct, according as they cared most to stand well with the Duke or the Duchess—the latter seeing no reason to think anything but well of them, the former determined to think the worst. Probably his conscience was on the look-out for something to justify the harsh measures he had already taken. As to the testimony of Lothaire and Grisilde, it did not go far. They could only report that the lad had apparently inveigled the Prince into the Forest on what was held throughout the district to be a

dangerous night, and that when discovered he had not a word to say for himself. Max's history of that night's proceedings was very confused, as may be supposed, and being much mixed up with ghosts and goblins, was received by the Duke with nothing but a contemptuous laugh. Nevertheless, Max was never weary of praising his dear Kerl, especially in private to his mother; and he often repeated that the risks of that night were entirely his own fault. This the Duchess reported once to her lord, and the Duke appeared startled for a few moments; then, muttering to himself, 'No, no, better leave it as it is, the child will know nothing,' he turned the conversation. The Duchess determined privately to send a gift in money and other things to Katinka, and confided her purpose to Max, who chose a gun as his own special present to Kerl. A confidential messenger was chosen, and the things were despatched with kind messages from the Duchess.

After a few weeks of mirth and holiday making, the young Crown Prince was put under his appointed masters and teachers, and the court subsided into its usual course.

CHAPTER X.

EVIL FOR GOOD.

The whole day after the departure of their guests, Kerl stayed at home with his mother. He was very sad and lonely without the Prince, to whom he had given his whole devotion; even Lili, with her tricks, could hardly divert him. He was also wearied in body and mind with the events of the past night, which he now told in detail to his mother, making her at one moment shudder at her son's danger, and the next exult at his endurance and courage. They ended in a warm embrace; and Katinka protested she was never so happy as when she saw the great folks drive off, and felt she had her son and her house to herself again. The poor soul knew not what was before her.

On the second morning after, Katinka was busy indoors and out, about her household affairs, when she was startled at again seeing soldiers coming along the heath, and other strange men with them. She called Kerl, who was cutting wood behind the house, and they both watched. The party came up to them, and the leader said, 'Are you the peasant who is called Katinka? and is this your son Kerl?' Katinka replied that it was so. 'We are sorry to disturb you,' returned the officer, 'but we come with orders from the Duke to give notice to quit to all the peasantry who hold lands round the Red Forest. His Highness has need of them for his own purposes. He graciously permits all who are ejected to reclaim lands for themselves in the marsh country to the west, according to regulations which will be made by his officers. So, good woman, you must prepare to decamp in a week's time. Our orders further are to arrest the young man Kerl, and carry him with us to one of the Duke's

fortresses—to remain there during his Mightiness's pleasure. So saying, he called up two of his men to take possession of Kerl, and despatched the rest to carry their orders to the neighbouring cottages.

There was one scene of weeping and lamentation in the Red Forest country that day, mixed with curses from the men upon the tyrant Duke; but in no house was there such desolation, such bewilderment of sorrow, as in the cottage of Katinka. The agony of the poor mother, the uncomplaining despair of Kerl, touched even the stiff officer. He bade them go together into the house and say all their last words in peace; for half an hour they should not be disturbed, after that Kerl must go with his men.

'What have I done, Mother?' was all that Kerl could say, for he was as if stunned.

'I know not, child, I know not! Thou'rt as innocent as the lambs of thine own flock. 'Tis some mistake about that night thou wert in the Forest with the Prince. . . . Oh, my Kerl, my darling, my jewel, must thou go—and I not with thee! But, my Kerl, they cannot keep thee long—the lady will speak for thee; the little Prince, who loved thee, will speak—I shall have thee back again. Keep up thy heart, my child.' And Katinka, by way of enforcing her advice, fell to weeping bitterly.

'Poor Mother!' broke out Kerl, 'and thou wilt have to leave home, and I not here to help thee, and I shall not know what becomes of thee;' and he too burst into tears.

After much more of this sort, there was a knock at the door, and the soldiers entered to put irons on Kerl's hands and feet.

'What is the good of that?' said Kerl; 'I will go quite quietly, and I can walk much better without those things.'

'Our orders, young man,' said the soldiers; and Kerl quietly submitted, and went away.

When they were gone the neighbours all flocked to help Katinka; they almost forgot their own misfortunes in her far greater one, and when the day of exile came there were many strong arms and stout hearts ready to do a son's part for her. The exiles all went together—their household goods piled in waggons, and the weaker women and children perched here and there upon them. The most easy seat had been chosen for Katinka; old Gundrade was at her side, and was trying to comfort her; but she, absorbed in one thought and never looking back at the home she was leaving, bent her head down upon her knees, and refused to be comforted.

But the day that was one of such bitter sorrow to the peasantry of the Forest, was one of wild joy to the Goblins. They met together to keep jubilee, and to give, as it were, a parting kick to their retiring foes. Hand in hand with the wind demons they got up a violent gale to harass and annoy the expedition; and, above the noise of the blast, Gundrade, the wise woman, and some others who knew their ways, could hear this song, sung to a harsh and dissonant melody:—

Begone, ye sorry slaves,
With your baggage and your bags,
Ye poor and paltry knaves,
In your beggary and rags;
Take your pans and your pails,
Take your forks and your flails,
Leave the Goblins' merry land and begone.

Take the saw and the axe,
That no more shall lay us low;
Put your trumpery on your backs,
And turn your backs and go.
Young and old, great and small,
Sire and babe, one and all,
Leave the merry Forest land and begone.

Where the bogs quake and quiver,
Ye shall go and not return—
There with ague shake and shiver,
There with fever scorch and burn.
But the Goblins shall be free,
And in every ancient tree
They shall hold merry revels when you're gone!

Then the Goblins, for the time, had the best of it; but still there was that prophecy hanging over their heads.

(*To be continued.*)

MISSION WORK AT HOME.

XV.

ST. PAUL'S MISSION, ISLE OF DOGS.

Those amongst our readers who are familiar with the map of the River Thames, will be aware that in one part of its course eastward, just opposite to Deptford and Greenwich, it winds round a projecting promontory of considerable extent.

Hundreds of years ago, when Greenwich was a royal residence—for it was the birth-place of Queen Elizabeth, and the palace where King Edward the Sixth breathed his last—this part of London was a more favourite resort of royalty than it is ever likely to be again. King Henry the Eighth, when residing at his palace at Greenwich, was wont to have his dogs kept upon the opposite promontory, whence they could be ferried across the river whenever required for the service of their royal and capricious master.

This promontory, washed on its western, southern, and eastern sides by the waters of the Thames, and considerably below the level of its high water mark, acquired in those days the name, which it still retains, of the Isle of Dogs. The ground was very marshy, and until within the last few years, the island was almost uninhabited; but before the Reformation it possessed one little chapel in which Masses used to be offered up for the souls of those who had perished at sea. The remains of this old chapel were destroyed only a few years since.

Though situated on the northern bank of the Thames, it is so completely out of the line of ordinary London thoroughfares, that visitors to

the Island now—or at least to the southern part of the Island—would probably find the shortest and easiest method of reaching it to be, a journey by rail to Greenwich and then a trip across the river by boat, somewhat after the fashion of King Henry's dogs of old! Even that most enterprising of modern innovators, a railway company, has not yet found its way through the Isle of Dogs. The great lines of traffic pass by it on the northern side, and the promontory stands comparatively alone, being literally formed into an island by the numerous docks, Timber Dock, West India Dock, and others, which are cut through at its junction with the mainland.

About twenty years ago, the principal part of the Island was used as a large grazing farm, with one good farm-house, not far from the old ruined chapel before spoken of; and a few cottages for watermen and labourers were scattered over the island. *Now* it contains a population of more than *fifteen thousand souls.* Twenty years work in the formation of docks, and wharves, and other great undertakings, has thus, as it were, brought a whole town into existence. Various trades are carried on here. Around the Island, on its river bank, are large ship yards, rice mills, oil mills, manure works, asphalte works, potteries, lead and colour works, stone yards, family-night-light works, wire-rope works, and others, besides the great new docks, which have been opened about three years, and which give employment to hundreds of men. The Isle of Dogs is just one of those places in which the inhabitants are particularly dependent upon the fluctuations in trade; at one time a scene of busy industry and working prosperity, at another depressed into the lowest stage of poverty by want of employment. Would that it were not so much the tendency of nearly all the unhappy 'economies' of the present day, to introduce amongst our working-classes so large an amount of enforced, but unwilling, idleness!

The Island is situated within the Deanery of Stepney, and is included in the immense Parish of Poplar. The first permanent effort to provide for the spiritual necessities of its inhabitants was made in 1857, when a church was built at the expense of the late William Cubitt, Esq., Lord Mayor.

This church, Christ Church, Poplar, of which the Rev. W. J. Caparn is Vicar, was intended to accommodate five hundred persons; and though this parish was so recently formed that it has received help from the Bishop of London's Fund for the completion of its Schools, it was soon found that the rapidity with which the population grew, rendered the church quite insufficient for the requirements of the island; therefore, through the agency of the Bishop of London's Fund, two Mission Districts have already been separated from the district at first attached to it. The first of these is St. Luke's, Millwall. This Mission District, which is on the Limehouse side of the Island, and contains a population of about six thousand souls, has passed through all the usual first stages of a Mission: the Services held first in a disused shop, then an iron building to serve the double purpose of church and schools, until a permanent church could be built; the formation of Day and Sunday Schools, Mothers Meetings, Bible Classes, Teachers and Communicants Meetings, District Visiting Society, Parochial Library, and all the other signs of life and activity which spring up around a missionary centre; and now happily possessing its permanent Church, though still unhappily encumbered by a heavy debt, to liquidate which the Rev. J. Hewlett, the Clergyman of the Mission, is addressing an earnest appeal to the

public. But, in addition to this, it was found necessary more recently to form a second Mission District, also taken out of the Parish of Christ Church, Poplar, and situated in quite another part of the Island; and it is to this Mission District, known as St. Paul's, Isle of Dogs, that we would now ask our readers to give their kind attention.

This District is situated on the north-eastern side of the island, that is the side adjoining the part of the river known as Blackwall Reach. It had no church or schools of its own, and is nearly a mile from the mother church and schools of the parish; consequently its inhabitants are practically out of reach of all its Services. It contains a population of four thousand, composed of small shop-keepers, navvies, dock-labourers, shipwrights, &c.—just the class of people to suffer most when any stagnation in trade, or suspension of work, throws them out of employment; and great has been the distress in recent years from these causes, amongst the greater number of the inhabitants of Poplar.

In November, 1866, the Mission District thus formed, was placed under the care of a clergyman supported by the Bishop of London's Fund, in connection with the London Diocesan Home Mission—the Rev. W. Carpenter, 4, Wharf Road, Cubitt Town; who found fully nine-tenths of the people attending no place of worship whatever, and hundreds of their children growing up in a deplorable state of ignorance.

The first step in the progress of a mission is always the securing some place, as suitable as circumstances will admit, in which a congregation may be gathered together, and the words of life spoken to the little flock who are gradually brought to listen to the glad tidings of great joy. The only place available for Divine Service in this Mission was a wooden shed, kindly lent for the purpose, by the contractors for the new Millwall Docks, who erected it for the use of their navvies when engaged in forming the new docks; but as this could only be lent for a short time, very great exertions were made to erect immediately a School-Church, which might receive the congregation assembling for worship on Sunday, and be used as a school during the week. The wooden shed, where the first Mission Services in St. Paul's were held, is near the spot where stood the old chapel before spoken of; and what a contrast between the services for which that was used, and the purpose for which the humble building of more recent days was required!

Then, in loneliness and isolation, on a piece of land which might almost be called uninhabited, there were some to offer up prayers for the souls of the departed; *now*, with the light of truth around us, shall there, can there, be any difficulty in providing permanently the places where prayer may be offered up for, and the Gospel of the grace of God preached to, the thousands of living souls gathered around that once lonely place!

'There is a most interesting work going on here,' writes Mr. Carpenter early in 1869, 'and I feel sure if our wants were better known, they would be heartily responded to. At the first Service which I held in connection with St. Paul's Mission, the congregation amounted to twenty-four. *Now* we have Divine Service twice on Sundays, and the congregation averages about two hundred at each Service. We have also a Service on Thursday evenings, when about from fifty to seventy attend.

'In our Sunday School we have now upwards of two hundred children; and twelve Sunday School Teachers. This has been established about two years. We had hard work for some time to get any teachers, and it was a long time before we could get thirty children to attend.

'On Monday evenings we have a Cottage Lecture in another part of the District, and on Tuesday evening a Bible Class; both are well attended. A Mother's Mission has been also formed, and the District is regularly visited by a good staff of District Visitors.

'I believe there are not more than two or three houses in the District which let for more than £26 a year, taxes included; and in such a house, three families in very many instances reside.

'This shews that much cannot be raised on the spot, although these poor people highly value the means of grace now afforded them, and are contributing to their utmost towards the object we have in view. One working man's wife has collected nearly £10 from the poor people in the District, towards the new School-Church.

'None scarcely, I am sorry to say, will ever live here except the poor working-men: but what a field it is for work for Christ!'

Yes, truly; what a field for work for Christ. Well may we say that of every one of those Missions, which are doing a missionary work, and holding forth the light of the glorious Gospel, in many an otherwise darkened place in this great city.

The site, a most eligible one, was secured by the Committee of the Bishop of London's Fund, for Church, Schools, and Parsonage; but all that it was proposed to do at first, was to build the School, and let that be the centre from which all the blessings that such a Mission is intended to convey, might flow forth to the surrounding population.

Towards this School-Church, costing about £1000, and afterwards to remain as the permanent School in the District of St. Paul, the Bishop of London's Fund made a grant of £800. Grants from the Committee of Council on Education, the National Society, and gifts from friends who were interested in the Mission, made up the remaining amount, and enabled Mr. Carpenter to secure to his flock the blessings of Divine Service, when the shed, formerly lent for that purpose, had ceased to be available. True, it was only a fold that the sheep might not be scattered: only a School-Church, humble indeed compared with what we should all wish a church to be, yet at least a building erected on purpose, and as neat and appropriate for Divine Service as such a building could be made. Only this, the simple substantial structure, where the Church Services might be held, and public worship offered, until that happy, but at that time far distant, and almost unthought of day, when the little flock might possess their own consecrated House of Prayer. And so the work, step by step, went on gaining strength from year to year.

But a bright and happy future was in store for St. Paul's Mission. There are some who know well that one of the most blessed privileges which the possession of wealth can afford, is the ability to consecrate that wealth to the glory of the great Giver, by erecting a House of Prayer for His service; and thus it has been in St. Paul's, and at this moment the Mission is rejoicing in the prospect of a permanent church, to be completed ere long, and to bring with it all the blessings which a consecrated church, and all its attendant agencies for good, can confer upon a district.

But while we are speaking of a Mission, to forward which funds have been so happily provided, we involuntarily turn in thought to the very many which are at present without the prospect of any such happy future. We cannot forget that by the time these pages are in the hands of our readers, the season will have arrived now always set apart in the diocese of London for collections in aid of the Bishop of London's

Fund, and for bringing before the public the work of these Missions. For many years the Rogation Season has been appropriated to this purpose; and now that it is again at hand, we would plead with all who read these lines, to remember in their prayers, and to aid by their offerings, the great work which has been the means of doing so much good amidst the vast population of London, but which has so much left to do still. So many Missions which have gone no further than the first stage—the first gathering of a few worshippers together in any place which could be made available for the purpose; so many which may have reached a more promising stage, and be able to hold out hopes of a permanent church, but in which funds to carry out the design are sadly lacking; so much work waiting on every side, and the labourers so few; so much to be done, and the means with which to do it so limited. Would that the Bishop's appeal in behalf of the many Missions in London now waiting completion, might meet with such a response, that this year might witness greater progress in the great work than any previous year has done. Perhaps this season of the year, with its special prayers and thanksgivings, its solemn supplications and its ever blessed festivals, may stir our hearts more than any other season to aid that work which our dying, risen, ascended Lord committed to His Church in the words, 'Preach the Gospel to every creature.' And thus when the joyful Festival of Easter is still reflecting its light upon the Church; and while the joy of that joyous season has not yet passed away—for we are writing these lines in Easter Week—we turn in thought to cast a glance upon that once dreary island, and its now busy working Missions, and remember the thousands of souls, who one by one have to be sought for, and gathered in. And may we not hope and trust that every stone, which the gift of loving hearts adds to the material building either in these or in any other Missions, may become, in the hands of Infinite Love, a type and emblem of another living stone added to the spiritual building? If thus all the members of the Church on earth are striving, in simple faith and earnest love, to sow in sure and certain hope that a blessing will be vouchsafed by the Lord of the Harvest, will it not be easier to realize for ourselves, while seeking to impart the light of truth to others, the words of the poet—

'O teach our love to grow
Up to Thy heavenly light, and reap what Thou hast sown.'

Let us not forget that in Missions like those of which we have been speaking, on the joy of every joyous season, a shadow of incompleteness rests. For a shadow it must be to feel that something is wanting, and for a long while will be wanting, for the outward service; something lacking for the public worship of God; even the greatest of all wants, the consecrated church itself. For, until the day dawn, and the shadows flee away, and all earthly work and worship pales before the glory of that eternal kingdom, where all is worship and love and praise; the Church on earth will ever be the holiest place of rest and peace, and communion with Heaven, which the scattered members of the great Christian family upon earth can enjoy, until they are gathered into their Father's Home above.

Ivanovna.

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

JUNE, 1872.

'THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS.'

(IN MEMORIAM.)

J. C. PATTESON.

Melanesiæ Episcopi.

No longer at a Nero's hest,
Not from a Trajan's * rigid test,
(As with the Church of old,)
Their martyr-crown Christ's Saints may win—
May speedy entrance find within
That City paved with gold.

But culling from all lands, all times,
God still His Son's own Church sublimes,
Still perfects man's best love;
Enduring Saints yet seal in blood
The Faith wherein by grace they stood,
Then join the hosts above.

Shot down before a godless crew,
Hating whate'er is faithful, true,
One suffers for the Cross;
Another, where Zambesi rolls,
Falls plague-struck, eager to save souls,
And counting life but loss.

From the dark isles where Gospel Light
Was breaking through the lengthy night,
Now speed, in accents faint,

* See Pliny's Letters, x. 97, and Trajan's rescript.

Tidings that death-strokes, foully planned,
Add one more to the white-robed band,
From earth take one more Saint.

Translation blest! we murmur, meet
For the good Bishop, rest most sweet
From weary toil! Though friends
Awhile must mourn, Hope smiles through tears;
Faith calls on love to banish fears—
Not thus her venture ends.

God's arm will help the Church's need;
Not vainly shall His martyr bleed;
And while in faith we watch
Another year glide from us, pray
Some solace 'gainst the Dreadful Day
From his grand life we catch—

That life on others ever spent,
Ripe lore and simple goodness blent—
And live that all may come,
By forceful death, (if God so will,)
Or life-long patience, martyrs still,
To Christ in faith's bright Home.

M. G. Watkins.

SONGS OF OTHER CHURCHES.

BY LOUIS COUTIER BIGGS, M.A.

XV.

SCANDINAVIAN HYMNS.

I must apologize for presenting the very ancient Polish hymn, of which I recently promised a translation, in a somewhat rude form. Mr. Wratislaw is the translator:—

POLISH HYMN IN HONOUR OF THE MOTHER OF GOD.

Virgin Mother of God, glorified by God,
Mary! with thy Son the Lord
Elected Mother!
Mary, aid us, remit our sins, Kyrie eleison! thy Son
Our Baptizer's time is godly.

Hear the voices, fill the minds of men!
Hear the prayers with which we implore thee;
Be pleased to grant that which we implore!
Grant in this world a religious life,
After life an abode in Paradise. Kyrie eleison!
'Tis now for us the time, the hour, to repent of our sins,
To give praise to God,
With all our powers to love God.
Mary, Virgin, implore thy Son,
The King of Heaven,
To keep us from all evil.
All ye saints implore,
Aid us sinners,
That we may abide with you,
And may praise Jesus Christ.

This grant us, dear Lord Jesu Christ,
That we may be with Thee,
Where even now the heavenly powers rejoice over us.
Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen!
This may God grant, that we may all enter in to Paradise,
Where the angels reign!

Of course, we give the above simply as a literary curiosity. There are, however, more modern Polish hymns, of which we have hitherto failed to obtain a translation, but of which some might doubtless be found suited to Church use.

Returning to our Scandinavian hymns, we must give a specimen from Claus Frimann, which might be used as a Lenten hymn, or sung on any occasion of national humiliation. 'Janet' is the translator:—

THE WRATH OF GOD.

O God! what nation dares Thy wrath defy?
Thy very threats can make the stout heart die.
Who with impunity the doom can dare
Thou dost declare?

Thy Hand gives signal to the slumbering sword,
It wakes, and blood o'er all the land is poured;
Proud cities fall, and from that glittering glaive
No hand can save.

Thou bidd'st pale Famine come, and swift we pass
From health to death like sun-scorched flowers and grass:
What anguish dire each mother-heart must know
In that dread woe!

'Twas thus, in days of yore, beneath Thy rod
Fair Salem, queen of nations, fell, O God.
From her sad fate we learn how Thou of old
Didst crush the bold.

Her golden palaces to Heaven uprose,
Her walls and gates hurled scorn on all her foes.
God looked on her—she fell, and rose no more—
Her day was o'er.

The Sanctuary, wherein Thine honour dwelt,
Where day by day adoring nations knelt,
Thou gavest to the fierce devouring fire—
Ah, vengeance dire!

Oh, that the thought of Salem's woes, outpoured
By her incensed but long-forbearing Lord,
Might wake, in all the breath of life who draw,
A timely awe.

O Lord, what nation honours Thee aright?
Or who with love doth all *Thy* love requite?
Thou seest our sins, and didst Thou not forgive,
No soul might live.

Thy Grace is boundless—let that Grace, we pray,
Turn Thy just anger from our heads away;
May we be thankful for the peace which Thou
Dost send us now.

Let that peace evermore its shadow fling
O'er fatherland, o'er nation, and o'er king;
And all that Thou didst plant requite Thy care
With fruitage fair.

Claus Frimann, the author of the above, died in 1829, aged eighty-four, after a literary career of fifty-two years. He was a Norwegian pastor. From the Norwegian Psalm-Book are translated the following, in which we have again to acknowledge the assistance of 'Janet.' Many other Danish hymns, of which translations have been kindly sent, we are really compelled by want of space to omit.

I.—A HYMN ABOUT DEATH.

O Thou, Who life and health to me hast giv'n,
Thy power decrees how long on earth I stay;
Perchance ere morn my soul may hence be riv'n
By Thee—perchance this hour I pass away.
My days rush on in swiftest flight,
Then teach me, O my God, to number them aright.

The pomp of earth has but a floweret's bloom,
And fairest blossoms fall as breathes the wind;
One common lot, one universal doom,
Decrees that so must perish all mankind;
Where'er I go, some grave I see,
And call to mind mine own, which somewhere yawns for me.

Oh, not in vain such solemn thoughts will be,
If peace with GOD through them be sooner mine,
If the remembrance ne'er departs from me;
Acts, words, and thoughts, before the Throne Divine
With them at last I must appear,
And hear man's doom pronounced, and mine own sentence hear.

O GOD, my Judge, forgive me through Thy SON
For all my wanderings from Thy peaceful way;
Thou GOD of grace, give grace till life is done,
And be in Death's dread hour my Strength and Stay.
Increase my faith, dispel each doubt,
Behold me contrite, nor in Judgement cast me out.

Keep evermore before my soul and eyes
The thought of CHRIST's deep Love, and Death of pain,
That in the hour of death my thoughts may rise
To where the souls made perfect live and reign.
There triumph over death and grave,
And ever praise His Name, Who life and victory gave.

II.—A PRAYER FOR KING AND PEOPLE.

Our country's king protect, O LORD,
Let prosperous days attend him;
To do Thy Will in deed and word,
Thy SPIRIT's influence send him;
Keep ever in his mind the thought,
That high and low must both be brought
Before Thy Throne for Judgement.

Let faithful men surround his throne,
Who counsel wisely, truly;
Swayed by one thought, and one alone,
To serve their country duly;
Who bear in mind their sacred oath,
Who seek truth, peace, and justice, both
In hut and lordly castle.

And keep the people free from strife,
Obedience patient yielding;
Ne'er may they grudge their goods or life,
The land from foes when shielding.
So bless us, both by land and wave,
That all the common need doth crave
May crown our honest labours.

Thy blessing pour on great and small,
On each in his vocation,
From him who leads the ox to stall,
To him who rules the nation.
Let peace and wealth make glad our land,
And all her sons, with heart and hand,
Serve Thee, and help their neighbour.

III.—A HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

Praise the love that ne'er knows change,
  Praise Him, favoured happy land,
Who hath shed on field and grange
  Blessings with so free a hand.
Had the LORD refused to bless,
Vain were toils and carefulness;
  When He sends His quickening breath,
  Earth awakes from winter's death.

LORD, Thou canst not be concealed,
  Everywhere Thy Hand is seen;
Smiling mead and fertile field
  Shew us where Thy steps have been.
As the rolling years fly past,
Still Thy faithful oath stands fast—
  'Spring-tide, seed-time, harvest's mirth
  Never shall forsake the earth.'

Wondrous power, nor power alone,
  Tenderest love Thy works disclose;
Barren wilds and deserts lone
  'Neath Thy steps bloom like the rose.
In *our* midst Thou art, O LORD!
On *our* heads Thy gifts are poured;
  Praise is heard throughout the land,
  For the blessings from Thy Hand.

Scythe and sickle sound Thy praise,
  And the ponderous golden sheaves
To Thy Name mute carols raise
  As the barn each load receives.
LORD, Thy mercies fall like showers,
Bread and fodder, fruit and flowers;
  With such stores of hoarded grain
  Fear we not cold Winter's reign.

LORD, to Thee we consecrate
  All Thy gifts. They came from Thee.
Bless our bodies and estate,
  If Thy gracious Will it be.
But we pray, above the rest,
HOLY SPIRIT! be our Guest!
  That our lives may speak Thy praise
  For these joyful harvest-days.

IV.—MORNING HYMN.

The darksome night hath passed away,
Again to me GOD's lamp of day
  Doth shew his smiling face;
Thou send'st him forth, Thou fairer Sun,
And sett'st *me* for the race I run,
  My bounds of time and space.

Praise Him! thank Him! God of love,
Sire of all below, above;
  Every day, till life shall end,
  Would I to His glory spend.

Long hours I've lain in slumbers deep,
My senses kept by 'prisoning sleep
  From all external things.
No perils had I power to ward
From off my couch; but Thou, O Lord,
  Hast kept me 'neath Thy wings.
Praised be He, Whose love will give,
Long as here on earth I live,
  Every day and every hour,
  New supplies of love and power.

In Christ's Name I begin this day,
Secure that Thou wilt near me stay
  To bless its hours to me.
God's works within me and without,
God's works around me all about,
  Where'er I look I see.
Amen! Lord! To Thee we'll raise
Loud Hosannas, sweetest praise;
  Send us down, in full supplies,
  Strengthening grace and counsel wise.

V.—EVENING HYMN AT SEA.

God bides with us, where'er we go,
  Then winds nor waves we fear;
Our Father, He will ne'er, we know,
  Forget His children dear.
In all their needs He hears the cry
Of all, their lawful tasks who ply—
  Blest he who fears Jehovah.

His watchful eyes can never sleep,
  No slumber shuts His ear;
He guides our vessel through the deep,
  Through midnight's darkness drear.
When billows rise He lifts His Arm,
And stills the storm and our alarm—
  Blest he who fears Jehovah.

Be ne'er our by-past days forgot;
  We'll think on them with praise
To Him, Whose love appoints our lot,
  And portions out our days.
For this day, and for every hour,
We thank Thee, Lord of Love and power,
  Now and henceforward bless us.

Before briefly discussing the hymnology of Sweden, I must be allowed to express my most sincere thanks to the Rev. J. W. Beckman of

Stockholm, who has most kindly placed at my disposal the results of his unremitting labours during thirty years, and has (at the age of eighty) sent me freely a copy of his invaluable '*Försök till Swensk Psalmhistoria*,' with MS. corrections and explanatory notes. I only wish that I had a sufficient acquaintance with the Scandinavian languages to enable me fully to appreciate this learned work.

Of all Swedish hymn-writers, the most prominent is Archbishop Wallin, (Johan Olof,) born 1779, died 1839. Of the five hundred hymns contained in the hymnal published by authority in 1819, Wallin was the author of 127, joint author of 13, translator of 27, while no less than 147 others were re-cast or altered by him. The following is by Wallin, and forms No. 131 of the Swedish authorized hymnal:—

O Holy Spirit,
Truth-teaching Spirit,
Come, our footsteps guiding,
Let us not fall nor stray, but through Thy Blessing
Trusting and confiding,
The Throne our Light, toward the mark be pressing.
Thou, Lord, with wisdom
Fill us from Heaven.

O Holy Spirit!
Might-endued Spirit!
Come to us and cheer us;
Let love make in our hearts its dwelling ever,
For its fruit to bear us
Each Christian grace, zeal in each good endeavour:
Holiness too, Lord,
Grant us from Heaven.

O Holy Spirit,
Joy-giving Spirit,
Come Thou, and consoling,
Let Hope's voice mingle with life's saddest hours,
Thy Word each heart controlling;
And give us peace when life's dark evening lowers.
Lord, Thy Salvation
Grant us in Heaven.

The following is translated from another of Wallin's hymns, by 'Janet.' It is No. 481 of the Swedish Hymnal.

Where is the Friend for Whom I seek and long?
When dawns the day, my yearnings grow more strong,
And still when daylight sets I find Him not,
Though this sad heart is hot.

I trace His footsteps everywhere I go,
Where gold corn waves or flowers of spring-tide blow;
The sighs I breathe, the airs that round me move,
Are mingled with His love.

I hear His accents on the summer breeze,
In dash of wave, in warblings in the trees;
But most of all, I hear them in my breast,
There breathing peace and rest.

Still hangs a veil betwixt His Face and mine;
My prayers, but not my gaze, can reach His shrine;
Fain would I see Him, fain repose would find
Upon His heart so kind.

LORD, since the world Thou madest doth contain
Such beauty and such life in every vein,
How grand, how wondrous, Thou Thyself must be,
Eternal Majesty!

Of love, light, blessedness, Thou Source and Sea,
When will Thy tranquil waters flow tow'rds me,
To bear me to Thy Heaven's eternal calm
On Death's kind welcome arm?

Be still, my heart, nor 'life in tears outwaste;'
Thy Friend is beckoning thee, thou soon shalt taste
The sweetness of His love, and on His breast
From all thy griefs shalt rest—

Rest on that shore, where rave no billows dark,
Like Noah's wearied dove within the Ark;
On Shepherd's heart the stray lamb, sought and found,
Shall taste of peace profound.

The following is an older specimen of a Swedish hymn. It is No. 218 in the authorized Hymnal. The author, J. Arrhenius, professor at Upsala, died in 1725. The date of the hymn is 1691. I must acknowledge Miss Lawrance's kind assistance in the translation.

JESUS of my friends is truest;
None beside His equals are:—
Shall I scantiest gifts and fewest,
Like the throng, for Him prepare?
None shall own the power that rendeth
Me from Him Who holds me dear;
With His Own my will He blendeth,
Aye hereafter, ever here.

Death for me He deigned to suffer,
To condemn me none may dare;
He doth to the FATHER offer
For my endless gain His prayer.
Those whom He Himself electeth,
What accuser can withstand?
Those His mighty Arm protecteth,
Who shall draw them from His Hand?

For full well I know that never
  Powers of angels, life nor death,
From my JESUS me shall sever:—
  Things above, nor things beneath,
Coming things nor present, lead me
  Ever from His Love astray,
Who in JESUS CHRIST hath freed me,
  And will own me His for aye.

(*To be continued.*)

ON HEARING CHURCH BELLS FOR THE FIRST TIME IN NEW ZEALAND.*

ONE summer day, inclined for pensive rest,
I made my leafy and umbrageous couch
Beneath an old Pohutakōna-tree,
Close to the edge of a tall cliff that grew,
O'erlooking Wāitamata's sheet of blue
Enamel, edged with liquid pearls of foam
Dropped by the lazy surf upon the beach,
So gently that I scarce could hear them fall.
Round Rangitoto's triple cone, a haze,
Light and translucent as the gossamer,
Was wreathed; while from the cloudless sky above
The fiery sun poured down its scorching beams,
Untempered by the gently huffling breeze,
Not fresh enough to raise the drooping leaves,
That trembling shrank from Zephyr's tender touch,
And to his kiss responded with a sigh.
Reflected from the rocks, the quivering heat
Rose visible; the birds—their matins o'er—
Reposed in silence in the thickets deep:
There was no sound of lowing cattle, or
Of bleating sheep, or children's silvery laugh;
All felt the languid influence of the hour;
The cricket's strident creak, as regular
And as monotonous as ticking clock;
The insect myriads' hum that filled the air;
The murmuring waves, and softly sighing leaves—
Became at last a half heard lullaby,
That soothed my senses 'till I child-like slept:
But while I slept rang out a novel sound;

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* The readers of The Monthly Packet have a right to these verses, for these are the same bells for which many of them kindly subscribed.—ED.

For long long years no swelling harmony
Of full-mouthed bells had fallen on my ear,
But now their music mingled with my dreams,
And by the power of its sweet assonance,
It drew my spirit back o'er years, and seas;
Again a child in my old English home,
I heard the well-known Sunday chimes, as drest
For Church, I waited in the rustic porch,
O'ergrown with woodbine and white clematis,
Until my father and my mother came,
And we together walked through shady lanes,
And by the foot-path leading through the fields,
Unto the ivy-mantled church, and then
I seemed to hear the dear old vicar's voice
In sonorous periods roll, until the heat
O'ercame me, and I fell asleep—to wake,
And find myself, alas! at home no more,
But a sad exile on a distant shore.

A. B. G.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CX.

ALEXANDER VI. AND SAVONAROLA.

1484–1499.

The history of England becomes more and more involved with that of other nations as time advances. The inventions of paper and printing tended to make the thoughts of one nation more rapidly current in another than hitherto; and at the same time the tendency of each country to centralize power upon the crown, led to dealings of the sovereigns among themselves, rather than with the great nobles, who had hitherto rivalled their power at home.

A tremendous convulsion, affecting all Italy, and through Rome the whole Western Church, and leaving consequences which the whole Western Church and body politic of Europe still feel, was now taking place. England was not directly engaged in it; but England felt the effects to her heart's core. If the execution of the last Plantagenet marks the close of the middle ages, so it may be that the election of Alexander VI. as Pope was the crisis of corruption in the Church, and the true commencement of the Reformation. The north of Italy had been regarded as part of the Western Empire; but its remoteness from

Germany had led to virtual independence on the part of its cities. When the Emperors were powerful, as in the time of the Hohenstaufen, they struggled for the mastery, and would at times overcome an individual city, though never the whole number, and never for long together. And in the time of weakness and disruption which ensued on the extinction of that mighty house, the republics flourished unmolested by any outer force, and only feeling the inherent evils of their own form of government. Merchant communities, as most of them were, could not but strongly feel the influence of riches, especially where the boundaries were so limited that there was hardly space for more than one family to become exceedingly wealthy. So these great merchant houses gradually arrogated to themselves a sort of hereditary government of their townsmen, which, when sufficiently secure, they would sometimes try to raise to the level of a principality, by applying to the Emperor for a grant of the state as a dukedom. This had been done in the case of Milan, which had very early been absorbed by the Visconti—so long, indeed, that the family was already in a state of decadence—and had passed through marriage to the Sforze, children of a soldier of fortune. Florence, however—a city always containing men of much greater ability—though rent to her very foundations by fierce factions, had preserved her independence much later. The enslaving family—that of the Medici—was only in the second generation. Their name still shewed their trade in medicine to be unforgotten; their cognizance, the *palle*, or balls, were six gilded pills, three of which are still the badge of a pawnbroker's shop, recalling us to the time when the chief money-lenders were Lombards, and that from them the miscellaneous articles apt to be put in pawn were denominated Lombard, *i.e.* lumber! Lorenzo dei Medici, the true ruler of Florence, was, however, too shrewd a man to annoy his fellow citizens by seeking any title that would make them sensible of the gilded chains in which he held them. He was a learned, able, accomplished man, of elegant tastes, delightful manners, and great though well-veiled astuteness, loving the reality of power rather than the show of it, and quietly bent upon making his family dominant. He had three sons, Piero, Giovanni, and Giuliano; and these, with Giulio, the illegitimate child of a brother of his who had been assassinated early in life, were bred up under Poliziano, the first scholar of his time in classical learning and philosophy. His lessons were admired, and his teaching resorted to, by all the ablest men of the day, and as will be seen, had no small influence, even on England. It was under Lorenzo that the marvellous talents of Michelagnolo Buonarotti, the king of all artists, were first discovered, and 'Il Magnifico' was another Augustus in his power of perceiving and encouraging excellence in every department. He was not an absolutely irreligious or unconscientious man; he loved the beautiful in all things too much, and he never made a barbarous use of his power; but he had no real or deep principle, and his quiet elegant sensuality and

steady self-aggrandizement were most corrupting examples. The refined paganism of the later Greeks and Romans, such as he imagined it, had seized upon his mind. He was one of the first great collectors of their remains, the founder of the museum which has made Florence famous ever since; and beside their poetry and philosophy, the degraded Christianity of the venal Roman court looked to his eye hopelessly childish and superstitious; while on the other hand, the Papacy, as it stood beside him, was a dangerous power, which must be judiciously dealt with. Of the Church Catholic apart from these he had no notion.

There was one man, however, in Florence who had. Geronimo Francesco Savonarola, one of those souls moulded from the first for great actions and great changes, was born in 1452, of a noble family at Ferrara. He undertook the usual studies for which Italy was then famous; and his theological reading so impressed him, that at twenty-three years of age he left home, and took refuge among the Dominican brethren at Bologna, among whom he shortly after assumed the white gown and black mantle of the Order of the stern St. Dominic. Italy was verily in that corrupt state which makes it the impulse and refuge of the pious to take refuge in convents from a world so replete with foulness that they can hardly live a secular life without stain. Every detail that reaches us of the lives led by the rich and educated classes, shews us that a kind of elegant sensuality, and contempt, rather than disbelief, of religion, everywhere prevailed—among none more than the wealthy clergy, who clustered round the wicked and corrupt Papal court, and while they cherished the remains of paganism, mocked the credulity of the Christian world, whence they drew their revenues. The poverty of the two mendicant orders of St. Dominic and St. Francis at least preserved them from this form of corruption; and it was among them that Savonarola found refuge. A spare man, with a delicate hawk nose, and wonderful deep Italian eyes, he was intensely nervous and sensitive; and fasting and discipline, such as he adopted to the very utmost, had so severe an effect on him, that when his superiors, discovering his talents, called on him to give lectures on philosophy, his voice was weak and harsh, and though he was learned, his style gave little satisfaction. But the sense gathered upon Fra Geronimo that he had a message to deliver. The feeling that the whole body of the Church and State were corrupt grew on him, and the impulse of a preacher of righteousness drew him on. In 1484, he began to preach at Brescia a course of sermons on the Apocalypse, in a voice that those who had heard him before hardly recognized, so full, deep, harmonious, and full of majesty did intense feeling render it, as he held up before the Brescians their sins, and predicted that ere long their walls would be bathed in blood. After this, in 1489, he came to the convent of San Marco at Florence, the house where he spent eight memorable years, and which will be for ever associated with his name. There his influence brought his brother friars to strict discipline and holy lives, and his

sermons and influence in the Confessional were filling all Florence with a deep and awful sense of penitence and fear, against which the rich and luxurious vainly struggled. His preaching was of the stern ascetic order, that is always needed when the pomps and vanities of the world are at their height. He was a John the Baptist, sternly calling sinners to repentance. His three watchwords for the Church were, 'Chastening, Purification, Speed.' He likewise had a strong enmity to tyranny, and abhorred the servility that had allowed one overgrown citizen to usurp authority over the rest. When in 1491, he was elected prior of San Marco, he refused to comply with the illegal custom that the new prior should go and take an oath of fealty to Lorenzo, as if he had been a lawful sovereign. 'To God only will I swear obedience,' he said; and Lorenzo durst not molest him, but tried to bring him over by frequenting the services at San Marco, and then walking in the garden, in hopes that the prior would come to bear him company.

But Fra Girolamo, as the Florentines called him, continued to preach against the tyranny and licentiousness of his court as much as ever. And early in the next year (1492) Lorenzo, though only forty-four, found himself dying of a fever, and oppressed by a heavy sense of the sins of his life. He sent for Fra Girolamo, 'the only faithful priest,' as he said. It was one of those crises that mark the life of the true prophet-priest, when the monk stood by the bed-side of the dying Magnifico.

Three sins Lorenzo confessed with tears and sobs, so that the priest was forced continually to encourage him with saying, 'God is merciful;' the three crimes that weighed most heavily on his conscience, namely, the cruel sack of a city, a robbery of the poor, and the barbarous vengeance he had taken for the murder of his brother.

Savonarola comforted him with hopes of forgiveness; but before absolution could be granted, he said, three things were required from the penitent. 'First, a firm hope in God's infinite mercy.'

'That I have, most certainly.'

'Next, make restitution of the funds taken from the poor.'

Lorenzo was much agitated, but nodded his head.

'Lastly, restore freedom to the Florentines.'

This was the one thing Lorenzo would not do. That unjust usurpation had been the work of his father's life and his own. He would not yield the power it conferred away from his family. He turned round in his bed, and hid his face. It was no true repentance; the faithful priest refused him absolution, and left him to die in remorse and grief, but still holding fast the cherished evil. He died on the 8th of April, 1492, the date from which Italy reckons her miseries; and his son Piero, a proud dissolute young man, who had imbibed mere effeminacy and luxury in his father's elegant court, and was devoid of all his ability and higher qualities, assumed the power which was to be his ruin.

Another death took place in the following June, which had still worse consequences—that of the Pope, Innocent VIII., who was no loss in

himself, but whose death opened the way to the election of perhaps the most disgraceful character who ever sat in the much-abused chair of St. Peter.

Rodrigo Lenzuoli's mother had been the sister of the Spanish Pope, Calixtus II., who had caused him to assume his own family name of Borgia, had made him a cardinal, and had heaped upon him every benefice in his power. His life was meantime so publicly disgraceful, that the ensuing Pope, Pius II., a good and devout man, had banished him from his presence, and laid him under public censure; but the college of cardinals were already so corrupt that they would not have too strict a pontiff; and after Pius, they elected in succession two who permitted them to wallow in sensuality to their heart's content. Cardinal Borgia was not only the most profligate but the most avaricious among them, and contrived to heap together such a quantity of wealth, that upon the death of Innocent IV. he was able to bribe all except five out of the other sixty-nine cardinals, and of those one was the rival candidate, Ascanio Sforza, and the other his near relation. The conclave declared him Pope, and he took the title of Alexander VI.

All the pious and virtuous were full of horror at this profane and simoniacal election. Savonarola, as he read the prophecies in the Old Testament, and preached on them in the most glowing words, beheld in this outrageous choice of a shepherd, known to be unfaithful, the pledge of speedy judgement. In a dream he beheld a hand holding a mighty sword, with the inscription, '*Gladius Domini super terram citò et velociter*,' —'The sword of the Lord upon the earth soon and swiftly!' while voices proclaimed mercy to the faithful, judgement upon the impenitent, and bade him proclaim the message. It was a perfectly true message. Fra Girolamo was nearer inspiration than any other man of his time; and his burning proclamation of the peril struck awe into many a careless heart. There was a reformation in Florence. Many of the burghers laid aside their revelries and pagan books, their seductive tales and frivolous amusements; the women dressed modestly and plainly, and attended to their homes and their children; and Piero dei Medici, well knowing what the friar's counsel to his dying father had been, shuddered with rage and fear at this tacit condemnation of his own debauched levity, accused the Prior of San Marco of sowing disaffection, and procured his banishment from Florence for about six months.

No wonder he was alien to the Prior, for at that very moment he was embroiling Italy by his foolish vain desire of shining as the ambassador from Florence to compliment the foul wretch who had been raised up to shame the Church.

Italy was broken up into so many little states, that all able men felt that the only safety from foreign aggression—especially since France, Germany, and Spain had each now become so much better knit together and more powerful—was in union. No one felt this more than the clever and cunning Ludovico Sforza—called Il Moro, from his mulberry-

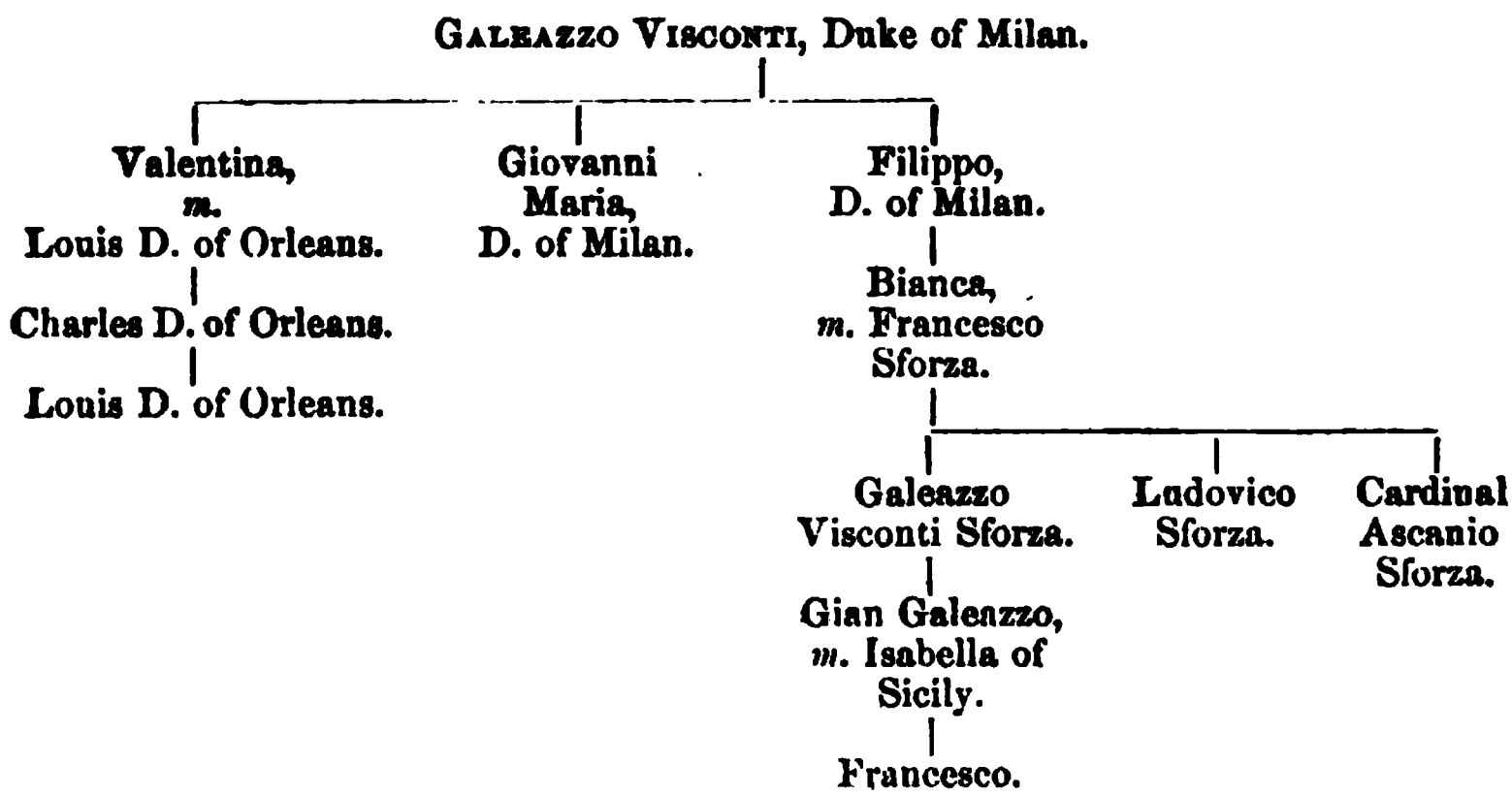
leaf badge—who governed Milan in the name of his weak nephew, Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti.* He proposed that by way of shewing the strength and friendship of the Italian powers, the ambassadors of Milan, Florence, Ferrara, and Naples, should all coalesce to congratulate the Pope, all enter Rome together, repair to the Vatican, and that one orator should make an address in the name of all.

This by no means suited Piero dei Medici, who was in the midst of employing all the tailors and goldsmiths in Florence to deck out his suite with the gems collected by his father. One page was to wear a collar valued at two thousand florins; and he did not choose that his splendour should be eclipsed by the entrance of three more embassies at once. So he tampered with the King of Naples, and persuaded him to withdraw his promise to the Milanese, and separate his embassy.

This King of Naples was naturally disinclined to Sforza, for his daughter Isabella was the wife of Giovanni Galeazzo, the rightful Duke of Milan, but so nearly imbecile that his uncle had prolonged his minority in a manner most hateful to the high-spirited young wife, who appealed to her father against the oppression her husband suffered. Threatened himself in his regency, Ludovico began to bethink himself of means of annoying the Neapolitan king, who had failed in his promises to Milan. No King of Naples or Sicily had been secure on his throne since the extinction of the old House of Hauteville. After the death of Conradin, the House of Anjou and the Kings of Aragon had struggled for the 'Two Sicilies'—sometimes held them separately, sometimes united them—till at last René (the father of our Margaret) had been entirely driven out by Alfonso King of Aragon, who had made the kingdom a portion for his illegitimate son Ferdinando.

But René in his days of poverty had sold his rights over Provence, the Two Sicilies, Calabria, and Jerusalem, to Louis XI.; and Charles VIII. might be considered to have inherited them. Provence he really

* This was the succession:—



held; and Ludovico thought that his pretensions to the Two Sicilies might at any rate be made sufficiently available to prevent King Ferdinando from interfering in the affairs of Milan, so he sent an invitation to the French king to assert his claim, offering him a passage through Lombardy for his army.

Charles VIII. was now twenty-two, and exactly the youth whom such an invitation would set on fire. His head was full of the romances of chivalry, and he imagined war to be a sort of longer and more stately tournament. He believed himself to be another Charlemagne, and imitated the traditions of his court. Just as Henry VII. had named his eldest son Arthur, Charles VIII. called his Charles Roland, after Roland or Orlando, the Achilles of the cycle of the Charlemagne romances, the same whose dying blast on his famous horn was sounded at Roncevaux, and whose sword was said to have cleft the Pyrenees. He was Warden of the Marches of Brittany too; so the name may have been chosen in compliment to the stately young Breton mother of the little Dauphin, who, while her husband had a body-guard commanded by nine favourite knights, called the *Neuf preux*, in imitation of the Nine Worthies, had a suite of her own of two hundred Breton gentlemen, and chose to be called the Queen-Duchess. It is to be observed, however, that the godfather was chosen not for his rank but for his saintliness. He was Francesco de Paula, a little town in Calabria, a friar from early youth of the Order of his patron, the great St. Francis of Assisi, but with a yearning for greater strictness than he found in the brethren of his time. He had retired to a cavern, slept upon a board, maintained a perpetual fast, and when disciples thronged to him, obtained permission to form them into an Order, which, whereas the first Franciscans were called Fratres Minores, lesser brothers, were Fratres Minimi, least brothers. Louis XI., when dying, had insisted on the holy man being sent him, regarding him as a sort of charm; but the ascetic stoutly refused to desert his retirement and his brethren for the sake of the superstitious old crowned sinner. Then the King made interest with the Pope, who commanded him to go; and he had ever since lived in a hermitage at Plessis les Tours, and was called the Holy Man of Plessis Park. He was just the sort of holy man to suit the French taste, absolutely saintly, and devout to the utmost, an exciting marvel as to the rigours he would undergo in the most perfect humility and simplicity, but too ignorant, unintellectual, and narrow, to interfere with the course of the world around him, except by praying for it. All the fine ladies in France adored him; and the Duchess of Angoulême, Louise of Savoy, had made him sponsor to her son, a future King of France.

Charles really was the most powerful monarch who had sat on the French throne for many generations; and he had a fiery nobility, who had pined for war all through his father's time. The guilt and misery were nothing to them; they only wanted glory and plunder, and the

remonstrances of the counsellors of the parliament of Paris, and of his prudent sister, Anne Duchess of Bourbon, were alike vain. She had to yield to the other Anne, who had a good deal of the *maitresse femme* in her likewise, and though unwilling to part with her husband, still thirsted for his glory.

Louis de la Tremouille, the victor of St. Aubin, was the chief general of the army, which the King himself accompanied across the Alps, by the Genevre pass, on the 2nd of September, 1494.

The sword indeed was coming; and Sforza, who had invoked it, must have regretted it himself, for his nephew Giovanni was fast dying, and the death of Ferdinando of Naples removed his chief enemy. Alphonso II., Ferdinand's son and successor, was in alliance with Piero dei Medici, who promised him to raise Tuscany to stop the French army; but no sooner did the siege of the Tuscan fortresses by the French army begin, than he hurried to the spot, fancying that he should arrange everything, and overawe the enemy by his presence; but no sooner did he come in contact with royalty, than—young, dull, and unimposing as Charles VIII. was—the Florentine lost head entirely, and very quietly surrendered to him all the fortresses he demanded, and which he had not in the least expected to obtain without resistance. They were all made over to his garrisons, on his promise to restore them when he should have secured the kingdom of Naples.

Such tidings naturally made the Florentines furious against the youth, who was using his illegal power, not as his father had at least done—for the honour and dignity of the state, but to betray its interests. They were ready to rise and sack the palaces of the Medici and their friends; but Fra Girolamo drew the whole town to the cathedral, and there preached a noble sermon—not on politics, but on brotherly love and charity, and thus averted the evil. But it was felt that this was the moment for re-establishing the liberty of Florence; and that though the French could not now be prevented from traversing the territory, they might be utilised for the overthrow of the tyranny.

Three ambassadors, of whom the Prior of San Marco was one, set forth to meet Charles; while the Signoria proclaimed the Medici rebels, and recalled all the political exiles they had made. The few kinsmen who had been left in the town vainly tried to maintain their cause; and Piero, hurrying home on the tidings, found himself shut out of his palace, which, with all its gardens and museums, was reserved for the lodging of the French king; his *palle* were everywhere torn down, and the *gigli*, the lilies—the flowers of Florence—substituted for them, and he himself was obliged to draw off, full of rage and mortification, to Bologna.

Meantime the messengers of the Republic came up with the King at Pisa, where Fra Girolamo made him a noble address upon his mission to do the cleansing, pardoning, liberating work of a messenger of God, a chosen instrument, and threatening him that if he failed in his great appointed task, another would be raised up in his stead.

Charles listened, and was very civil to the friar, but without much notion that he was at all a greater man than the 'Frater Minimus' at Plessis. His French vanity was perfectly convinced already that he was a chosen instrument, or anything magnificent that anyone chose to call him; but it was his own glorification which filled up his imagination much too fully for this address to make any impression beyond that of an ordinary compliment. He went on to Florence, and made a state entrance there, in a black velvet suit, with a cloth-of-gold cloak, and carrying his lance in rest, which was supposed to denote that he entered as a conqueror. Indeed, when he was lodged in the palace of the Medici, the Signoria found that he really did regard his right as thus established; he announced that he had become the sovereign of the city, and should consider whether to re-establish the Medici, or permit the Signoria to carry on the government with the help of some lawyers on the part of the crown.

The Florentines made reply that he had come as their guest, and that they could not regulate the manner in which he chose to ride, but that neither to him nor to anyone else would they give up their liberty; and as the French looked at the narrow streets and fortress palaces of Florence, they perceived that this sovereignty would not be easy to maintain, unless all the citizens were as readily cowed as Piero. So they consented to waive their pretensions, for a sum of money; but the amount was so enormous, that when the demand was presented to Pier Capponi, the president of the clerks at Florence, as the King's ultimatum, he tore it up, saying, 'If so, sound your trumpets, and we will ring our bells!' and out of the room he rushed.

The bells were quite ready to ring, but the trumpets did not sound. Instead of this, it was intimated that the Florentines might propose their own terms; and this they did, with considerable moderation and good sense. Afterwards Savonarola was employed to exhort the King to leave Florence, before any quarrels should break out between his soldiers and the citizens; and this he was not unwilling to do, especially as his knights and nobles had been helping themselves to whatever pleased their fancy among the splendid furniture, dresses, pictures, ornaments of every kind amassed by Lorenzo dei Medici and his father. It was a shameful return for the hospitality with which they had been treated; but probably Savonarola and his friends did not much regret their ravages, and would have made them welcome to the palace, so long as the liberties were spared.

Fra Girolamo had little toleration for such adornments, which he looked on at the best as frivolous worldly gewgaws, often much worse; and in the great reform which he and his friends now established at Florence, he made a general sweep of all the seductive follies of which he disapproved. Men and women wore grave and sober garments, feasting and revelry were discouraged, and everything done to promote the serious steadfastness and true manliness accordant with the Christian

life. What Savonarola cared for was to see men fulfil the perfect Christian life, to 'stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free,' in the perfect freedom of His service; and therefore he strove for the old constitution which was the true inheritance of Florence, and gave far more hope of such obedience than the unlawful tyranny of the wicked family who had been driven away. But there were of course other parties in the state. There were clever men, lovers of the revived classics, who saw in Florence another Athens, and in the Medici, Pisistratus and his sons. They sought political liberty, but for the sake not of the Church, but of the world, and hated the religion of Fra Girolamo, though they might think it a convenient tool for dealing with the common sort. Then again, there were all the meanly ambitious, and the dissipated, who wanted the Medici back again, because a court could bestow offices, and afford pleasures never to be obtained from the grave business-like Signoria of sober citizens. The marvel was, that among all these contending elements, the great Prior of San Marco was able to hold the ascendancy he possessed.

Meantime Charles—after an attack of small-pox, which laid him up for a short time at Asti—had gone on his way. The death of Giovanni Galeazzo was at first supposed to throw all the power at Milan into the hands of Sforza, when behold, the Duke of Orleans claimed it in right of his grandmother, Valentina Visconti, and the Moro began to feel that his had been a dangerous experiment.

Alexander VI. was also exceedingly alarmed as Charles VIII. marched on Rome. The King had been hearing Savonarola, and the cardinals who had refused bribes had come to him with representations of the irregular simoniacal election of this scandal to the clergy, beseeching him to deliver the Church from such a ruler. Alexander shut himself up in the Castle of St. Angelo, and prepared for a siege.

A great opportunity was in Charles's hand. He could have collected a synod at Rome, enquired into the abuses, and purified them, with the consent of the Church, and with the aid of Savonarola and the men even then growing up in England, Germany, France—and then the schism of the next century might have been averted, and with it how much of evil! But Charles's vanity blinded him to all but his own private scheme of glory. He was a little afraid of the Pope's name, and had not grasp enough of mind to perceive the greatness of the cause. He wanted to go on with his chivalrous excursion to conquer Naples, and not to be hindered with Churchmen's questions; so he made a treaty with Alexander VI., got all the fortresses and all the honours he wanted, even to being crowned Emperor of Constantinople. Cardinal Valentino Cesare Borgia, the Pope's illegitimate son—the handsomest, cleverest, and wickedest man of the time—was appointed as the papal legate to his army, and on he went to the south.

There, King Alphonso, a very unpopular man, shrank from the

contest, abdicated, and hid himself in a convent in Sicily; and his gallant son, Ferdinando, found himself deserted by the fickle Neapolitan populace, and unable to make any defence. He too retired, and Charles marched on to Naples, where he was received enthusiastically. The clergy met him at the cathedral door, with two children dressed as angels, and carrying the crown; and on the 22nd of February, 1495, he received the homage of all the nobility of the country. His triumph was complete, and he gave himself up to the whole course of amusements that were thought to befit a chivalrous conqueror—tilts and tournaments, dances, revelries, and banquets. From the time he came into Naples till the time he went out of it, his father's wise old counsellor, the historian Comines, reports, he thought of nothing but amusing himself, and his counsellors were just the same, never even securing the castles, or doing anything to keep this lightly gotten kingdom.

In the midst of a great tournament at Castel Nuovo, there came tidings that all Lombardy behind him was in an uproar; Ludovico Sforza, dismayed by the pretensions of Orleans to Milan, was organizing a league between the Venetians, the Pope, and the Emperor Maximilian, for securing the independence of Italy, and keeping it from being attached to France. Indeed, the Pope already ventured to shew his enmity by refusing him the investiture of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, which had been held to be a fief of the Church ever since the days of Robert Guiscard. However, he took it for himself, taking the crown from the altar of St. Januarius, to put it on his own head; and then, after three months stay, setting forth on his return, leaving Gilbert de Montpensier, of the House of Bourbon, and the Sieur d'Aubigné, a Stewart, as governors for him at Naples. His troops, ill-disciplined as the men of such a leader were sure to be, had all the way through Italy committed violences enough to make their march hateful to the people. At Rome, the Pope did not choose to meet him again, but left the city; and the soldiers, though here cautioned by the King, renewed their excesses and rudeness. The Italian bands, led by the condottieri, were never half so savage to the inhabitants, except when they took a town by assault; and the hatred the French had inspired had raised all Italy against them except Florence, where the Republic remembered with gratitude that the King's advance had overthrown the Medici, and moreover, the principles of Savonarola made oaths of more value than they were in other places. But to the wrath and alarm of the Florentines, they found that Piero was in correspondence with Charles, and was persuading him to bring about a restoration. This alarmed them so much, that they provided arms and weapons, and sent an intimation to Charles that they should fight to the last extremity if he attempted to bring the Medici into the town again. He could not afford to lose his only ally, so he forbade Piero to go near the Florentine territory, and indeed, avoided it himself, going instead to Pisa. On his way, he was again met by Fra Girolamo, who now spoke to him in far severer tones, rebuking him for the folly

and vanity that had wasted all the opportunities bestowed upon him in this expedition, and the violences of his troops, which had alienated everyone from him. If he went on in this course, the friar sternly assured him, these were only the beginning of the woes that would befall him.

Charles's situation was very dangerous. He had left the Duke of Orleans in command at Asti, with express orders to do nothing to alarm Ludovico Sforza with respect to his pretensions on Milan, while affairs were in this critical state; but Louis could not resist the temptation of an invitation from the malcontents of Novara to take possession of the place. Two gentlemen, who had been unjustly treated by Sforza, opened the gates, and admitted Orleans and his army. The effect of this was to alarm the League all the more; and a great army of Venetians, Germans, and Lombards, all assembled on the banks of the Taro, near Fornovo, to cut off the return of Charles and his army. Their numbers were immensely superior, and the French had come up greatly spent by five days of dreadful marching in the Appenines; but though there was not much real generalship on either side, French fire, backed by the determined steadiness of the Swiss pikemen whom they had in their pay, gained a most complete and brilliant victory on the 6th of July, 1495. Charles himself was perfectly happy. He was like another man, lost all his shyness and reserve; his cheeks lighted up, his figure looked dignified on his favourite one-eyed black horse, Savoy; and the speech he made to his men was full of spirit and courage. He knighted his nine preux just before the battle, and really fought like a lion, though not like a general, for Comines verdict was, 'It must have been from God alone that we had the honour, for considering the very little sense or order that there was amongst us, we certainly had no right to expect it.' But on the other hand, the French were disinterested enough to attempt no pillage, and made no prisoners, gaining nothing by the battle but victory and a terrible fame. The cry of the vanquished, 'Nothing can resist French fury,' passed into a proverb. Charles continued his march, assisted Orleans to leave Novara, which it was impossible to hold out, and made an unsatisfactory treaty with Ludovico Sforza, then hastened back to France, satisfied at having won a kingdom and a battle, feeling his laurels gained, and too shallow to understand his responsibilities or the awful opportunities he had neglected.

Anne of Brittany hastened to meet him at Lyons; but in the midst of the rather grotesque rejoicings at his triumph, arrived tidings of the death of the little Dauphin, Charles Roland. The Queen's grief was agonizing; and after the favourite French fashion, there was an endeavour to divert her mind by a succession of entertainments. One given by the Duke of Orleans, at Blois, resulted only in further wounding her feelings, for she thought Louis shewed unseemly gaiety, as if rejoicing that he was again heir to the throne.

Meantime, the young King of Naples, Ferdinand, assisted by the

troops of his kinsmen, the sovereigns of Castile and Aragon, had returned; and as Montpensier and D'Aubigny received no help from home, before the end of 1496 every foot of the French conquests had been retaken, and almost the whole army left there had been cut off by sword or sickness, so that it was but a miserable remnant that were sent home to France by their captors.

That same autumn another son was born to Charles and Anne, but he only lived a month; and the next year another infant opened its eyes merely to expire. Charles began to bethink him of the warnings of Fra Girolamo. Poor young man, he had been badly and narrowly educated between his father and his sister. He came early to power, with no training but such as he gained from chivalrous romances, and these were not in the lofty, religious, and pure mould in which the English mind had cast them, but were a mixture of wild fantastic courage and honour with gross sensuality. Their theme was not the pious quest of the Sanc Greal; it was rather the unlawful love of Tristan and Yseulte. And yet Charles had learnt from these romances the best he could. The son of the false, sneering, cruel Louis XI., never knowingly uttered an untrue or unkind word, nor ever commanded an act of wilful barbarity; and though small, sickly, and almost deformed, rose into kingly heroism at the approach of danger, and fought like a lion. 'I believe,' said Philippe de Comines, 'that never to any man did he say what ought to displease him.' Sorrow was doing its work with him, and opening his mind to the perception that a king must be more than a true knight, and that a Christian ought to be a pure and self-denying being, far above the standard of his Rolands, Renauds, and Tristans. Fra Girolamo's sermon had taken long to work, but it was bearing fruit at last. In the autumn of 1497, he made an entire change of life. His old counsellor, Comines, thus writes of him:—

'He confessed that he had committed many faults in Italy, and told them over, and said that if he ever returned thither and recovered what he had lost, he would provide far better for the keeping of the country than before. Besides, the King had set his mind to live according to God's Commandments, and to put the administration of justice and the Church in order, and so to arrange his finances that he should only levy 1,200,000 francs a year . . . . . for the defence of the realm. For his own part, he would live on the crown lands alone. . . . . He had begun giving a public audience, where he listened to everyone, especially the poor, and suits were finished off. I saw him there a week before his death, for two good hours. I never saw him again. Great affairs were not transacted there, but at least it kept people in check, especially his officers, several of whom he suspended for pillage.'

It must have been like the days of St. Louis under the Oak of Vincennes to the poor down-trodden peasants, when the king who never spoke a rude or discourteous word freely encouraged them to tell their complaints.

Something of the spirit of Henry V. seemed to have come to him. He thought much of convening a general council to reform the Church, and

then of winning back Constantinople from the Turks. Alas! he had wasted his opportunities in his childish youth.

Charles's departure after the battle of Fornovo had been no small disaster to the Florentines, for all the League considered them traitors to the cause of Italy; and though it had been Piero dei Medici who had opened the door to the French and not they, the League took up his cause, abetted by the Pope, who hated nothing so much as the living saint and prophet who durst denounce him.

While then, Piero collected mercenaries for his own restoration, and the citizens of Florence gallantly prepared for resistance, incited by noble sermons from Savonarola, the Pope sent first a summons to the friar to Rome to answer for false doctrine, and finally an inhibition to preach, which he thought himself forced to obey, though he did not deem himself obliged to go to Rome, being stopped by illness at the time his summons arrived. Indeed, his writings, which the Pope entrusted to a Dominican to get up a case against him, proved so perfectly sound, that Alexander thought of another expedient for silencing him, and sent to offer him a Cardinal's hat if he would change his style.

'Come to my next sermon, and hear my answer!' he said.

Through the Lent of 1496, he continued to preach sermons, the effect of which our cold north at this distance of time cannot appreciate for their fire and vigour, and the enthusiasm they produced. Righteousness, temperance, and judgement to come, were their themes. He questioned no doctrine, no ceremonial. All he wanted was the glory of God, the purity of the Church, the holiness of the clergy, the devotion, bravery, and innocence, of man and woman. His books were profoundly orthodox, and the only reason he was hated was because darkness hateth light. His enemies tried to represent him as a foe to all art and learning, but so far from this, he saved the grand library of the Medici from being sold to Philippe de Comines, by causing his own convent of San Marco to buy it, and that convent was the home of some of the purest and noblest art in Italy.

But the foul and mischievous books, the drunken impure songs, the pictures of pagan license, the masks, carnival dresses, and multitude of objects connected with mirth and amusement that could never be innocent, he utterly condemned. He had a number of young pupils, boys growing up under the influence of his stern enthusiasm; and these, in the carnival of 1497, he sent about the streets to collect 'these vanities' from the houses that had become ashamed of them. A short prayer was said as each was captured, to prevent its tainting the mind, and it was carried off to the general store. On Shrove Tuesday, a pious procession perambulated the streets, the priests going first, bearing a beautifully sculptured figure of the Infant Saviour—a work of art, for Savonarola hated tawdriness in churches, and rebuked the fashion of tinsel images, which he said were *vanità* in Church. Then came all his devotees, clad in white, singing, and each bearing a red cross and an olive branch. In the centre of the

piazza was a great pyramid with eight sides and fifteen stages, piled up with all these 'vanities,' no doubt looking as ridiculous and grotesque as the art of his triumphant boys could manage. The inside was full of inflammable materials. Fire was set to the four corners, the trumpets sounded, the bells rang, the people shouted, the flames streamed up, and the 'burning of the vanities' was consummated! It was the most harmless *auto da fe* that ever took place, but it considerably embittered Girolamo's opponents, of whom there were many. Bernardo del Nero, a friend of the Medici, was chosen Gonfaloniere or Standard-bearer of the Republic, a most important office; and Piero would have been admitted but for his own want of nerve.

There were desperate struggles between the followers of Savonarola, Piagnoni as they were called, and the opposite party, the *Arrabiati*, or madmen. On Ascension Day, 1497, these last prepared for his preaching in the Cathedral by placing a donkey's skin in the pulpit, and preparing sharp nails where he was wont to strike his hand in fervour. His friends removed all these; but in the midst of his sermon the most frightful uproar was made, beating of drums, and clashing of benches, and armed men even advancing towards the pulpit, but the Piagnoni closed round and defended it, and the preacher stood holding aloft a crucifix, and crying, 'Put your trust in this, and be not afraid.' And when his voice could no longer be heard, he knelt down and prayed till the tumult was over.

The Signoria forbade any more sermons by any priest whatsoever; and at the same time a Bull came out from the Pope, excommunicating Savonarola for disobedience, and for being under suspicion of heresy, a pretty plain proof that heresy there was none. He was reduced to writing, which he did effectively, but all the evil-minded had a complete triumph—the churches were deserted by all the mere seekers for excitement, and the haunts of vice were again thronged.

Then came a short sharp visitation of the plague, during which Girolamo tended the sick, though he could not administer the Sacraments. People's minds returned to him again; and just at this time, Bernardo del Nero and four other citizens were discovered to be plotting with the Medici. It was a fatal offence against the State, but Bernardo, Medicean though he was, was a man of weight and worth, a friend of Lorenzo, and sharer in his really wise counsels, not a fosterer of Piero's excesses. The Signoria, and Savonarola with them, thought his death essential to the safety of the Republic to which he had proved himself a traitor. He was condemned, and suffered; and it is the most doubtful part in Savonarola's life, whether true Christian charity and forgiveness ought to have led him to intercede for Bernardo, and if he was too much led by party spirit. We are utterly unable to judge; but on the whole, this execution certainly did his cause harm.

A horrible scandal broke out in the Pope's family just at this time; Cesare Borgia murdered his brother, the Duke of Gandia, in the streets

of Rome; and moreover, a shameless woman, the present favourite of Alexander, shewed herself publicly at all the festivals of the Church. Savonarola made up his mind that an uncanonically elected Pope, who stained his throne with such guilt, was really incapable of exercising judgement; so he returned to perform the offices of his ministry, and drew up an appeal to all the kings of Europe to hold a council of the Church and depose Alexander, as John XXIII. had been deposed at Constance.

The first draft of this letter was sent off to Charles VIII., but the messenger was beset on his way by soldiers of Ludovico Sforza, murdered, robbed, and the despatches sent to their master, who handed the letter over to the Pope. Alexander's rage and fury knew no bounds, and he felt it was war to the death between him and the friar, who in the meantime had resumed his ministry on Christmas Day, and at the end of the Carnival had another burning of the vanities.

A Franciscan friar, attached to the Medici, named Francesco di Puglia, was sent to preach against Savonarola at Florence, and after declaring him to be a heretic and false prophet, said he heard that he had staked his truth on his power of raising the dead. This the Franciscan said he would not attempt, but he actually challenged his opponent to pass with him through a pile of burning wood by way of test whether he were a man of God. The Franciscan said he knew he should perish, but that he was willing it should be so, if he could thus deliver the Church from the heresiarch. One of Savonarola's most devoted friends, Fra Domenico, accepted the challenge, but the Franciscan was recalled by his Superior. However, his enemies caught hold of the idea, and forced on the ordeal, thinking that if the champion were burnt, or whether he declined the contest, it would be alike the ruin of his cause. The first Franciscan, however, declared he would not enter the fire with anyone but Savonarola himself, and it was Fra Domenico who had undertaken the contest. However, another Franciscan was substituted, and on the appointed day, the 6th of April, 1496, all Milan was waiting in the piazza, around a platform forty yards long and five broad, covered with faggots steeped in oil and resin, leaving a path between about a yard in width, down which the two champions were to walk while the faggots blazed on either side of them. Fra Girolamo had celebrated a solemn Mass at San Marco, and recommended Fra Domenico to the prayers of the faithful; then came with his two hundred brethren in procession, chanting the sixty-eighth Psalm, 'Let God arise.' But none of his opponents the Franciscans appeared, and all sorts of excuses were sent. They declared that the garments of Fra Domenico were bewitched, and when he changed them they made further objection to his bearing the Holy Sacrament with him as had been intended. At last, the Signoria, finding that the dispute had lasted all day, sent to forbid the ordeal; and the people, who had watched all day, and were in a rage at the disappointment, turned their wrath, not on the recreant Franciscans who were out of sight, but upon the

Dominicans, who could hardly reach their convent in safety. The next day there was apparently a lull, but the Arrabiati were really stirring up the people for the absolute overthrow of the man they hated; and far away, one of the greatest of disasters was befalling Savonarola, though without his knowledge.

Charles VIII. of France had spent part of the Lent of 1498 in a pilgrimage to St. Denys—where, no doubt, he renewed his vows—and had returned to the Castle of Amboise, his favourite home, which he was trying to conform to the architecture he had admired in Italy. The place was in the confusion of building; and when after dinner he was invited to witness a game at tennis in the castle moat, he had to traverse a foul and unclean passage through the vaults to reach the spot, and while leading the Queen along, he struck his forehead violently against a low arch, and was stunned for a few moments, but recovered immediately, and stood about for two hours watching the game, and talking gaily to the other spectators. But when a second time passing through this passage, he fell insensible. He was placed on a mattress, and nobody durst move him to purer or freer air, but he lay with all his court crowding round, never recognizing anyone, only murmuring the name of a saint three times, until eleven o'clock at night, when he died, probably from suffusion on the brain, the 7th of April, 1498, in the twenty-eighth year of his age. He had not been sensible enough to receive the rites of the Church, but he had confessed twice in the past week, and his confessors spoke highly of the piety of his disposition. He was the last of the descendants of the unfortunate Charles VII., excepting his two sisters—Jeanne, who was childless, and Anne, who was the mother of one sickly girl. He was lamented by the whole nation, especially by all who had experienced his sweetness of disposition. An archer and a butler among his servants died of grief at his loss; and whilst France was awakening to grieve on that sad Palm Sunday, the Florentine mob, excited to frenzy, were making a rabid assault upon the Convent of San Marco.

There was a furious attack on the brotherhood, first at the Cathedral, and afterwards at Vespers in the Church of the Convent. The congregation fled, all but about thirty, who were determined to fight to the death for their spiritual father, and sixteen of the brotherhood also took up arms. The sight of friars fighting in the church was so dreadful to Savonarola, that he insisted that they should cease and let him deliver himself up to his enemies. 'I do not know whether they will kill me,' he said, 'but of this I am certain, that from heaven, when I am dead, I shall be far better able to succour you than here upon earth. Be strong, hold fast to the Cross, and by it you will reach the gate of life.' He confessed and received the Holy Eucharist from Fra Domenico, and with him delivered himself up to the officers whom the Signoria had sent to receive them, and who escorted them through the raging mob to separate prisons.

The Pope and the Duke of Milan were delighted, and the death of Charles VIII. had deprived Girolamo of the only potentate who would have protected him. A commission was appointed to try him, consisting of his most deadly enemies, two of them who had actually tried to lay hands upon him. He was at first allowed to write his answers, but after one day the materials were taken from him, and what he had written torn up.

Alexander VI. was determined to have his blood, and kept on sending to complain of the tardy proceedings. To obtain from him some answer that could be twisted into an avowal of heresy, his questioners employed horrible tortures towards himself, Fra Domenico, and Fra Salvestro, another of the brotherhood who had been arrested at the same time. Domenico bore the extremity of suffering without a word that could deny his master's truth. Salvestro gave way, and said what the tormentors would; and as for Girolamo himself, his sensitive and nervous frame gave way, he became delirious, and gave wild and confused answers, but after eleven days the commission recognized that even in delirium he spoke nothing that could be turned to their purpose. Three trials actually took place; the first two were signal failures—of the last nothing was published but the sentence, namely, death to the three friars.

On the 22nd of May, they were told that they were the next day to be hanged, and their bodies afterwards consumed by fire. The one favour of spending their last night together was allowed them, and they celebrated the Holy Eucharist together; for as Savonarola had avouched at his trial, he did not deem himself bound to regard the sentence of excommunication launched by an uncanonically elected Pope against whom he had appealed.

The three brethren were led to the Great Piazza, where a gallows with three ropes and a heap of faggots beneath was prepared. They went to a first tribunal of ecclesiastics, where they were deprived one by one of the vestments of their priesthood, and then the President, the Bishop of Vasona, laid his hand on Girolamo's arm to separate him from the Church. The words were rightly (in Latin) 'I separate thee from the Church militant;' but the Bishop was an old disciple of Savonarola, had only acted from dread of the Pope and the people, and felt himself like enough to Pilate to be in great agitation and distress, so that he stumbled over the formula, and said, 'from the Church Militant and Triumphant.' 'From the Militant,' calmly said Girolamo, 'not the Triumphant. That is not thine.' Then having been thus deprived of the benefit of their Orders, they were delivered over to the secular arm, and then placed before the Apostolical Commissioners, who declared them heretics and schismatics. Girolamo was perfectly calm, deeply wrapped in contemplation; his faithful Domenico was 'martyr all o'er,' and Salvestro had risen out of the weakness that his master was well able to forgive. He was the first to suffer, then Domenico; lastly, the great Girolamo ascended the scaffold, and cast one last look on the multitude who had hung on his

lips so many times, and who were only too like the throng at Jerusalem, with their 'Hosanna now, to-morrow crucify.'

Then he gave his neck to the cord, and passed to the Triumphant Church, in his forty-fifth year, May 25th, 1498. The ashes of the three were thrown into the Arno, and the haters of the light rejoiced; but Girolamo had left a deeply-rooted seed in Florence, nay, in the whole Church, which perhaps bore the more fruit for his martyrdom. On the day of his death arrived a letter from Louis XII., the new King of France, entreating the Signoria to spare the friar, for reasons he would make known to them; but Alexander VI. had probably already taken into account that Louis would not quarrel with him while there was a service that only he could perform, namely, the setting him free to marry the late King's widow, Anne of Brittany.

Wearing black instead of the usual white mourning of Queens of France, Anne at once retired into her own duchy; but she was still only twenty-one years of age, and was as great a political prize as ever; besides which, Louis really preferred her to the gentle Jeanne de Valois, whom he had been incapable of appreciating. He did not even allow her to share his coronation at Rheims, but sent at once to Rome to demand that his marriage should be dissolved. There was no just ground to allege; she had been the truest and most loving of wives, but the reason put forward was the number of years she had been wedded without children, and the confusion that might result if Louis left the kingdom without an heir.

The bribes offered to the Pope were an enormous sum of money, and the French duchy of Valentinois for his son Cesare Borgia, who had grown weary of being a Cardinal, and Alexander was ready to do anything to buy off the chance of a Council of the Church. So he made the Bishop de Luxemburg a Cardinal and Legate to pronounce the marriage annulled; but the people of Paris were all on the side of the meek and suffering Jeanne, and when the Cardinal came from reading the decree, the mob shouted after him (Annas, in French, being shortened into Anne,) 'There go Caiaphas, Anne, and Herodias, who have condemned our holy Queen and discrowned her.' Jeanne submitted to the decision of the Church without remonstrance. She only begged for one interview with her husband, which he unwillingly granted. 'I trust, Sire,' she said, 'that you will be happier with another, and I entreat you to pardon all the vexations I have caused you.' Louis absolutely shed tears, and, this time not ironically, owned himself to have been unworthy of so holy a spouse. He had given her rich endowments, and with them she repaired to the Convent at Bourges, where she had been during her husband's imprisonment. She wept as she came in sight of the tower, exclaiming, 'Alas! then he was captive; now I am free!'

She founded a new Order of Nuns in honour of the Annunciation, and lived for five years in peace and holiness among them. At her death, in 1504, this gentle creature was found to have secretly worn an iron belt

like the penance-chain of James IV. of Scotland, and upon her breast was a cross with five silver points pressed into her flesh over her heart. It was said that these were the nails of a lute, which had once beguiled her from her devotions. The people of Bourges treated her memory from the first as holy. One of the clergy in preaching upon her said, 'She was so ill-favoured, that her husband discarded her; so well-favoured, that she became the bride of Christ. And the pers[illegible] love of the poor won her a place in the Calendar, where she stand[illegible]. Jeanne de Valois, the only saint who joined her holy ancestor St. Louis on the roll. So differently are the meek rated by the Church and the world! And Louis won his 'maitresse femme,' Anne of Brittany, and wedded her only nine months after Charles's death. She was a good wife, a model queen, the last indeed who united spirit and virtue enough to be a true guardian to her ladies. But the male heirs who had been the pretext of breaking Jeanne's marriage never came; Anne was mother to two daughters, but never to another son.

So ends the story of the great battle between darkness and light that closed the fifteenth century. England was not individually engaged in the strife. Savonarola only once mentioned a distant hope that Henry VII. might have joined in the demand for the Council, but the loathing and disgust that Borgia had excited in all good men were fast urging on some attempt at renovation, though vice and ambition succeeded in stifling it till it had become too late in men's impatience to save the unity of the Western Church. Among others there was an Oxford scholar then visiting Italy, through whom something of the tone of this great man was to be carried far west.

(To be continued.)

THE PILLARS OF THE HOUSE;

OR,

UNDER WODE, UNDER RODE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SCULPTOR.

'Her heart, her life, her future,
Her genius, only meant
Another thing to give him,
And be therewith content.'

A. A. Proctor.

By the time Felix could obey Marilda's missive, and entered Cherry's sitting-room, she had come to such a state of mind, that not even his pale, fixed, mournful face was needed to make her lie back in her

chair, gazing piteously up at him, murmuring, 'O Felix, what can it be? What has become of him?'

'Marilda has heard from him,' said Felix, kneeling down by her, and holding her hands.

'Heard! Oh, why did she not tell me?'

'She feared to pain you. My poor Cherry, nothing has happened to him; but his debts have come to a crisis, and he is gone off to the Continent. That good fellow, Fernan, is gone after him, to see what can be done for him.'

'And he wrote to *Marilda?*' asked Cherry, greatly bewildered.

'Yes; from Ostend.'

'He wrote to her! Did you see the letter?'

'No, she had made away with it. She was so shy and short about it, that, Cherry, I suspect that distress had brought poor Edgar, as a last resource, to try whether she would accept him.'

'Oh!' cried Cherry, starting forward with conviction, 'that would account for it all!' And she told of all that had passed about Brynhild, now ten days ago—Edgar's despair, Marilda's ready assistance, and the manner of acknowledging it; and both agreed that there was strong presumption that he had taken her kindness as encouragement to venture on a proposal. This would fully account for her silence and ill humour; and the delusion, perfectly unsuspected by her, was the best possible auxiliary in guarding her secret, by preventing the brother and sister from pushing her hard with inquiries, and sufficiently explaining whatever was mysterious. Indeed, if Edgar had had the face to make the proposal, there was some grace in the shame that had caused his disappearance; and luckily for Marilda, Cherry was far too modest and shame-faced to allude to her own suspicions. She only longed exceedingly for home, and yet could not bear to leave the readiest place for receiving intelligence.

Felix could not of course rest without doing his part towards inquiring, and went off to Edgar's lodgings, and also in quest of the National Minstrelsy people, whom Lance had assured him to be the most likely to give him information. He came back depressed and jaded, and went straight to his sister's room. She could see in a moment that he had found out nothing.

'Nothing! The National Minstrelsy shut up a month ago. Allen and his family had left their lodgings, and given no address. I tried the post-office, but they grinned at me, and said many gentlemen came inquiring. I went to two or three music-shops, and asked after him and after the Hungarians, but with no better success; no one knew anything about them. Then I found my way to his lodgings.'

'Ah! I wanted so much to have called there, but Marilda would not let me.'

'As well you did not. Did you know that he had his rooms in partnership?'

'No—never!'

'Nor heard him speak of a man—an artist, named Malone?'

'Yes. I have heard of him. He has got two pictures in the British Institution. Poor Edgar wanted me to admire them, but I couldn't; they are Scripture subjects—Ruth and Rachel—made coarse and vulgar by being treated with vile reality—looking like Jewish women out of fruit-shops. He always said Tony Malone was the best fellow in the world, but he never told me he lived with him.'

'I was quite taken by surprise. The poor little miserable looking maid said Mr. Underwood had not been there for ten days; and when I said I was his brother and wanted to ask some questions, she fetched her mistress, who said he had paid up just before he went away, but that he had given no notice, so there was this ten days. Of course this was reasonable; besides, I wanted to bring home his things; so she took me up to his rooms while she went to make out his bill, and I thought entirely that I had come wrong, for I found myself in such a den as you can hardly conceive—light enough of course, but with the most wonderful medley of things imaginable, and in the midst a table with breakfast, and a brandy bottle; a great brawny sailor, half stripped, lying on the floor, a model for Samson, or Hercules, or somebody; and this man with a palette on his thumb, a tremendous red beard, and black elf locks sticking out all manner of ways. And that was the place he wanted to take Lance to!'

'He wouldn't have let it get bad if Lance had been with him. Besides, you old bachelor, don't you know that an artist must live in a mess and have models?'

'Of course, I know that, Cherry. I did not expect things to be what your friend Renville makes them for his young ladies; but the odour of spirits, the whole air and aspect of the place, had something that gave me a sense of hopelessness and dissipation, when I found that those really were Edgar's quarters, and that he had concealed his sharing them with this Malone ever since he left Renville. The man behaved very well to me, I will say that for him, as soon as we had made each other out, and seemed very fond and rather proud of Tom, as he chose to call Edgar; but he is a prodigious talker, and a rough coarse kind of fellow, exactly what I couldn't have fancied Edgar putting up with.'

'I dare say it was out of good nature.'

'Half of it, no doubt; indeed, he gave me to understand as much. Edgar can't but be kind wherever he goes; even that wretched little slavey cried when I gave her a shilling for helping his things into a cab, and she found he was never coming back! I should think he had spoken the only kind words she had ever heard in her life.'

'But this man must have told you something! Had he no notion where he is gone?'

'None at all! He knew thus much, that Edgar came into his room

about ten o'clock in the morning—he couldn't tell what day, but we made out it must have been on Thursday the 3rd—'

'The day after we went to Sydenham. Well!'

'—Looking pale and scared, and saying, "I'm done for, old fellow—I'm off!" That is all he is clear of, for he was just waked and fast asleep again directly.'

'At ten o'clock in the morning!'

'Well, Cherry, I'm afraid there had been a carouse the night before. Edgar had sold his picture, you see, and had cleared off old scores—a few of them, at least. He was restless—Malone said in and out—all the day before; he could not make him out. I fancy he had sent his letter to Marilda, and was awaiting a reply, which she must have sent, or he have called for, early the next morning; and after holding off all day from the jollification in honour of the sale of his picture, and deputing Malone and his other friends to hold it without him, he joined them at the theatre towards ten o'clock, and went to a cider cellar with them afterwards, where I should gather that he was in a state of reckless merriment, but quite sober—yes, Malone eagerly assured me of that, as if that were a merit to be proud of in my father's son! Well, poor fellow!' added Felix, his bitter tone changing to sorrow, 'he seems only to have thrown himself down on his bed without undressing; but Malone, who made no secret of having been "screwed" himself, only knew of his looking in in the morning. He had driven up, it seems, in a cab, which he kept waiting—not ten minutes, the landlady says—and he carried off his violin case and about as many clothes, I should imagine, as he could stuff into his portmanteau in the time—not by any means all; but one thing at least you will be glad to hear of, Cherry, the photograph of my father! Yes, I am quite certain of it; for when Malone was helping me collect the other little matters out of his little hole of a bed-room, he said, when we came to the mantel-piece, "Yes, that's the only thing he has taken—the photo that stood there; a parson far gone in decline, the very moral of himself—your father, wasn't it?"'

'At least that is a comfort! Poor Edgar, I am sure he will soon write, even if Ferdinand misses him. You have brought his things?'

'Only his clothes, his sketches, and a book or two. His jewellery—he used to have a good deal, I think.'

'Never so much as Fernan, but in better taste.'

'That was gone. I thought it right to take an inventory of what I took away, and get it attested by the landlady and Malone; and I left it with them, in case the creditors should think I had taken anything of value.'

'The creditors, ah!'

'Yes. I have brought a carpet-bag stuffed choke full of bills, as heavy as I could carry, though of course many are the same over again. Time enough to look them over at home.'

'And paying?'

'No. I am not liable for them.'

'But, Felix, you cannot let his name be dishonoured!'

'My dear Cherry, that is talk out of books. I have no right to give away what barely suffices for maintaining and educating the younger ones, for the luxury of satisfying these claims and clearing Edgar's name.' It would be robbing the innocent for the sake of the guilty.'

'O Felix, how can you?'

'Guilty at least of extravagance and recklessness, Cherry, though in a generous way. He had paid up, as I told you, for the lodging—all for Malone as well as himself; and when the landlady brought up an exorbitant bill, charging my country innocence three months in advance, Malone fought her with such vehemence, that I never came in for such a battle royal, and was ready to cut and run, only to be quit of the pair of them; and after all she subsided, and was content and civil, with only a fortnight in advance!'

'I think a great deal must have been the fault of those musical people. I know Edgar risked some of Mr. Underwood's money with them.'

'All, I believe, that he did not owe, or was not forced to pay immediately, and that was a regular smash; but I do not think he was liable for any of their debts. These looked to me more like personal luxuries.'

'Well, Felix, if you will not pay them, I will, as I can, and when I can.'

'Do not say I *will* not, Cherry, but ask yourself whether I ought either to incur a debt myself, to trench on the capital of the business, or take home the children from school. You know, for we have tried, that stinting more than we do already becomes privation; such as, though we elder ones might willingly endure it for our feelings' sake, exacerbates the younger ones, and really would be unjust towards them.'

Cherry hung her head, with tears in her eyes. 'And is that just to the creditors?' she said.

'Well, Cherry, I cannot say I have much pity for the tradesmen who trust such a young gentleman as Edgar. If it be their system, depend upon it, they have means of compensation. Chérie, sweet, indeed I am not hard-hearted, I would cut off my right hand to bring that dear boy back a free man. When we hear from him—and I have looked over those miserable bills—I may find some means of compounding with the creditors; but I cannot despoil Angel and Bernard and Stella of education or comfort for what he has done.'

'But I can—I will—I may,' cried Cherry, with excitement; 'I shall be able to do it all; Mr. Renville said I might make £300 a year, and that would soon do it! You will not hinder me, Felix?'

'No,' he said, kissing her; 'it is not the way in which your earnings ought to go, my Cherry; but you are quite free, and it will make you happier, I know.'

'And you will not let Marilda help?'

'No, not if it can be helped without wounding her too much. You see she is taking her own measures through Travis.'

'I could not endure her doing it,' said Cherry, glowing with a sort of pride. 'And I am the one who ought. My drawing would have been worth just nothing at all but for him; and all this success is through him, and it is so cruel he can't have it, when it signifies so much more.'

'So Sir Bors always thinks,' said Felix, fondling her; but true to his own faith, he continued, 'But Edgar is not past the age for success yet. Only three-and-twenty, remember, and this grievous lesson may be just the making of him. We know he has a warm heart and plenty of power; and though we must make up our minds not to see him for a good while, he will come home from Italy some day a made man.'

'Oh yes, his sketch of Brynhild shewed that he could do anything. Do you know, I think that having such a companion as that Mr. Malone almost accounts for her having gone wrong. If he can only fall in with some real nice companions! If he would board at Munich with some family like the dear Frau Renville's. What a letter we will write to cheer the poor dear fellow up!'

Felix and Geraldine never failed one another in that cardinal article of theirs, trust in Edgar's genius, and in the love that hoped all things, believed all things, and endured all things from him—all things personal, namely, for Felix never entirely overlooked the having tried to tempt away Lance into the life of which one passing glimpse was enough for his fastidious home-bred spirit, unable to appreciate the fascination of freedom and unconventionality. Altogether they had talked themselves into hope and consolation that surprised Marilda, when, after waiting till her patience could endure no longer, she knocked at the door, to ask whether Felix had discovered any clue by which Edgar could be traced.

It was one of those requitals of generosity that are felt inadequate because the generosity is really unsuspected. Felix and Cherry *could* not be as unreserved with her as if they had felt her a sister and one of themselves, and not as one whose bounty Edgar had abused. They did not—nor was it in the nature of things that they could—understand that Marilda's feelings towards him were as fraternal as their own, nay, had the force of exclusiveness, and the tenderness of protection; and so, though Felix replied to her inquiries, it was not with the detail and confidence he had shewn towards his sister; and the more she questioned and remarked, the more they both felt inclined to shrink into themselves. In fact, they knew so little worse of him than before, that after the ten days agony there was a sort of reaction, without much visible weight on their spirits. Felix had business which made it needful to stay another day; and as he was going out Cherry begged him to take charge of a small box containing a cast which Mr. Grinstead had lent her to copy, and she did not like to entrust to any chance hand.

'If you would send in your name,' she said, 'I think he would let you

see his studio, and I do so want you to see his figure of Mercy knocking at the wicket-gate.'

'I thought he never did admit strangers.'

'Oh! Geraldine is favoured,' said Mrs. Underwood, with a laugh. 'Depend upon it, anyone belonging to her will have the *entray*. But go, go by all means. They say his house is a perfect little bijou.—Isn't it, Geraldine? She went to a party there, you know, chaperoned by Mrs. Renville, and met Lord de Vigny.'

Felix knew all about it, much better than did Mrs. Underwood—that little select dinner of the *élite* of the world of art and genius, to which Mr. Grinstead had asked Cherry about a fortnight ago, and which she had described with such delight. He had not much heart for strangers and works of art at that moment, but he could not refuse Cherry's commission, nor vex her by omitting to ask to see the studio; so there in the course of the morning he found himself, alone at first among the statues and casts—grave and graceful creations—more from the world of Christian than of classic poetry, and if less æsthetically beautiful, more solemn and more real.

He had gone in meaning only to fulfil his duty to Cherry, but he found himself attracted and enchained, and was standing before Cherry's favourite figure of Mercy, drinking in as it were the beseeching wistful spirit of faint hope that breathed from the whole figure, when a crimson curtain was lifted, and a gentleman of about five-and-forty or fifty, but grey-haired and looking older, came with a soft tread towards him.

'Mr. Underwood, I believe.'

Felix bowed.

'I am very glad to have the pleasure of making your acquaintance.'

'I am very much obliged for my admission. I should not have ventured, but that my sister was so anxious that I should see what she enjoys so much.'

Mr. Grinstead smiled, and quietly did the honours, while Felix—though of course untrained—modestly shewed himself full enough of taste and intelligence to be worthy of an artist sister, Mr. Grinstead treating him all along like a honoured guest, and taking him further into his private rooms, to see some favourite old German paintings, and to offer luncheon.

The house did indeed deserve Mrs. Underwood's term, fitted up with all that carved wood and well chosen simple colour could do; and with wondrous gems of art—all the refinement and beauty that a bachelor, when he *does* choose, can bring together, even better than a lady can.

'How long shall you be in town?' had been an early question, answered by, 'I take my sister home to-morrow;' and then, when it had struck Felix that his host was becoming increasingly thoughtful and absent, and he was trying to take leave, but was always prevented, Mr. Grinstead asked, 'Should I be likely to find your sister at home if I called this afternoon?'

'Not early,' said Felix; 'I think she has some commissions to finish. I am to meet her at five. I am afraid I must wish you good morning.'

'A few minutes longer. Mr. Underwood, I must begin by making you a confession, and asking you a question. Do you think there is any chance for me with that sweet little sister of yours?'

'With Geraldine!' Felix laid hold of the back of a chair, feeling as if his senses almost reeled, though whether consternation or exultation came uppermost, he could not have told.

'Yes,' was the reply. 'I am speaking abruptly, but I am taken by surprise at finding that you intend so soon to take her away. Indeed, I believe these are matters on which long consideration often ends in a sudden plunge,' he added, smiling a little, as if he wondered a little to find himself in a situation that seemed to reverse their ages; indeed, Felix was by far the most embarrassed.

'I do not think she is at all prepared,' was all that occurred to him to throw into the gulf of silence.

'Perhaps not,' said Mr. Grinstead, rather wistfully. 'I see you think the notion a preposterous one,' he continued, with something unconsciously of the elder's tone towards inexperienced youth, though there was pleading in it too; and he put a chair in his visitor's way, and speaking quietly though eagerly, as Felix tried to utter some polite disclaimer. 'I see the disparity myself, though perhaps less strongly than you do. Forty-six does not feel itself so vast an age as five-and-twenty may think it. The truth is this. I was made a fool of, as befalls most of us, (Felix looked more assenting than he knew, poor fellow!) and was hit harder than some, I believe. At any rate, the distaste it gave me was invincible, till I met with that wonderful compound of brightness and tenderness—spirit and sensitiveness—I cannot help it. She has haunted me ever since I first met her last year; and if there be nothing in the way on her side, I believe I could make her happy.'

'There is nothing in the way,' repeated Felix, as an honest man, but with a sense of a jewel being dragged from him, and relieved to have something to say that was not all consent. 'It is a very great honour for our little Geraldine to be so thought of, but I think you should be aware that she has nothing of her own, and—poor child—is sadly frail and feeble in health.'

'For that,' said Mr. Grinstead, 'I think you may trust her to my care;' and he spoke eagerly, as if longing to be taking care of her. 'And though I am a self-made man, I have had prosperity enough to be able to secure a comfortable provision for her.'

'Thank you—yes,' hastily said Felix. 'It was not that I was thinking of.'

'I see you are against me,' said the sculptor, perhaps anticipating the answer that actually came—'Selfishly, Sir; only selfishly. Geraldine is so much our life and light at home, that your—your proposal was a shock to me; but I see the very great advantages it would be to her,

and I could not desire anything better for her.' There were tears in his eyes, and the last words came with a choking utterance.

'I see,' said Mr. Grinstead, 'that I am doing a hard thing by you, and that to hold out the idea of her being even more to you sounds like mockery. Besides, I am too far from secure to begin to spare any pity for you. Now tell me, can I see her this evening? Where are you to meet her?'

'I am afraid I cannot propose your joining us then,' said Felix, more cordially, 'for it is to be at the Baker Street Bazaar, about some very domestic shopping; but I believe we shall come home between six and seven o'clock.'

'Very well; you will find me there. You will use your own judgement as to preparing her.'

Very domestic shopping indeed it was. The ancient coal-scuttle, a Froggatt legacy, had three decided holes in it, and Wilmet had a vision of one glimpsed in Baker Street. She would not trust either Felix or Cherry to choose it separately, but conjointly she thought they might counterbalance one another, and combine taste, discretion, and economy; and they were both afraid of failing her.

The very contrast of that commission, and the importance ascribed to it, with the ease and luxuriousness in Mr. Grinstead's house, served to bring before Felix the sense of the promotion for Geraldine that he was so ungratefully accepting. Little tender being, the first to wither under the blight of penury, how could he grudge her the sunshine of ease and wealth, cherishing care, prosperity, beauty, society—all that was congenial to her? No, indeed—he rejoiced. Yet how rejoice—when every time he came in from his work, he felt it a fresh blank when he did not meet her responsive look of welcome, or hear the half quaint half pathetic tones that made much of the tiniest adventure of the day. His heart was sore enough at Edgar's evasion, and to lose Cherry from his hearth would quench its most cherished spark. He had been so secure of her, too. She had seemed so set apart from marriage, so peculiarly dependent on him, that it had been to her that he had turned with a sort of certainty as his companion in the life of self-sacrifice that he knew to lie before him. It was no small part of that sacrifice, that as he went to and fro on foot and by omnibus in the busy streets, he was schooling his spirit to look on the change not as desertion of himself, but as a brilliant and happy prospect for the little sister, who had powers and tastes such as ought not to be buried in the room over the shop at Bexley. He must keep the regret well out of mind, or he could never persuade her naturally, or avoid poisoning her happiness.

Should he prepare her? That must be left to chance. And chance was not favourable, for when he had found his way into the pit at the Baker Street Bazaar, appropriated to ornamental ironmongery, he saw her accompanied by Robina and Angela, whom Mrs. Underwood had good-naturedly sent for to spend her last afternoon with her. There was

a sort of pang when Cherry's face greeted him, and her hand nestled into its accustomed hold on his arm just where it had leant by preference these sixteen years; and as she said in her low playful tones, 'Is it not a curious study to see invention expended on making an intrinsically hideous thing beautiful by force of japan, gilding, and painting? You see the only original design nature provided for a coal-scuttle is the nautilus shell, and unluckily that is grotesquely inappropriate! Just look at the row of ungainly things craning out their chins like over-dressed dwarfs. I am decidedly for the simplest and least disguised, though Robin is for the snail, and Angel, I believe, for that highly suitable Watteau scene. Which do you vote for?'

'The most likely to satisfy Wilmet,' said Felix absently, knowing he should hate whichever it might be, and wondering who would ever again put so much interest into common things.

'The scuttle of Mettie's dreams appears to be no more,' said Cherry; 'but as Robin always seems to me guided by her spirit, I am inclined to think it safest to go by her judgement.'

'Robin represent Wilmet?' repeated Felix, scanning the plump, honest, sensible face, as his destined housewife; and not a bad prospect either practically, though without the charms that specially endeared Cherry.

She thought him absent, feared he had heard some fresh ill tidings of Edgar, and though reassured on that head, lost the zest she had caught up, and the selection was pretty well left to Robina.

There was no opportunity of confidential talk, the children were with them all the rest of the drive, and were to return with them to dinner; and that Angela was much shocked and subdued by the tidings of Edgar's flight did not conduce to privacy, since it silenced the tongue that generally sheltered any conversation! Nor could Felix succeed in hurrying his three ladies; they had a great deal still to do, and awe of Wilmet made them very particular in the doing of it, so that it was not till perilously near dinner time that he brought them home, and there, on a hurried excursion to the drawing-room to notify the arrival, was Mr. Grinstead discovered. He had called, avowedly to wish Miss Underwood good-bye; and the mistress of the house, with perhaps an inkling of the state of affairs, had asked him to stay and dine. She could not help it, as she said, in excuse to her daughter, who always hated clever men, especially associated the sculptor with all the misery of the day of Alda's rupture with Ferdinand, and also wanted to have had Felix to herself this evening.

So she favoured the party with as little of her civility or conversation as possible; not that it was much missed, for Cherry was perfectly unsuspecting, and expanded into wit and animation as usual; and Mr. Grinstead, to Felix's surprise, was not rendered either silent or distrait by his suspense; and Felix himself had learnt conversation as a mechanical art in his trade, and could do his part, with cares and anxieties packed away.

After the ladies were gone, there only passed the words—

'Can I speak to her?'

'I will fetch her.'

'You have not prepared her?'

'I had not a moment.'

'Better so, perhaps.'

Felix led the way to her painting-room, having luckily delayed just long enough not to encounter the two children fetching the purchases for a great display. From this discussion, so dear to the female heart, he snatched the unsuspicious Cherry, with the few brief words that Mr. Grinstead wished to speak to her in her room.

'An order! oh, it must be an order!' echoed among the sisters; and as Angela skipped up after them to fetch some further article to be shewn off, there was no opportunity of even a hint except from Felix's agitated face, and the unconsciously convulsive squeeze of the little fingers between his arm and his side. He put her in a chair, and hurried off, disregarding the 'O Felix, are you going?' but shutting the door, and returning to the dining-room to keep a restless watch.

It lasted—what must have been a shorter time than he expected, terribly long as it seemed. Mr. Grinstead came down-stairs, and Felix's heart bounded at the first footfall.

The kind far-seeing thoughtful face did not betray much. He held out his hand. 'Thank you, Mr. Underwood,' he said; 'I hope I did not distress her much. I have only one entreaty to make to you. If you should find that there is any allowance to be made for the surprise and shock, and newness of the idea, you will be a true friend, and not let pride or delicacy prevent you from letting me know.'

'I will not,' said Felix, ready to promise anything to comfort a man who had lost the Cherry he retained.

'It is nonsense, though,' added the sculptor; 'she is much too sincere and transparent a creature to trifle with feelings. Those innocent things are not to be won so late in life. Go up to her. She will want you. What a rival you are! I will make my excuses to the ladies.'

Felix held out his hand, too sorry for him now to know what to say; and after a strong grasp, they went their different ways.

Felix found Geraldine cowering down in her chair, with her hands clasped together over her forehead. She looked up at him, as if startled by his entrance. 'O Felix, how could you?' broke from her.

'My dear, I could not help it. Has it been so very distressing?'

'Oh!' with a great gasp, 'I'm sure to refuse; a man is the most horrible thing in the world—except to accept him! And such a man too—so great and good and kind. You shouldn't have let him do it, Felix.'

'Don't scold me, Cherry; how was I to know you would not like it?'

'Felix! an old man like that!'

'Well, that's decisive,' said Felix, laughing at the tone; 'but, indeed, I did think you admired him very much.'

'So I do—but not in that way—not so as to bear to see him lower himself—and—and have to grieve him—' and the tears started from her eyes. 'But you know, he only could have done it because he saw a poor little lame thing and wanted to take care of her.'

'I think it goes a good deal deeper than that, Cherry.'

'I'm very sorry,' said Cherry. 'How very disagreeable it is that such things will happen; I thought, at any rate, that I was safe from them; and he was such an old man, and such a kind friend, that I was so proud of; and now I have vexed him so—and it is all over.'

'Do you really regret it? are you sure you did not speak only in the first surprise?'

'Felix! you! you to be against me!'

'Not against you, Chérie.'

She interrupted with a cry of pain. 'Oh! don't let anybody call me that till Edgar comes home again!'

'My poor Cherry!'

Then there was a silence; her head was on his shoulder, and she was crying silently, but so profusely that he could not tell whether her tears were all for Edgar or for new feelings stirred in her heart.

'Cherry dear, don't you think we ought to look at it reasonably? If you do not feel as if you cared for him—like a novel—yet still—'

'Hush, Felix! he is much too good to be accepted any other way.'

'I am not sure that he thinks so.'

'I do, then!' said Cherry, raising her head up indignantly. 'I should be ashamed to marry any man without! A lame, sickly, fretful thing like me ought to bring real love at least, to make up to a man for being bothered with her. Come, Felix, have done talking sensible nonsense! I know you don't wish it, so don't pretend.'

'I am making no pretence. It would be a dreadful business for me; but all the more I think I ought to make you consider.'

'Consider! Oh! I'll consider fast enough; that beautiful drawing-room, with the statues, and the conservatory—and a carriage—and going to Italy! Do you think I am going to be bribed by things like that?'

'No; but to have one so fatherly, kind, and tender—'

'As if one wanted one's husband to be fatherly!'

'—And the safe position—'

'I declare you are talking just like Alda!'

'But, if you don't like him, there's an end of it.'

'I like him, I tell you; but not so much as the tip of your little finger!'

'Perhaps not, now; but—'

'Felix! You don't want to get rid of me? I know you were right to argue with Wilmet, and persuade her, because she had let her heart go, and only was afraid to acknowledge it; but mine isn't gone, and couldn't go. If I had not learnt to work, and had not a work to do,

I might try to think of freeing you from a burthen; but now that I have, why should I upset it all, and wrench myself away from you? When I lean against you, I have got my home, and my rest, and all I want here. I never go away from you but I feel that I *do* want you so; and when one feels that, what's the use of looking out for somebody else?'

'Dear little Sweet-heart! Yes!' as she lay contentedly against him, with his arm round her; 'it only makes me tremble, that you should give up a home like that, and risk so much upon my one life. The other boys love you dearly, but they are more likely to make ties for themselves; and if—'

'I should love you better dead than any other man alive!' cried Cherry impetuously. 'I won't do it, Felix! so spare your dutiful remonstrances! I do hate them so, and I know you don't mean them.'

'Mean is not the word, Cherry. The more I hated making them, the more I felt bound to do so.'

'There, then! You've done.'

'Yes, I've done. My Cherry, my Cherry! you don't know how much lighter the world seems to me than it did half an hour ago!'

'O you foolish old Giant! And there come those irrepressible children! Oh! I hope and trust they have not found it out!' cried Cherry, bounding up from her sentimental attitude, as Angela was heard galloping up the stairs.

But there was this benefit in dealing with a veteran, that he knew how to keep his own counsel and other people's. Angela came dashing in. 'Oh! here you both are! Mr. Grinstead said he had forgotten after all to give you this letter. He said you had better write to the lady herself. It is a capital order, he said—you've been settling about it, haven't you? What *are* you going to do?'

'I don't quite know, Angel,' said Cherry, seeing the letter was addressed in a strange hand to the sculptor; and thereupon venturing to open it, and finding it contained a request to obtain from Miss Underwood an engagement for a set of studies similar to those in the exhibition, if it were true that these were not for sale. It was from a lady of wealth and taste, whose name was well known as a patroness in the artist world; and Cherry could quite understand that Mr. Grinstead had kept it back, with the feeling that were she his, no toil should be hers for the future.

That was little recommendation. Her first rise out of uselessness gave her more exultation in its novelty, than did even the exercise of her art or the evidence of its success. There was something exquisite in the sense of power. She had made up her mind to give Wilmet quarterly the same amount as was charged for Lance, to set aside just enough besides to clothe herself, and that the remainder of her earnings should liquidate Edgar's debts; so that some day she should write to him to come home a free and unburthened man. Viewed in this

aspect, that huge carpet-bag, stuffed to bursting with bills, had not so frightful an aspect, but rather seemed to her a dragon to be conquered for Edgar's sake; and Felix laughed at her for tendering him the cheque for her Acolyte, and asking him just to pay off a few of them before leaving town. He had to explain to her that equity and custom required that no one should have the preference, and that she must wait till she could either pay off the whole, or else make payments of so much in the pound.

'Like a bankruptcy! That can't be worth while. That is your business ways!'

'I fear you little know what you have undertaken. Remember, there is no call to pay any of it.'

'Indeed! Oh! why does not that tiresome Ferdinand write?'

'There has not been time.'

'He could have telegraphed!'

Marilda was likewise much disappointed at hearing nothing; but discussion was trying to her, and she dreaded her cousins' sharp eyes so much, that it was a relief to her to escape them. Nor could they linger, for Wilmet was anxious about Lance, who was exceedingly miserable; and in his anxiety hardly knew what he was about, scarcely what he said.

If Wilmet wished him to feel what a narrow escape his had been, he broke into despair that he had not been with Edgar. The room and the room-mate that had seemed so disgusting to home-bred Felix, had fascinated him by their charming disregard of wearisome propriety, and their congenial eccentric liberty; and the picture of Edgar coming home in his distress to his sleepy half-conscious comrade made him wretched. He treated regret like censure, and alarmed as much as scandalized Wilmet by longings to have been there to share the wanderings, which, even if they amounted to starvation, could not, he averred, be 'half so hateful as standing behind a counter.'

Perhaps he had never before been so near shewing temper as in his arguments with Wilmet, and his determination to defend Edgar through thick and thin; and she was almost relieved when after the disappointment of finding that there was no news from Ferdinand, he collapsed into one of his attacks of head-ache. Nay, for weeks, though about again and at work, the lad was not well nor thoroughly himself; he seemed, like Cherry, to be always watching for tidings that never came, and unlike her, he made light of whatever could be construed into censure of any taste of Edgar's.

Felix, though unwilling to pain him, thought it might be wholesome to let him see for himself the facts of Edgar's life, and accepted his assistance in sorting the bag-full of revelations of self-indulgence and dissipation, which he knew Lance's lips might defend, but never his conscience.

Judging as well as they could by the dates and charges, there had

not been much amiss except carelessness of expenditure before Alice Knevett's defection, eighteen months back; but this had been succeeded by a launch into every sort of excitement, so increasingly painful and disgraceful, that Felix declared at times that it was profanation to let the proceeds of Geraldine's pure and high-minded art be spent in discharging such obligations. There were traces of an endeavour to pull up after Tom Underwood's legacy, which would have far more than cleared Edgar, if he had been satisfied to do more than merely pay 'on account,' and stave off difficulties, until the main body of the bequest had vanished between gambling and the crash of the National Minstrelsy.

Meantime the weeks of Edgar's silence and absence were running on to months, and nothing was known. Ferdinand Travis's quest had been an utter failure. Baden, Homburg, Spa, Munich, Florence, Rome, Monaco, had been searched in vain; ingenious advertisements in the second column of The Times were unnoticed; and though there was no outward difference in the manner of the two who loved him best, each bore about a heavy yearning heart-ache and foreboding—the one, that there must be something worse than was known to lead so affectionate a person thus utterly to efface himself; the other, that some terrible unknown accident, lake-storm or glacier-crevasse, could alone account for such pitiless disregard of home suspense. His relics had been hidden away like those of the dead, with sad reverence; and his name was never mentioned except now and then in low sad tones in a *tête-à-tête.*

The first thing that really cheered Lance was an enforced holiday of the organist, when he was asked to undertake the church music in the interregnum. He threw himself into the work, consulted Dr. Miles, who lent him books, and gave him lessons; and the whole current of his thoughts became so soothed and changed, that Felix attended to no remonstrance on the danger of unsettling him, but truly declared that the few hours he weekly gave to scientific music were more than compensated by his increased power of attention, and steadiness of concentration on his business, as if he there found the balance needed by his sensitive nature.

His head too, instead of aching more, as Wilmet had feared, suffered less; but there was a change in him. He had experienced the bitterness of sin, as nearly and as bitterly as was possible to one yet intact. He had looked down an abyss, and been forced to recognize that had he followed Edgar into what he had tried to believe merely exciting, artistic, or free, he could hardly have been spared a flaw in his life. It was when wrapt in the grandeurs of sacred harmony that this sense dawned on him. It was most true of him that 'the joy of the Lord was his strength.' Respectability had no power over him, he had a liking for the disreputable; but his reverence and delight for the glory and beauty of praise seemed, as it were, to force him into guarding

his purity of life and innocence of mind, which might otherwise have been perilled by his geniality and love of enterprise. At any rate, after the first shock to health and spirits had passed off, he retained a more staid manner, entirely abstained from his former plentiful admixture of slang, caught more of Felix's demeanour, and ceased from those kind of sayings and doings which used only not to give his sisters an impression of recklessness because they knew he always did rectify his balance in time.

Meantime another interest arose; for John Harewood had got his promotion, and had obtained leave to come home and try for an appointment. Wilmet had reason to believe him actually on his journey, when one morning, early in October, Lance, who was waiting in the office, was startled by Will's entrance, asking, 'Have you had a telegram?' in a scarcely audible voice.

'No! What is it, Bill?' said Lance, dismayed at his countenance.

'That dear Jack!' and thrusting two telegraph papers into his hand, Will threw himself down on the high desk, hiding his face, with long-drawn gasps of anguished grief, to which he could only now venture to give way; nor did Lance marvel, as he read—

Rameses, Egypt, October 3rd, 2.30 p.m.

Major Harewood to Rev. Christopher Harewood, the Bailey, Minsterham, England.

Boiler explosion. Severe scald. No pain; probably will be none. Dearest love to W. W. and all. Poor Frank Stone killed.

The other, which had arrived at the same time, was dated,

6 p.m.

Charles Chenu, Surgeon, to Christopher Harewood.

Injuries not necessarily mortal, unless from extent. Wanted, good nurse, water-bed, linen, and all comforts.

'There's more hope in that!' said Lance.

'I have none! Don't you remember poor Tom the stoker? 'Twas just what they said of him,' said Will, raising his face for a moment. 'And here they've sent me to tell Wilmet! I—O Lance, I just cannot do it! 'Tis bad enough at home!' and he lay over the desk again, almost convulsed with grief.

'I will go and tell Wilmet,' said Felix, who had come in unperceived by him, and received the telegrams from Lance. 'She is at Miss Pearson's. Is anyone going to him, Will?'

'My poor father!' gasped William. 'I don't believe it is any good! But I shall go with him, unless— He sent me on to see whether she—Wilmet would go. You won't let her, Felix. I must go on to see whether I can get a nurse at St. Faith's.'

'I believe Wilmet will wish to go,' said Felix.

'And be the best nurse,' added Lance.

'If there were any nursing to do,' said William, looking at them in amaze. 'I haven't the least hope he can last till we can come out! But my father *will* hope—that's the worst—and wants to have her rather than me. Don't tell her so, though; I don't know what I am saying. Only she should not be persuaded to go! Oh, that it should come to this!'

'I will leave him to you, poor fellow!' said Felix, beckoning Lance to the door, as William again flung himself across the desk. 'I think she will go, and that it will be better for her.'

He was interrupted by the arrival of a telegraph boy with a message to him in his editorial capacity, which threw more light on the accident.

Telegram from Alexandria, October 4th, 7 a.m.

Serious explosion of locomotive engine at Rameses, on the Suez and Alexandria line. Engineer and stoker killed. English officer injured, without hope of recovery.

Felix gave it to his brother, and went on his melancholy way—seeing Miss Pearson first in her parlour, and then sending for his sister.

Wilmet was just what those who knew her best expected. While there was scope for action, she would never break down. She inferred at once that the surgeon expected the comforts he sent for to be of use, and dwelt upon Mr. Harewood's kindness in allowing her to accompany him. As soon as she arrived at home, she scolded William, and made him find sense and hope, which in truth he had only lost when, instead of having to support and comfort his impulsive mother and sisters, he could afford to give way himself. He could now give a coherent account of his father's plans. Mr. Harewood was hastily arranging matters at home, and would be on his way to Southampton by the last train. If Wilmet would go with him, she was to meet him at the station—either with or without a nurse, as she might judge needful. Her decision was against the nurse. She reminded Will that his brother had with him a Christian Hindoo servant, who had already proved an efficient attendant in an attack of fever; and she herself had some experience of scalds, through Felix's accident, and one that had befallen a servant of Miss Pearson's. Expense, the prostrate despair of the family at home, and his own college duties, had alike decided that if she went out, William must remain in England; but he was despatched to St. Faith's, where the needful appliances were always kept, and could be made over in such an emergency.

Meantime Wilmet, grave but steadily calm, made her preparations. She devised means of providing a substitute at Miss Pearson's, bethought herself of everything requisite; and when Geraldine pursued her, trying to help, but panting and sobbing nervously, it was only to be put down on a chair, and warned not to knock herself up. The keys were made over to her, but without directions or injunctions; only one soft whisper—'Dear Cherry! after all, you have made me able to do this.'

Felix would not be denied going to Southampton with her. Mr. Harewood was looking out for her at the station, with the resolute mask of indifference that both must assume for the journey. He took both her hands, and said, 'Thank you, my dear; I knew I should see you.' And she said, 'Thank you for letting me come.' Then she took charge of his plaid and umbrella, and it was plain that thenceforth she would be his guardian daughter.

When Felix and William left the two on board the Havre boat, they knew that the Wilmet of old was gone for ever. She must come back with a great change upon her; but who could guess whether that change would be for weal or woe?

(*To be continued.*)

DOMINIE FREYLINGHAUSEN.

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

CHAPTER XVIII.

'And so we meet once more, Mademoiselle; and I lie here and am tended by you, as if it were the most natural thing in the world.'

'And I am sorry that you have not a more skilful nurse, Sir.'

Certainly the little hands that were adjusting bandages trembled somewhat; but the speaker was not so unskilful as she called herself, and the occasion was one to draw forth all her powers, and banish the awkwardness that springs from self-consciousness.

It was the beginning of July, 1758; the unsuccessful attack on the lines of Ticonderoga—where the young Lord Howe was killed—had just been made; and the hospital at Albany and the barns of some of the neighbouring proprietors, were crowded with the wounded, poor writhing groaning wretches, whose piteous state evoked the liveliest sympathy in the breasts of the kindly Albanians. The great barn at the Flats had been fitted up as a temporary hospital, and had proved a refuge for those whose wounds were considered the most dangerous, and who had therefore been sent on in boats the day after the action, and conveyed with all possible speed to the nearest place of reception.

Among these were Mr. Vyvian, and Killian Barentse—a volunteer of a few months standing—and among the nurses were not only the widowed Madame Schuyler and her nieces, but Franzje Ryckman, who was now on her knees beside the young officer's couch, applying a fresh bandage to his wounded arm.

He had been shot through the left arm, and the bullet had penetrated the side, so that at first he had been supposed to be mortally wounded, but after all no vital part had proved to be injured, and he had been one

of the first to revive under the care of doctors and nurses, and to find spirits and strength for talk. Killian was lying insensible a little way off, and Franzje was surprised to find how anxiously her heart turned to him even while she was busied with other sufferers, and how comparatively indifferent to her was Mr. Vyvian's renewed cordiality. It was not that she was the least in love with her old playmate, but that the sort of sisterly affection she had for him was deeply rooted, and made her feel almost as she might have felt if Evert had been in the same sad case; whereas her girlish fancy for Mr. Vyvian had been a transient thing, which his own unworthiness had gone far to blight, and which had well-nigh faded into insignificance since the great black cloud of sorrow had swept over her life. She was a tender ministrant to the wounded man, but the tenderness was more a part of her womanliness than the result of any individual feeling for him; it was not even quickened by the sense of returning good for evil. She had ceased to think his seeming fickleness an evil, and had almost forgotten that she had anything to forgive.

When she moved away from him, and went to get some water for some thirst-stricken patients, whose couches were opposite his, he managed to raise himself a little on his right arm and watched her. How quickly and noiselessly she passed up and down the pathway which had been left between the double row of beds, with what unconscious grace she stooped to bring the refreshing draught to a level with the sufferer's lips! Her bright hair was partially covered by a small round cap, often worn by young girls at Albany; and instead of the smart châtelaine, that she used to wear by her side, she had a large white dimity pocket, such as Dutch housewives delight in, containing linen and scissors and other things that were likely to be needed for her present task; her dress was black—was it worn for the Dominie? he wondered—and short enough to shew the pretty feet cased in grey stockings and black shoes with silver buckles. It was not a very elegant costume, but it gave a touch of conventualism to her beauty, which harmonized well with the surrounding circumstances; except for the silver buckles, it might have been the dress of a sœur-de-charité. He went on watching her; and she became aware at last of the intense gaze of the dark brilliant eyes—which looked all the deeper and blacker from being set in such a white face—and came back to him to see if he wanted anything.

'Let me smoothe the pillow, that you may lie down again,' she said; 'the doctor wished you to keep as still as possible.'

He let his arm fall by his side, and leant back his head obediently, and turned up his eyes in a drolly pathetic way to the raftered roof.

'There's nothing to see when one lies on one's back this way,' he grumbled; 'where's all the hay gone that used to be in the open loft up there?'

'It is made into beds, all of it that was left from the winter.'

'And that was some of Madame's best damask that you wrapped round my arm just now, wasn't it? and the man she is feeding with a spoon over there, is that scoundrel Lee, who victualled his men at her expense the other day, without so much as saying, "By your leave." Well, there is something in finding oneself among Christians after a battle, instead of falling among thieves. Have you heard the number of killed and wounded yet?'

'More than two thousand, they think,' she answered, fearful that she was giving him a shock; but finding that he bore it very philosophically, she added, 'do you know about Lord Howe, or was that after you were wounded?'

'Killed, isn't he? Shot in the back. I heard them telling the news just before I swooned. He was a fine fellow, though he did commit the affectation of sleeping in a tent and cutting his hair short, and wearing a soldier's old coat, as a rebuke to Sybarites like me.'

'He was a true soldier,' said Franzje fervently, as she turned to go.

'Did you know him?' was the answer, in an eager jealous tone;—'a little of that water, please, before you leave me.—He used to visit at the Flats, didn't he, when he was encamped close by here a few weeks ago?'

'Yes, but I never met him here, though I have seen him pass in the city.'

'And was he not seduced into joining any of the city tea-parties? I suppose the Dominie's accusing shade does not frown upon feeble gaieties of that sort, though all such wicked pastimes as *we* introduced have been completely forsworn, I am told.'

A strange thrill passed through the girl at that light mention of the Dominie; but she held the cup quietly to her patient's lips as she replied, 'I do not know much of what goes on, it has not been a time for thinking of pleasure lately.'

'And you have not married young Barentse yet?' he asked, taking little sips between the words as a device to prevent her leaving him.

She turned her head in the direction of Killian's inanimate form, over which a surgeon was anxiously bending. 'He is either dead or dying,' she answered, in a tone of sad rebuke.

The young officer gave a start which made her tremble for his wound. 'You don't mean to say he was in the action? Has he joined the army, then?'

'Yes, he volunteered this spring.'

'Driven thereto by your cruelty?' was the further question, in a strangely exultant tone.

She might have denied his right to ask, but instead of the grand look of insulted dignity which he expected, there came a sudden rush of colour and a crushed self-accusing droop of the stately little head. 'I do harm to everyone,' she murmured, as if the confession were made to herself rather than to him.

'It is not the first time that beauty has proved fatal; but such harm as you have done me, Mademoiselle, you are making up for now. It is not the time and place to say more; but some day, perhaps, you will let me plead my cause again.'

She started away from him now, her colour deepening, her eyes flashing. 'You are forgetting Engeltje,' she said.

To her amazement he began to laugh.

'No, that wont do,' he said, checking himself, as a spasm of pain crossed his face; 'to laugh in the present condition of my side is simple agony; but, Mademoiselle, you are really too amusing. So you thought those kisses of the hand were real inconstancy? I flattered myself you knew me better.'

She was standing up straight now beside his couch, and she twined her hands together, and looked down at him with a strange earnest intensified expression, the meaning of which he tried vainly to unravel. She could not be cruel to a man in bodily torture; but if she had let herself speak she must have said, 'I know you now, and I despise you from my soul, and I despise myself for having ever cared for you!'

The emotion passed; in another minute she said gently, with the staid manner of a real nurse, 'You have talked too much; I am going to leave you, but I will come back presently and see if you want anything.'

And then she went away and joined the doctor, who was trying to force some brandy between Killian's lips.

'Are you his sister?' he said, looking up at her with a quick scrutinizing glance. He was an army surgeon, and knew nothing about her.

'No, he has none,' she answered; 'but I have known him all my life, and will do anything in my power for him.'

'Then I give him into your charge; he is not dead, and as we have extracted the ball successfully he may possibly recover, but the chance is slight. Much will depend on you.' And in a clear though rapid tone he proceeded to give her full instructions as to what she was to do. 'I had thoughts of asking Madame to see to him, but she has her hands full already.'

'I will do my best,' said Franzje, humbly but resolutely. And then, as the doctor turned to leave her, she added, 'Will you tell the officer in the fifth bed from this that I cannot come back to him as I promised, and will you ask one of the other nurses to see to him?'

The surgeon scanned the occupants of the beds, and as his eye lit on Mr. Vyvian, he said hastily, 'The man with the arm! Oh, he'll do. His impudence will carry *him* through. He would like to have all the pretty nurses at his beck, but they've other people to think of, fortunately.'

So apparently they had, for Russell lay and grumbled to himself unnoticed through the remainder of the hot afternoon, till at last a very ugly old negress came to him with some tea. Now and then

he raised himself on his right arm again, and watched Franzje, who was necessarily absorbed with Killian; but he could not see her very well because of the intervening beds, and pain soon forced him to resume his recumbent position. What a bore it was that she had taken that idea into her head about Engeltje, a silly little thing for whom he had never cared a straw! What dreadfully downright people those Albanians were, that they couldn't understand how natural it was for a man to make violent love to one girl just by way of piquing another! As for Engeltje herself, he did not give a thought to her: he only reviewed his past conduct with reference to Franzje; trying again and again to fathom the meaning of that strange fixed gaze of hers, which seemed to say so much and yet to leave so much unsaid. It was not love, nor even the anger or jealousy sometimes born of love, which had looked out of those marvellous eyes; was it, could it have been, scorn? his whole nature writhed at the thought. A little country-bred Dutch girl to despise *him?* a simple soul like Franzje's to read his through, and turn from it with disdain? impossible, horrible! His self-complacency turned away from the notion, and deliberately refused to admit it. Only the year before, she had hung upon his words, and greeted each witty sally with oh such innocent bright appreciation; never could he forget the proud glory of the smile which had lit her face the night that he had kissed her. And even when the absurd scruples inspired by the Dominie had led her to refuse him, there had been no contempt in her manner; she had been calm and dignified, but with a sort of heart-broken calmness which had given him a very comfortable notion—comfortable to his self-love and his disappointed irritated feelings—of the suffering to which she was condemning herself in thus parting from him. Was it possible that his hasty meaningless flirtation with another had sufficed to change her whole feeling towards him, and that now, when the Dominie was dead, and his other rival likely to be disposed of in the same manner, and everything seemed so favourable for the renewal of his suit, a new and hopeless obstacle would be found to it in the shape of her repugnance?

'Now that the Dominie was dead,' he said that to himself so complacently, little guessing that the dead pastor was a far more powerful adversary than the living one had ever been. That little episode with regard to Engeltje, on which his thoughts dwelt so persistently, might possibly have been explained and forgiven had Franzje been the Franzje of his first acquaintance; but between her and the past, between her present self and the old self that had sought pleasure and novelty, and given up its heart in a sort of infatuation to the handsome flattering entertaining stranger, there lay a barrier never to be overpassed, a barrier formed by a grave. In the old days she had dreamed a pleasant dream, she had gone her own way, and enjoyed herself, and thought no harm; but the shock

of the Dominie's departure had sufficed to rouse her, and his death had brought so entire a waking, that it was not possible for her ever to sink down and dream that dream again. Henceforth her life must be lived on lonely heights—lonely as regarded this world's companionship; the heart that was brimful of passionate penitence, of high resolve, of infinite yearning towards the future, had no longer in it any capacity for such love as Russell Vyvian wanted. She had helped to wreck a noble life by falling under the spell of an ignoble fascination; how could she ever yield to it again even for a single moment? As she stood beside Russell, looking down at him, she had felt as if she almost hated him, not for any one fault or failing of his, but because he had once bewitched her into loving him.

But as she kept her unwearied watch by Killian's couch, all feelings of hate and scorn died utterly away, or were turned only against herself; and her thoughts shaped themselves into prayers, and her whole heart was filled with an unutterable longing to save his life even at the expense of her own. She did not reck of her own fatigue, nor count the slow hours as they passed away; when her untiring efforts were rewarded by a faint movement of the eye-lids and a deeply drawn breath, she almost cried out aloud with joy and gratitude. Hope brightened her task after that, and she had no idea how late in the evening it was when Madame Schuyler came to her, and said, 'My child, you must go to the house and get some supper. I will stay here till you come back.'

Franzje's face was almost as white as her little cap, but she looked up beamingly as she said, 'He has opened his eyes once or twice, dear Aunt; I do not think he knows me, but still is it not a good sign? and see how much better he breathes.'

'Yes, and he does not look nearly so like death. My patient is better too, and has fallen asleep. God be thanked for all His goodness! And now go, my dear little maid, or your strength will be quite spent.'

Franzje heard, but did not move; she could not care for rest or food, while the life still hung upon a thread, which *she* had helped to send into peril; but Madame was wise enough to insist upon obedience, and then, half ashamed, the girl rose up, scarcely able to stand at first for stiffness and weariness.

'I will not waste any more time,' she said as she moved away, 'I will come back quickly;' but she could not pass Mr. Vyvian without looking at him, and the reproach in his eyes made her pause for a moment.

'You knew that I did not come back because I could not?' she asked gently.

'I saw you had a more interesting case; is he better?' was the reply in languid tones.

'There is just a hope of life now. I am going to the house for a few minutes. Can I do anything for you before I go?'

Oh yes! he wanted his pillow made more comfortable, he wanted something to drink, he wanted various things possible and impossible. He seemed to take a selfish pleasure in detaining her; perhaps the imperfect light, and his own weakness, hindered him from seeing plainly the weariness and exhaustion written on the fair wan face. And she was too generous to betray it even by a sigh.

When at length she joined Catalina and Maria Cuyler at the supper which they had by this time nearly finished, it was only by force that she could make herself eat anything; and as she hurried back to Killian, she glanced rather nervously towards his rival's pallet, almost dreading the fresh demands that might be made upon her. But the services she had rendered him had really helped him to greater ease, and he was asleep.

So she was free to resume her watch beside her childhood's friend, free to think her own thoughts, and to consecrate herself by fresh resolves to the life of self-sacrifice of which this was the beginning. 'It will not do for me to be tired, or to mind anything,' she said. 'Now I know what it is to be thankful for health and strength. Were they not given me to give back to Him?'

There came floating through her mind once more that glorious sense of living for One who is Love itself, and who accepts even the poorest oblations of loving hearts, which had come to her so vividly on the Easter Day following the Dominie's departure, and which her uncle's words had revived within her, when it had seemed to perish, grief-stricken, in the shock of the Dominie's death. It was sad to look back at the past, with its poor little happinesses that had faded, and its little foolish mistakes that had wrought such disproportionate harm; but she was not afraid to look forward, though she knew not what the future might hold for her of trial and effort, what the offering up of self might involve. It was the second night she had kept vigil, and already the fresh young bloom had left her cheek; but she felt strong even in her weariness, and when the surgeon made his night round, and banished Catalina Cuyler as evidently over-done, he did not banish *her*, though he shook his head a little over her, and said, 'This must not go on.'

Killian was reviving wonderfully, but the doctor did not seem very hopeful about him, perhaps he thought it the flickering up which often comes before death. As he hung over the couch, lamp in hand, Killian looked at him fixedly, and said, in a faint voice, 'I don't know you;' and then his gaze turned to the sweet face of the nurse, and his bright gleam of recognition shewed at once that he knew *her*, and was glad to have her near him.

He appeared to doze for a while after this, but when he woke, though the doctor and his lamp were gone and the light but dim, he seemed to know that it was Franzje who was watching beside him, and contentedly took some food from her hand, with his great hollow eyes fixed upon her

all the time, full of that dumb yearning which she had often seen in them before, though never under such pathetic circumstances.

'You *have* loved me a *little*, haven't you, Franzje?' he said presently, in the low whisper which she was obliged to bend down to hear.

'More than a little,' she answered, with the frank tenderness from which he had sometimes almost shrunk, but which was soothing now in his utter weakness, when all life's passionate hopes and longings were fading away. 'Dear Killian, don't try to talk; let me feed you, I want to bring back your strength, if I can.'

'It does not matter much,' he said, after a minute's silence, 'as I am not going to live; but if I had, don't you think I might have won at last, don't you think you might have married me?'

She did not instantly reply, but raised herself up and gazed out into the dim distance, reading as in a vision the story of what might have been. She saw that it was possible; that if he could have lived, his patient persistence might at length have wrought upon her; that through her pity, through her dread of making others suffer, through her deepening spirit of self-sacrifice, she might have been led to give herself to him, spite of the deep reluctance at her heart. An involuntary shudder passed over her, but she controlled it, and answered gently, 'I think you might have won, as you say; but, dear Killian, is it not harder to have a thing and find it not worth the winning, than to put it by altogether? Do you remember the address that our Dominie gave at Mina Renselaer's wedding, and what a beautiful, holy, noble thing it made marriage to be? Could we either of us be content with anything short of that? Is it not better to be brother and sister always, than to play at something else which God never meant for us two?'

'You were ready to play at it with the Englishman,' said Killian, in his hoarse faint tones.

It was the most bitter and the least generous speech that she had ever heard from him, but it came out of a deep heart-wound, and she could not resent it.

'That was earnest while it lasted,' she said, with quivering lips and soft pleading accents, too humbled by the consciousness of having mistaken the false for the true, to attempt any other defence.

'While it lasted! then it is over now; you are not going to marry the Englishman after I am dead?'

He little thought that his rival lay so close to him, and did not guess why she turned her head aside with a startled involuntary glance as she answered, 'Never! whether you live or die; but, Killian, hush—'

She wished to draw his thoughts away from her and to himself, but he interrupted her. 'Then, Franzje, my sister, if you will have it so, and my one dear love, what is your future to be like? I cannot bear the thoughts of leaving you to a lonely dreary life.'

Even in that great feebly-lighted place, and to his dim uncertain gaze, the sudden radiance that transfigured her could not pass invisible.

'Not lonely,' she said, 'not dreary either, spite of all that has come and gone. God and my work here, God and my rest *there;* the day coming when the sea will give up its dead! Killian, I can hope and I can wait; only pray for me that I may persevere, that I may not fall away.'

'And does your heart never droop?' he questioned; 'do you never wish that you were as near death as I am now?'

'Yes, I know what you mean,' she answered, 'and almost I could wish that I might creep into the grave with you—perhaps I should then know where *his* grave is.'

Her head was thrown back as if listening—she seemed to hear the plash of the Atlantic wave upon that undistinguished spot.

'But oh! I can wait,' she said again, with brave lips that would not let themselves quiver; 'and Killian, God may yet have work for you. Do not let us throw away your chance of life by this agitating talk. Do you remember the prayer that the Dominie taught us when we were little children standing at his knee—'that we might glorify God by our lives or by our deaths'? I only thought then what long words there were in it, but I have loved it since. Let me say it for us both now; and then try to sleep once more, I shall be close beside you all the time.'

He did not attempt to speak when the softly murmured prayer was ended, only took possession of her right hand with his feeble fingers, and at length dropped off to sleep still keeping it locked in his.

He was wounded almost to the death, and as weak as a child; but his heart was not so sore within him as when he had rushed away to the war in sudden anger and disgust. He felt now, with more absolute conviction than ever before, that Franzje could never be his even if he lived, that it would not be right to tempt her to do through pity what she would never do of love and free-will; but yet the distance between them did not seem so hopeless, nor the sisterly affection she proffered him so utter a mockery; bride or not, she was, in a *certain* sense, his after all, for were they not both God's?'

'If I live,' he said to himself, 'I will try to work for God, and hope and wait as she does; it is living for self that has made life bitter. Thank God for having shewn me that, in time at least to *repent* of it.'

Ah! could the Dominie have seen them that night, these two young souls whom he had taught and guided, and fired with that divine ambition which may smoulder for a while but which rarely dies out, would he have still believed that he had 'spent his strength for naught,' that he had cast his nets in vain? He had gone forth in despair, believing that Franzje was utterly given over to vanity, that Killian had lost in a passionate earthly aim the bright purpose of his boyhood; and behold, the clear eyes of Angels had seen that the Heavenly love still burned in the young hearts, and an unseen Hand had drawn them back to the path of single-minded devotion, with spirits quickened by the earnest repenting that had come out of their brief mistakes.

The short-sightedness of human judgement, of human despair! volumes might be written upon it, but we shall never know it fully till we stand face to face with 'the God of Hope,' and have learnt from Him who is Love the deep charity which 'believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.'

And Killian did not die. Spite of all he had gone through, spite of the surgeon's prognostications, spite of that agitating talk which Franzje blamed herself for permitting, he struggled back to life, and was good Madame Schuyler's pet and pride and triumph throughout the weary time of his recovery.

'I do not believe he has been saved for nothing,' she said one day to Dr. Ogilvie, who frequently visited the wounded, and read and prayed among them. 'Our Dominie always thought so much of that lad; and he will not make the worse minister for his little touch of soldiering. The state of his right arm disables him for further service in *that* way, but I tell him he will yet do his country good service in other ways; and I think as soon as he is well enough he will go somewhere to study for the ministry. He has set his heart on being a Missionary to the Indians, like our good friend Mr. Stuart, and my little Franzje encourages him with all her might. She may well have a voice in the disposal of his life, since it was she who helped to save it.'

Russell Vyvian—a captain now through the severe losses which his regiment had sustained in the late action—was one of the first to recover from his wounds and to leave the temporary hospital, which had afforded him so timely a shelter. He spent about a week in Madame's summer mansion before rejoining the army; and during that week he was constantly seeking opportunities for a *tête-à-tête* with Franzje, but there was no corresponding anxiety for it on her side, and she was still too much occupied with her duties as a nurse to have a great deal of time or thought to spare for other things. One sultry evening, however, Madame Schuyler, seeing her look white and wearied, peremptorily insisted on her taking a stroll by the river-bank; and there, in a shady spot, not far from the Flats, she came upon Captain Vyvian seated on the grass, leisurely contemplating the scene before him.

'Look, Mademoiselle,' he said, rising, and lifting his hat with languid grace, 'is it not lovely?'

So lovely it was, that she could not but turn and gaze, forgetting him and herself and her weeks of toil in a momentary sense of exquisite delight.

The river, more than a mile broad at this place, reflected the pine-crowned hills opposite on its shining surface; and not far from the bank lay a beautiful little fertile island crested by tall graceful sycamores, and fringed by bending osiers and weeping-willows whose branches dropped lovingly into the water. Hundreds of white divers were sporting around it; and on a long narrow sand-bank, which stretched out at one end stood a quaint row of larger birds, bald-headed eagles, herons, and ospreys,

busily engaged in fishing for perch, while around them swam a crowd of saw-bill ducks with scarlet heads, which glowed and gleamed in the sunshine. The sky above was deep cloudless blue, and a soft lazy stillness rested upon the land, where the day's work was done, and orchards and corn-fields lay basking in the golden light, with not a sound proceeding from them save the ceaseless chirp of insects.

It was all so bright and full of fruitful life, and yet so silent, that Franzje felt her heart swell with an undefined emotion, which seemed to need utterance, but for which she could find no intelligible words. Captain Vyvian was the first to speak.

'It reminds me somehow of that day when we watched the waterfall together. You began by only enduring my company then, yet we parted good friends, I think. Do you remember how it dawned upon you for the first time that plays were meant to be acted, and what bright fresh interest you took in my schemes? You have learnt to think it all very wicked since then, I fear.'

'I don't think it need be wicked,' she answered, looking down.

'You don't condemn amusements wholesale, like your worthy Dominie? Well, that is something. Mademoiselle, may I not hope that some of the narrow rules by which he bound you have ceased to be in force now that he is dead?' There was no response in her face; and he went on hurriedly, 'Do not think that I expect you to feel, as I feel, what a deliverance from bondage you have had. I dare say you cherish his memory with tender gratitude; and it is very natural, and very charming; but as time goes on you will realize your emancipation.'

'Do you mean that I shall become unfaithful?' she said, with her wan face lifted, and the large beauty of her eyes turned full upon him.

'Unfaithful to what? To narrow-minded traditions, which were never meant to fetter souls like yours? Yes, I fervently hope so; but be faithful, I beseech you, to your own sweet self, to the self which allowed me to love you, which returned my love—that self whose image I kept enshrined in my soul through all the weary months that we were parted. You dread your father's opposition, no doubt; but trust me to overcome it. I do not believe *he* has the power to part us; the one real obstacle has been taken out of the way.'

As he uttered the last words, the face which just before had been so tender and beseeching wore for an instant that dark vengeful look which she had seen on it the night when he had said to her, 'I *hate* whatever comes between me and the objects on which I set my heart;' and she knew, as clearly as if he had spoken his thoughts aloud, that his hatred reached beyond the grave, and that the deepest sorrow of her life was to him a cause of rejoicing, of selfish triumph.

Where was the love of which he had spoken—that love of hers for him? Dead, and he had slain it; and this was the final stroke. But it

was not horror, or scorn, or indignation, which looked out of her eyes now, only an intense pity—a wonder and compassion so deep, that unawares it smote him to the heart.

'How shall I make you understand?' she said, as she had said once before, but with a more earnest trouble in her voice. 'It was for no selfish ends of his own that the Dominie wished to part me from you; it was because it would not have been *right* for me to marry you. I did not comprehend his reasons then, but I think I do now; and once more I ask you to forgive me, Sir, for having in any way misled you.'

'You mean that he thought me not worthy of you? I do not blame him for that; no man is fit to mate with an angel. Yes; do not shrink away from me; this is not the language of flattery. I have not a very high opinion of human nature in general; but I believe that here and there upon the earth may be found souls as spotless as the heavens above us, and I believe that yours is one of them.'

'It only shews that you do not know me,' she answered, as a burning blush overspread her face. 'And indeed, Sir, you must not fancy that the Dominie thought me good; it was not *that*. But he knew that I had been taught the way to become so—that God had given me the longing to live for Him, and that it was unfaithfulness in me to give a place in my heart to anything which might lead me away from Him.'

'Then he wished to make you a sort of nun, in fact,' said Russell, with the sneering thought, which fortunately he did not utter, that this was the kind of dog-in-the-manger policy which clerical despots in all ages have been apt to follow; but Franzje shook her head. A marriage 'in the Lord,' a holy union of hearts upheld by mutual love, inspired by the same faith, and struggling towards the same blessed end—this was the ideal which had been set before her from her childhood up. The Dominie's ascetic turn of mind had made him content to lead a single life, but he had never sought to induce anyone but Killian to follow his example in this respect, and Franzje, like every other maiden in Albany, had been taught to look forward to marriage as her rightful destiny. That she no longer looked forward to it was more Captain Vyvian's fault than the Dominie's, though he did not know it.

'I do not pretend to be what M. Jansen calls a "true believer,"' he said; 'but I can respect the belief of others. Do not fancy that in wedding me you would expose yourself to mockery or to persecution; I vow there is not a woman living more honoured or more happy than you should be as my wife. O Franzje! if you loved me you would trust me and try me! Why will you not?'

She put her hand up to her head, as if his vehemence stunned her; and he saw her lips quiver as she tried to speak. How could she tell him the hard truth that she loved him no longer? she! to whom it was so sore and bitter to wound anyone.

'I cannot!' she said; 'I have no love of that kind to give now, and I do not think such happiness as you speak of is meant for me;

but you, Sir, will be happy, I trust, and some day, perhaps, the joy of belief will come to you. I will pray that it may.'

It was strange how her words carried conviction with them, the very simplicity of her manner helping to give them reality. All his protestations and entreaties seemed to die away unspoken after that one steadfast 'I cannot.'

She held out her hand as if to bid him farewell; but just then the rattle of wheels was heard on the high road, which swept along close behind them, only a few yards further from the river's edge, and turning, they saw one of the quaint little carriages of the country, with Evert and Engeltje sitting therein.

Evert drew rein when he perceived them, with an eager 'O Franzje!' while little Engelt looked from one to the other with anxious doubtful frightened eyes, that said as plainly as eyes could speak, 'So you two have come together again—then perhaps I am only intruding. Do not mind about poor foolish me.'

Captain Vyvian merely lifted his hat without approaching, and could scarcely conceal his annoyance at the interruption; but Franzje came close up to the carriage, and kissed her little friend. 'Dear Engelt,' she said fondly, 'it seems years since I saw you!'

'Mother sent me to see when you are coming home, Franz,' said Evert. 'She gets fidgetty about you sometimes, though Uncle Jan always comforts her, and says, "The child will come to no harm; she is doing a good work, and He Who put it into her heart will take care of her." There is a report that a fresh pastor is coming out to us from Holland, so that has diverted her mind a little, and she doesn't miss you quite so much as she would if Engelt were not so constantly with us;' and he looked down at the pretty creature beside him with a gallant appreciative air, which augured favourably for the fulfilment of Madame Ryckman's wishes regarding her son's destiny.

'It is very good of Engelt; and you must tell Mother that I hope to be home in about another week, as nurses will not be so much needed then. Captain Vyvian was one of Madame's patients, and you see he is already about again.'

She turned a little to where Russell stood gloomily flicking his boot with his little cane, and looking at none of them; his arm was still in a sling, and he was rather pale, but otherwise he was quite his own handsome distinguished self. Engelt smothered a little sigh as her gaze followed Franzje's; it was a blow to have to give up all thoughts of so grand a gentleman, but no doubt he was *too* grand for her. Once face to face again with Franzje's loveliness, how could he have eyes or thoughts to spare for a poor little thing like herself? She drew a little nearer to Evert, as if he were her chosen consoler and protector; and lad though he was, he could bear comparison even with Captain Vyvian, as far as physical beauty and pride of bearing went. No doubt his figure was rather clumsy, and his grey frieze coat not so becoming as uniform, but

what of that? Engeltje was not very critical; he was so kind to her! and he had never cared for anybody else, and there was no danger of *his* forgetting her, even if he should go away to the war!

'Aunt Schuyler has sent me out for a ramble; wont you put up the horse at the Flats, and come and take a stroll with me?' Franzje said to them both; and Evert caught at the idea, and asked if he should drop Engeltje then and there, and come back to her when he had disposed of his vehicle.

But little Engelt protested against this arrangement; and as they drove off to the house together Franzje heard her say, 'Oh! don't leave me; keep by me all the time, if we do go for a walk,' and saw Evert bend his head down to her with a quick impulsive movement, which looked very much as if he were consoling her with a kiss.

Evidently she had dreaded that Captain Vyvian would form one of the walking-party; but Franzje had rightly judged that in inviting these two young companions she was giving him his dismissal. Best to part before she had wounded him any further; they must go their several ways, and perhaps they might never meet again—but at least her prayers would follow him, for he had been dear to her once.

Possibly that sense that it might be a final parting lent softness to her voice and glance as they stood together for a few brief minutes before the others returned. There was nothing to raise false hopes, nothing that he could construe into encouragement; but there was a something that would make it impossible for him ever to look back with *bitterness* to her rejection of him. He was a proud man, and she had rejected him twice, and yet he lingered beside her, and found it hard to go. At least he was not leaving her to any rival; the one he had most feared slept under the waves, and the other was self-devoted to a career in which marriage could form no part. He was not even troubled by the thought of other suitors, actual or possible; it did not enter his head *now* to taunt her with predictions of one day finding her the bride of 'some comfortable Dutchman.' He saw that she had found her vocation; and a dim perception came over him that she would be happy in it—not with the tame content which he had seen and despised in some of her worthy townsfolk, but with the intenser happiness which belongs to hearts that 'love and will strongly,' and yet have learnt to beat responsive to that Divine Love and Will, in harmony with Which is their only true life.

Not till he saw the two young figures coming down the pathway from the Flats did he turn to leave her, and then he sent one swift glance out at the beautiful shining river and up at the blue sky arching over it, before he took his last look at the perfect face which had been the one bright vision of his dreams ever since he had first known her. A strange thought came to him—to him, stained with vice, and practically almost an unbeliever—that he should see her again in *Heaven*, a presentiment perhaps of better things to come. And ever ever after-

wards there lived before him that image of her as she stood by the river-side, with her hood thrown back, and all the glory of the sunlight falling on her flaxen hair, on the pure wide brow, and the parted lips, and the beautiful, calm, regretful eyes. It is something for a bad man to have loved worthily; it is much if this love have given him a sense of his own unworthiness. As Russell Vyvian stood and looked at her for the last time, he recognized all at once—without anger, without rebellion even, for the moment—that he had lost her by his own fault, that the Dominie had done well—ay, very well, in severing her from such an one as he. It was not conversion, but it was the beginning of conviction—conviction which might be smothered for a while, but would work its work some day, all unknown to Franzje, but not unknown to the good mother in England, to whom alone the story of the love of his youth would ever be told.

'Farewell, then,' he said; only just those words; and she answered nothing but 'Farewell;' and they heard the soft splashes of the divers in the river, and the whirrings of an eagle's wings as it rose up into the sky, and slowly the clasp of the hands was loosed, and she was alone. Alone—alone always, in one sense, and yet not lonely. Oh! how sweetly the river flowed, in the stillness and the sunshine, reflecting not only the steep rugged hills behind it, but the broad blue heavens above! Oh! how peacefully life flows on in the light of God's love, even though shadows from a painful past may cross it now and then!

(*Concluded.*)

THE RED FOREST.

A GOBLIN STORY.

BY GAMMA.

PART I.

CHAPTER XI.—MAX SHEWS HIS TEMPER.

Prince Max grew and strengthened, learned his lessons, and was in favour with everybody. Wilful and headstrong like his father, he tempered these qualities with the candour and generosity of his mother. His young companions found that though imperious he was just; and the courtiers learned that he was not to be caught by flattery, nor won by any advantage gained at others' expense. Nevertheless, he ran every danger of being spoiled on all sides, and to some extent, no doubt, believed that his good pleasure was the most important thing in the world. He was excited and happy in his new life, and had almost forgotten the Red Forest.

One day, however, at play with his fellows, and searching in his wardrobe for finery to deck them up to play at king and court, he lighted upon his little old sheep-skin coat and etceteras. He suddenly grew thoughtful, and breaking off the play, ran to his mother's room, knocked, and was admitted.

'Mother,' he said, 'your Grace has never told me of the return of your messenger, and of how it was faring with my kind peasant friends. I would gladly know how Kerl liked the gun. Would your Grace permit me to visit the messenger, and learn for myself what he can tell?'

The Duchess, who was poring over an illuminated manuscript, looked up embarrassed.

'Son,' said she, 'the messenger came back a fortnight past, but to my regret he told me he had not been able to find any trace of the good peasants, who had left their home.'

'Left their home, Mother! why, they seemed to love it as much as my father loves this castle! but some of the neighbours could have told him whither they had gone.'

'Child, all the neighbours were gone too.'

'What does your Grace mean?'

'You must know then, my son,' said the Duchess, closing her book and looking serious, 'that your father has been pleased to order large hunting grounds to be made in that district, which has made it necessary for all the inhabitants to leave. My messenger found no one but the labourers employed in pulling down the huts and making new plantations; and none of them could tell him whither the people had fled.' The Duchess spared her son the worst part of the story, for fear of shewing how much she felt it herself, and for fear of making ill-will between Max and his father. Max, however, had heard quite enough to make him boil over with anger. He stormed up and down his mother's chamber, he cried, he stamped, he abused Madame Patschanpowdr, who had given, he said, a false account of the peasants, while his own was laughed at as childish nonsense; in short, he misbehaved so much, that the Duchess at last ordered him to control himself or to leave her chamber. He chose the latter; and once in the corridor, gave full vent to his grief and anger.

Two days after, there was a masque ball at the Palace, and the Duke, thinking to gratify Max, had had a splendid jewelled suit and mask prepared for him, and sent to his rooms secretly. The boy's eyes fell upon it dazzled and delighted; but when the time came for him to be dressed, he absolutely refused to put it on. 'Get me the sheep-skin suit that is in my wardrobe,' said he. The attendants laughed, and tried to pass it off as a joke. While they delayed and reasoned with him, there came a message from the Duke desiring that the Crown Prince should go down at once to the reception-room. There was a last struggle, and Max's will gained the day. He went down in his shepherd's suit, with his mask on. The Duke was standing in the throne-room, with

some members of his cabinet and other gentlemen; he was in a jovial humour, and chatting gaily. The company was beginning to throng in. Among the gay and fantastic dresses came a miniature shepherd, in a costume that assuredly had never been seen at court before.

'Here comes a masquerader indeed!' said the Duke, with a loud laugh. 'Capital! Is it you, Alexis?—nay, I think it is little Count Gleim!' then, catching sight of the rich chestnut hair, 'Max! 'tis thou! Why, what the devil—art still infatuated with thy shepherd friends, after the sorry trick they played thee? Go shew thyself to thy mother, and then be off and change thy dress—dost not like the one I sent thee?'

But Max, taking off his mask, shewed a white serious face, and struggling to speak firmly, said, 'Dear Father, your Mightiness—I would wish not to change my dress till I have obtained of you a great favour—justice for the shepherd friends you speak of. Your Mightiness has been much misinformed about them; they were very good to me, and I hear that they have been turned out of their homes—'

The Duke's eye-brows went up till they could get no higher. 'Heigh ho!' said he; 'see, my Lords, what a great thing it is to have a counsellor to teach me my duty, and to beg me to do justice to my subjects out of *favour to him!*'

The lords laughed, and Max's soul grew bitter within him.

'Talk to me of bats and balls, Max,' went on his father, 'and not of *justice* and a pack of stuff!' Then seeing his son's intense mortification, he added, 'Here, Shepherd, is a purse for thee—send it to thy friends, if thou will, and now go—transform thyself from a peasant to a prince.'

But Max, swelling with grief and anger, let the purse lie where it fell, and retired and went to bed, and came back to the ball no more.

For this he was ordered by the Duke to confine himself for three days to his school-room, and none of his friends were permitted to visit him.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CROWN PRINCE TAKES A GOOD DEAL UPON HIM.

The summer went by, the autumn holidays were at hand, and the court was dispersing; the nobles going to their country seats, the Duchess to the Baths, and the Duke to a hunting excursion at the Red Forest. Hither he had no mind to take Max with him, therefore he arranged a party of pleasure for him, to make a tour in the mountain country, shoot, fish, ride, walk, and enjoy themselves as they pleased.

The party consisted of the Prince and his two cousins, Otto and Alexis, under the care of Baron Grimm, their tutor, and attended by two servants. They had now been a fortnight on their travels, during which time Max had much improved in health and strength, and was

staying at the village of Dumpfendorf up in the mountains, from which they made daily excursions.

One morning the Baron proposed that they should go and visit the fortress of Pulverundblei, which was a few miles off; a wonderfully strong place, he said, where they would see the armoury and the dungeons, and hear many wonderful stories of old time. This suited the princes exactly, and they set off, sending the servants before to announce their coming to the governor. When they arrived they found the draw-bridge let down, the portcullis up, and a guard turned out to meet them. They entered the gloomy court-yard, over which frowned heavy towers lighted only by small loop-holes; they visited the armoury, and from thence, through narrow passages and down a winding stair, went to the subterranean. The dismal chambers, some with chains and hideous instruments hanging up in them, made Max shudder and turn cold. He kept close to the governor, and asked many questions in a whisper. The Baron and the other princes came behind. The governor avoided shewing them any rooms where prisoners were actually confined, and they were now about to ascend to the upper air, when Max, touching the governor on the arm, and pointing, said,

'Sir, what is that very little door, and where does it lead?'

'That, your Highness, leads to a cell where there is a young man confined, awaiting the Duke's pleasure.'

'Poor fellow!' said Max; 'who is he—what has he done?'

'He is a young peasant of the Red Forest country,' answered the governor, 'who, if I mistake not, was sent here charged with offences against the person of your Highness.'

A light broke on Max: he trembled all over. 'Open that door,' said he, in a tone not to be questioned; and the governor, looking wonderingly at him, called up the gaoler, who was following, and bade him open the door. The Baron sprang forward to hinder Max from going in, but he was too late. Max was in already, and with a wild cry had thrown himself on the neck of the wretched prisoner, who was grovelling on the floor, chained hand and foot, with but one feeble ray from the loop-hole above to light up his misery. Max's fears were true. Here were indeed the brave arms that had twice saved him from death, wasting away in irons; the strong form that used to bound so freely over the heath and down the mountain sides, cramped with chains, and crippled with cold and damp; the eyes, that had lost the light, and never saw a face they loved, were dim and hollow; and the gay, innocent, ignorant heart was broken.

'Kerl, my own dear Kerl, why are you here?' cried Max; and he broke into a tempest of passionate and indignant tears, hiding his face on the prisoner's shoulders. A faint light came into Kerl's wan face; he tried to raise his hand to put it round the Prince and soothe him, but the arm, enervated by disease and crippled by the chain, failed him and fell back. 'Speak, Kerl, speak to me,' sobbed the Prince. 'Do you

know why you are here?' Kerl shook his head. 'Is it on account of me—is it ever since I was with you?' Kerl nodded. 'O Kerl, I never knew it—I often asked about you, and nobody would tell me! O Kerl, you did not think I knew?—did you? you did not think I had forgotten you? oh, tell me!'

Kerl smiled a little, and stammered out, 'No, no, my Prince.'

'I knew you were turned out from your home, Kerl. I sent you a gun, Kerl, and it never reached you. . . . I prayed the Duke, my father, to leave you undisturbed in your home, and he only laughed at me. . . . . But oh! Kerl, I never knew you were in prison!' . . . and again there was an outburst of tears and sobs which frightened all the by-standers.

The Baron came forward and put his hand gently on Max's shoulder, saying, 'Come, Prince, no more; we will see what can be done for the lad.'

Max threw his hand off fiercely, but the interference had recalled him to himself. Starting up, and forcing back his tears, he said in his most imperious tone, 'I *know* what shall be done, and it shall be done this very instant.—Herr Governor, I call upon you to give this man instant liberty.'

'Impossible, gracious Prince! he is here by the Duke's command, awaiting his pleasure; doubtless if you will make representations to—'

'I will make nothing of the sort! I will have this man set free while I stand here.—Gaoler, send for a smith to strike off his fetters.'

The Baron attempted a remonstrance; he urged a little patience.

'Baron,' said the Prince, 'I will not stir from this cell till it is done. I take it entirely upon myself; nobody shall answer for it to my father but I. Good Heavens! am I Crown Prince, and cannot I take upon me to save one single peasant unjustly accused!'

The boy looked so grand in his anger—the childish form dilated, the voice sounding like that of a man—that not one of those present dared to resist his will.

The gaoler went to fetch a smith, and while he was gone nobody moved or spoke; only Max stood looking down on Kerl like a pitying indignant angel, and Kerl looked up as if vainly trying to comprehend what was passing round him. It was no wonder that he could not. His simple mind, accustomed to feed only on the little incidents of his home life, on the sights and sounds around him, had during the long months of his imprisonment fallen into utter vacancy. For the first few weeks he had passed his time in wondering why he was arrested, and feeling in a dumb kind of way that there was some great injustice in it. He thought of his mother in her lonely sorrow; he thought of his Prince, and wished for the first time in his life he was able to do that wonderful thing—write a letter. But after awhile he ceased to think, and only occupied himself in watching the one ray of light that came into his cell, and when it was obscured for a moment pleased himself with thinking that a bird flew past. He counted the stones of his cell,

and fancied pictures for himself in the stains that the damp had made upon them. Then mind and body grew still more sick; and his days were passed with his ironed arm resting on the stone seat of his cell, and his head bowed down upon it—thinking of nothing, hoping nothing. So he was when Max found him.

But now the smith came, and the irons were knocked from his hands and feet, and after kneeling a moment to kiss the hands of his Prince, Kerl rose up a free man.

'And now, what will your Highness be pleased to do with him?' asked the governor.

Max considered. 'First, take him where he may be shaved, dressed, and fed,' said he; 'and then for to-day at least he shall come with us to Dumpfendorf.'

The governor gave the necessary orders; and in the meantime prayed the Prince and his party to break bread and drink wine in his house—an offer which they gladly accepted.

When Kerl re-appeared, somewhat less shaggy and ragged than he had been before, Max was only more sensible of the ravages imprisonment had made in him. His face was completely blanched; he could scarcely draw one limb after the other, and when he first came out into the full light, he shrank back and pulled his cap down over his eyes, nor did he seem in the least to regain his ease till the dusk fell upon them in their homeward journey.

(To be continued.)

IN TIME OF WAR.

CHAPTER IX.

'Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.'

Shakespeare.

The body of Sir Charles Cavendish was brought to Newark, two or three days after Gainsborough Fight. His wish to be buried in Newark Church was well known; so a part of the wide chancel was hung with black, tapers were lighted, the body was laid before the Altar, and during the next three days the people of Newark, grieving sorely for his loss, went to take a last look at their favourite, marvelling at the strange awful expression death had brought to the handsome face, that in life had never been without a smile for them, nor failed to bring them confidence and hope, as the courtly Cavendish rode through their streets with his brave following. It was but a poor remnant of these last who

brought back their dead leader, after that bloody fight; many were dead, many were drowned, and many lay wounded at Gainsborough, where Lord Newcastle, arriving with his Yorkshire army just too late to succour his kinsman, now occupied the town.

Mrs. Markham would have been glad if her husband's body could also have been brought to Newark, to lie in state with his commander; but he was to be buried at Ollerton, and in the disturbed state of the country it was judged best to go there direct, and use as little ceremony as possible. George Markham was known to be at Gainsborough, in Lord Newcastle's army, and Godfrey obtained permission to go there to meet him and help in the arrangements for the funeral. The real, though private, reason of his journey was to bear an emphatic testimony to George Markham that his brother had died in the communion of the Church of England, and to protest, on his widow's behalf, against any Popish ceremony that George or his friends might desire to have celebrated in spite of the danger and scandal incurred if the Popish priests were known to perform any function of religion.

Captain Godfrey was directed to a certain house in Gainsborough, where he found two Ollerton men on guard at the door; they looked both crest-fallen and suspicious, but allowed Godfrey to pass when they recognized him. Up-stairs lay the body, already in its coffin, of his beloved cousin; and on the floor beside it, was spread the bed of a wounded officer, who feebly raised his head to see who came in. This was Richard Bertie, grievously wounded with a musket-ball in one leg, ribs crushed by a horse under which he had fallen, and sword-cuts all over him. A flush of colour and gleam of light coming into the pale face and heavy eyes when he saw his friend.

'Ah, Dick! I am glad to see the life still in thee, but I fear those rebel knaves have come near to letting it out; art thou in very evil case?'

'Not so very evil, since I have held out till you are come. My wounds will heal, they say,' gasped Bertie, signing to Godfrey to come nearer. 'Do you come from Mrs. Markham?' Godfrey nodded. 'With full authority?' asked Bertie anxiously.

'Yes; she sends me to arrange for the burial at Ollerton, and to forbid Popish ceremonies.'

Bertie leaned back with a sigh of relief, and presently went on: 'They put me in yonder chamber; but I got word through the surgeons that George Markham and his friend Mr. Nevile wanted to take *him* to Nevile's house at Holt, for burial in the Popish chapel there, on pretence that he died in their faith. Cavendish being dead, I feared they would not listen to my protest; so I caused Norral and Marwood to bring me here, and keep the doors, only permitting George Markham to come in; thus they could hold no ceremony, without more strife than they cared for.' He stopped, in pain and growing fever; and Godfrey altered his position and bathed his head, with hands practised in many camps, and a sense of his needs gained from many a wound of his own.

'Thou hast done well, lad—very well; and fought bravely too, I doubt not; our little Kate shall thank thee.'

'Kate, Mistress Kate! I should have died with him. How shall I see Kate without him? she will ask me where he is,' murmured poor Bertie, yielding, now that his charge was over, to the fever and exhaustion he had been fighting with for two days past.'

After doing all that was possible for Bertie's comfort, Godfrey sought George Markham, who was not far off. His grief for his brother was deep and true, and he made no further demur when he found that Godfrey was quite determined that the Romish burial service should not be performed; though it was plain that he bore Bertie no great good will for interfering with his designs. George and Godfrey together took a last look, ere the coffin was closed, at Thomas Markham's well-loved face. His one wound, the first and last he had borne for his King, had not altered the expression of his face; the storm which had ended his simple dutiful life had left no further trace than a slight sadness, and the clear steadfast look that expressed his whole character was there still.

'Would that I had died for thee, my son, my son!' said Godfrey in bitter regret, the tears running down his rugged cheeks.

'He rests in Paradise, with the holy Saints,' answered George, bowing his head reverently.

'In Paradise, in Paradise!' repeated Bertie feverishly, from his couch in the corner. And then the coffin was closed; the good man's worldly task was done, and his eyes closed until they should open on his heavenly home.

Meantime Mrs. Markham was quite prostrated with her grief, worn out with lamentations and torrents of tears, so that she was really ill. Katharine nursed and soothed her with the most loving care, unconsciously postponing her own grief to her sister's, but with the heavy weight still on her heart, and no tears to lighten it. She thought herself dull and insensible, half envied Ursula the free expression of her sorrow, and never took account of her secret anxiety about Bertie, which made her say to herself, 'All my trouble has not come yet; soon I shall know certainly that he is gone, and then I too shall weep like Ursula.'

Kind Sir Richard Byron readily lent a sufficient escort to go with Colonel Markham's family from Newark to Ollerton, and thus the desolate women travelled the long slow miles to the empty house that for them would never be full again, guarding and cherishing their one treasure, Thomas Markham the younger. They were in great fear lest George Markham should take the boy from them, to bring him up in the Romish faith. Katharine revolved all possible plans and remedies against such a violation of his father's wishes; while Ursula secretly resolved to change her own faith rather than part with her boy, should matters come to so desperate a pass.

The next morning Ursula would not rise. 'I am not sick,' she said to Kate; 'but there is nothing to rise for, and I dare not yet go down-stairs.' So Katharine went alone to face the terrible void. They had often missed the master before, but hope was with them then; now the darkened rooms chilled her as if it had been winter, she would not go into the large parlour, but had her breakfast brought into Ursula's sitting-room, by the awe-struck weeping servants, to whom their arrival had first brought the ill news. Presently there was a sound of steps and voices in the hall; and Katharine was waiting for them to cease before she went back to Ursula, when a message came that one waited to speak with her in the large parlour. Thinking it was the officer in command of the escort, who wished to take leave of them, she went, and found, not Mr. Leake, but Godfrey Markham standing by the table, and sitting in Thomas Markham's own chair, was one who seemed to her first glance to be Thomas Markham's very self; the dark head, the figure, the attitude, the voice, as he finished what he was saying to Godfrey, were all those of the brother she was mourning for. She made a quick step forward, with a little sound of surprise; but when George Markham, rising, turned to her, and she knew him, the shock was too great. She turned away from his hand with a bitter cry of 'O Brother, Brother!' and dropping into the great settee, hiding her face on one of its arms, she fell into a violent fit of weeping, that she could neither stay nor control.

George would have spoken kindly to her, but finding that she only shrank from his touch and voice, moaning piteously for the brother who was gone, he turned away with an impatient word, and bidding Godfrey call the women and leave her to them, strode out of the room. Godfrey did call Dorothy, but he did not leave his cousin; he waited till she grew calmer, seconding Dorothy with her soothing and remedies, till Katharine, all shaken and tearful still, but quiet and obedient, sat up again. Then sending Dorothy away, he talked to her, telling her how they had just arrived from Gainsborough, having slept on the way, and ridden far in the early morning. He bade her conciliate George, for her own sake and for the boy's, and shewed her that until Thomas Markham's wishes were known as to his property and the guardianship of his son, George must act as master. A warm heart and gentle breeding made the rough old soldier as tender as a father over his sorrowful young kinswoman; and though the tears that had been so rudely started were not easily stopped, Katharine took comfort in his kindness and sympathy, and listened to what he had to say to her. Presently he told her about Richard Bertie; of his severe wounds, of the hope of his recovery, and how he had guarded her brother's body at the risk of his own life. Her tears fell fast again, but it was for joy and thankfulness; and when Godfrey left her, he was well satisfied with his skill as a comforter.

Before long Mr. Norwell came, himself in great sorrow, but ready

to help the bereaved ones to find the only Solace. After talking with him Ursula grew calmer and more reasonable, and Katharine found the strange dull burden gone from her heart; her tears seemed as if they would never cease, but she was able to pray for courage and patience, finding both as she asked for them, and even, with submissive sorrow, to thank God for this His servant, departed in His faith and fear.

Colonel Markham's body was brought to the Hall in the evening, and next day was buried in the Church, very quietly, and with no ceremony that could be omitted. Retired as Ollerton was, the signs of the times were not wanting there. Mr. Norwell had met with much interruption and some risk in performing the Church services; and these had been discontinued in many places in the district, and the clergy either driven out or compelled to live privately and on sufferance. But though Thomas Markham lay dead, his influence was still fresh. He had been personally much beloved, and now not the boldest among the disaffected dare throw a stone or raise a derisive shout, though the Burial Service was openly read, and Mr. Norwell, Mr. Ash, and others of the clergy, wore their cassocks and surplices. The little town was feeling the effects of the great struggle; not only was the good and trusted master and landlord slain, but with him had fallen above thirty of his tenants and fellow townsmen, and Mrs. Markham and Mistress Katharine found their sorrow shared in nearly every house, and compassion and fellow feeling on every side.

George Markham found less favour in the town; even from his brother's friends he met little but cold words or averted looks; while cries of 'Papist!' 'Renegade!' 'Malignant!' sometimes followed him as he passed through the street. This did not improve his humour; he was haughty and imperious abroad, and anything but a comfort at home, for he shewed plainly that he considered the boy, his brother's heir, as a very inconvenient and unnecessary addition to the family; neither could he forgive Katharine for her first unflattering reception of him. At this time he was a little under thirty, but his handsome features were already worn and fixed; a wild and wandering life and a dark temper had made him look older than his brother, many years his senior, to whom he still bore sufficient likeness to make his face a constant pain to Katharine—the same, and yet to her so terrible a difference.

Colonel Markham's will appointed Sir John Savile his son's guardian, with a strict injunction that the boy was to be brought up in the faith of the Church of England. These provisions deeply offended George Markham, though the furniture of a bed-chamber and fifty pounds in money were left to him, to witness to the testator's affection and good will. A like sum of money and Sir Griffin's gold cup were left to Katharine, whose portion was already secured to her by her father's will. Only two years of her minority remained, but for these her brother had been careful to name Sir John Savile her guardian.

Due provision was also made for Ursula; but it was plain that Colonel Markham did not intend his brother to have any hand in the guidance of his affairs. The will had been made at Nottingham, in September of the preceding year, when Thomas Markham joined the King's army; and was very simple and concise. When George saw that there was no flaw to be found in it, and his first displeasure had cooled, he greatly amended his behaviour to his brother's family. He affected to treat Katharine as a wilful child; but to Mrs. Markham he became carefully courteous, referred to her in everything, asked her to receive him at Ollerton when he should be able to leave the army, and insinuated that Sir John Savile's guardianship was a mere form, she being the person really responsible. Ursula liked the deference and attention that Mr. Markham knew so well how to pay; she liked his good looks and grave high bearing, and was less distressed than Katharine by his outbreaks of passion. In a few weeks he had made great way with her; someone she must have to lean upon, Katharine was partly superseded, and she allowed him a good deal of authority, both indoors and out.

Katharine was not satisfied; she wished to love and believe in George, but she had caught Thomas's unspoken distrust of him, and she was hurt and distressed at Ursula's cheerfulness and unreserve in the society of one so much a stranger to them; while away from him, her bursts of grief were as passionate and uncontrolled as in the first days of their loss. Godfrey Markham had returned to the Newark garrison, Sir John Savile was with the King, there were few women among their friends, and Katharine had no refuge from her uneasiness but in weary longing for the one dear brother, who had ever been as both father and friend to her. Sometimes, often now, she thought of her sisters the Benedictines, in their convents far away—Margaret and Elizabeth at Ghent, Frances at Liege. Doubtless they were good and holy women, but Thomas was hardly further removed from her than they were now; they had long passed out of her daily life; she was but a child when the last of them left England, and before that less of their time was spent at Ollerton than at Holt, the house of their mother's old friends the Neviles. Still she longed for them; if one had stayed, how different it would have been with her now! perhaps Margaret, who was so much older than herself, and might have filled her mother's place as Thomas had done her father's—Margaret, who was so good, clever, and devoted, and was Thomas's favourite, whose separation from home had grieved him so deeply! Would his death grieve Margaret too, when she came to hear of it? Surely the Sisters prayed for them all, though the Papists did think them wicked heretics! She ventured to ask George about them; and he, well pleased to tell, drew her so vivid a picture of their happy life, so guarded and full of peace, of their constant love for her their stranger sister, and their desire to see and know her, that she longed

for them afresh in her loneliness and grief. She often led George to speak of them, and they had become better friends over the common interest, when one day he startled her by proposing to take her to Ghent, and leave her at the Benedictine convent for a time under Dame Margaret's care. But gently and carefully as he proposed his plan, Katharine took fright at once.

'Nay, George, if once I went I should never come back; the nuns would wish me to change my faith, and might treat me grievously an I would not.'

'Nay, not so fast; do you think I would let you be ill-treated? fie then, Kate! This is but for your greater safety and comfort; the Abbess would receive you for our mother's sake, and give you a refuge until these troubles be overpast. Many young women of quality are there, who lead a happy life in great security, and you should abide with them; as to your faith, if such profession as yours may be called a faith, it will be time enough to play the martyr when you are asked to change it.'

'I should dearly like to see our sisters, George; but I cannot go, I cannot leave Ursula and the boy.'

'If you would hear reason, and go, Kate,' he answered, rather less harshly, 'methinks it would not be hard to persuade our good sister-in-law to go likewise. Where else could you all find so fitting a refuge!'

'We are safe enough here, my brother always said so; or if need were, we could go back to Newark; there can be no need to go to Ghent. Thomas would never have chosen that we should, indeed we cannot.'

'Truly, fair Sister, you can, and perchance must; if Thomas allowed you to rebel and choose your own path, so will not I,' said George, with a heavy frown on his black brows. But he had met a spirit like his own; for though Katharine was full of terror and uncertain what his power over her might be, she stoutly withstood him, and did not give in though he upbraided her for a spoilt and wayward hussy. The truth was, he could not further his plan for bringing up his nephew in the Romish faith, and thus obtaining authority over him, without Katharine's help; and when he found that she was neither to be frightened nor cajoled, he was greatly displeased; so that it was a great relief when my Lord Newcastle, ceasing to threaten Nottingham, turned northward again, to meet Lord Fairfax's army near Hull; and Mr. George Markham had to leave Ollerton and follow his General.

When he was gone, Ursula fell into her old dependence on Katharine; and the days passed outwardly much as they used to do the year before, when Colonel Markham was away. Ursula, recovered a little from the shock of her bereavement, found her old occupation in the affairs of the household. Katharine helped her for duty's sake;

but while Ursula carried on her work for true love of it, Katharine's interest in it was gone. Who was to praise their wines or confections now? For whose coming was it worth while to save the daintiest stores? Thomas loved the codling apples; what was that tree better than the others now? Thus the making of pickles and conserves was weary work; and her old employment of collecting news of the war had become a very sad one, for the King's affairs did not greatly prosper, and tidings did not come so readily as when Colonel Markham lost no occasion of communicating with them. It was very lonely and desolate; Mrs. Markham grew fretful and ill to please, while Katharine became dull and grave, and grew pale from the fits of weeping into which she would fall when alone.

One brighter spot was a message from Captain Bertie, to say that he had them always in his mind; but though nearly healed of his wounds, he could not leave the garrison at Newark even for a day. This was in September; and during the same month an attempt was made from Newark to take Nottingham Castle, which was held for the Parliament, under Colonel Hutchinson, but this was unsuccessful; Cavendish and Markham were sorely missed, and already some were found ready to envy them their finished task and peaceful rest.

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH LINKS OF FOREIGN FORGING;

OR,

'THE LADY WITH THE LONG NOSE.'

(A TALE OF CONTINENTAL TRAVEL.)

BY A. F. FRERE,

AUTHOR OF 'WONDER-CASTLE;' 'THE THREE SONS-IN-LAW,' ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

An unmistakeably clear dawn incited the three sketching ladies and their more active friends to start for the early expedition they had planned to Carabbia. Mrs. Fulham had insisted on a small carriage accompanying them, to give the tired walkers a 'lift' by turns; but so steep did the latter part of the road prove, that the result was, everybody had to aid by scotching, pushing, or tugging, in forcing the wretched horse and vehicle up perpendicular looking zig-zags, with long intervals to recover breath, till it ended in their leaving the equipage and its weary driver behind, while all found their own feet the best dependence. At length the height was gained whence were descried over a rich foreground of wooded slopes the snowy mass of Monte Rosa, with its sister peaks far

away, tiny, yet brilliant, like a silver neck-lace laid along the horizon. The descent had less toil and more pleasure, and a little pic-nic breakfast supplied by the basket of rolls and light wine—for coffee had been secured so early in the morning that it seemed quite legitimate time for luncheon—was improved by a purchase of splendid grapes from the tempting *pergola*, and became only too attractive a public spectacle for sundry brown-faced urchins, scions of the vineyard's occupant. However, it was no good being bashful when one *was* a gem of rare and remarkable lustre, as Hugh observed, squatting so delectably on the ground, with his back against the bench on which Mrs. Langton sat, that he felt any move would destroy an Elysium of precarious bliss. In time, the sketch-books were asked for, and the unartistic took a stroll, but he was 'lazy,' the sun hot, and a few scratches on a blank page of his own little pocket companion served as an excuse for watching the lively progress of his neighbour's brush—so engrossing to herself that she was scarcely aware of his remaining so long beside her. Increasing heat on a sunlit slope made it desirable to reach home before noon; and from their return till the hour of the early *table d'hôte* most of the party were glad to encamp, with a sleepy pretence at reading, in a vast hall which had been the refectory of the convent—a cool, dark, peaceful resort, irregularly furnished with a few chairs and settees, where coming in from the glow without, it took time to adjust your eyes to the gloom and discern the friend you came to seek. Here it was that Hugh put in his head half an hour before dinner-time, with a cautious intimation, 'to all there whom it might concern,' (since the darkness might include strangers as well as friends,) that Mr. Wilton had brought down his whole array of books, maps, and views, to the *salon de lecture*, and was prepared to deliver a familiar exposition of the Pennine Alps, at which they had been gazing that morning. So down they all went, and were soon so deep in Mr. Ball's descriptions and the adjustment of topography with perspective, that when summoned to the long *salle-à-manger* the topic was pursued, branching off into sundry channels of Alpine sights and deeds.

The shifting hotel company at this time, besides our friends, consisted of a young Genevese couple, and a large tribe of Americans, some of them of the noisiest tpye, much given to clamorous laughter in the corridors, and stirring the echoes at late hours of the night with a kind of war-whoop at each others' doors, suggestive of a Red Indian ancestor. Happily, however, only the quieter members dined early, as well as M. Fabre and his wife, good specimens of Swiss gentry, and with more French liveliness than commonly appears even in that bordering canton. The talk, at their end of the table, was carried on in French, and M. Fabre's little keen dark eyes sparkled as he listened to the description Mr. Wilton was giving of some remarkable recent feat in mountain climbing—of course by an Englishman.

'*Il n'y a que vous Anglais pour ces terribles divertissemens-là*,' was his exclamation at the end of the narrative. '*Dites seulement devant un de*

MM. vos compatriotes. "Il est impossible de s'asseoir sur la pointe de ce couteau;"' (planting his own perpendicularly on his plate,) '*l'Anglais s'écriera immédiatement "Je le ferai!"*'

A burst of laughter followed this sally, and was hardly quenched when M. Fabre, in further illustration of the foolhardiness of our countrymen, went on to declare in a statistical tone, that '*Il se noye tous les ans dans le lac de Genève un Anglais el demi.*' Sad as the fact might be, the way of putting it was for the moment irresistibly droll; and the allusion to watery calamities would have glanced off harmlessly, but for an American opposite, who found occasion in it for a small tribute to transatlantic superiority. His French was only equal to *mis*understanding M. Fabre's drift, so that the observation fell somewhat wide of the mark.

'Ai take it, Sir, the reason why that kaind of accid*ents* happen so frequent with you in Urup, is 'cause you don't train up your children to shift for themselves early, laike we do. Why, Sir, you'd never see a little chap of three or four, that was raised near a lake or a river, go and tumble in when no one was by. They're used to it, you see; whatever comes nat'ral—boating, or riding, or driving—fix everything for themselves as soon as they've got arms and legs big enough. It saves us a deal of worry, and sensation headings, "shocking catastrophe," "afflicted parents," and so forth.'

Mr. Wilton, to whom this was addressed, could not help thinking that the real aim of the Genevese shaft would have hit pretty smartly certain Yankee propensities, such as steamer-racing, &c.; but politeness prevented his enlightening his neighbour on the point. Meantime, Hugh's eyes met Janet's with an anxious thought of Mrs. Langton, who sat, though not close by, yet within hearing. She, however, never shewed emotion among strangers, so they both felt reassured, but still desirous of turning the conversation; and to Hugh's admiring surprise, the usually shy and silent girl promptly plunged into inquiries about features of the 'States' life, which occupied the American safely and agreeably till the other gentlemen took up the ball again, when she relapsed into her usual habit of listening. Hugh had himself been engrossed by M. Fabre, while Ida was having a brisk talk with his wife, who sat next her—an intelligent little Neuchâtel lady, whose critical comments on certain cantonal peculiarities greatly amused a foreigner, accustomed to think of the Swiss as one nation. '*Les Bernois*,' she declared, '*ont toujours quelquechose de l'ours dans leur physiognomie;*' and then came the diverting confession of a strong early prejudice against the Genevese, as a race altogether avaricious and cold-hearted! '*Mais Gustave n'est ni l'un ni l'autre*,' she emphatically ended—a protest quite unnecessary for any who saw the bright face of fun and fondness which the husband turned round on hearing himself mentioned. It was he who now gave a few illustrations of the actual laws by which cantonal distinctions are kept up at this day; as for instance, that a lawyer having gone through all necessary forms for

practising '*le droit*' in one canton, could not transfer his services to another without a fresh series of formalities. Then the Central Government—that unsatisfactory abstraction which the Nevilles had heard noticed in their Anglican Liturgy as 'those who bear rule in this land'—*bah!* they had not much to do, except with foreign policy; each canton managed its own affairs. At least, Ida supposed, the President of all Switzerland was a great man, and held a sort of court at Bern? He could not be *less*, she thought, in the way of state, than an English Colonial Governor.

'*Pardonnez-moi, Mademoiselle,*' said M. Fabre. '*Il n'est point payé pour amuser le monde. Je crois, qu'il est obligé de dîner une fois l'année tout le corps diplomatique, et qu'on s'arrange pour les tous faire bâiller bien de concert, et pour en finir au plus vite.*'

Bernese diplomatic dinners were probably far less lively than the Lugano *table d'hôte*, rigidly precise as was its management, the waiters standing statue-like around, with dish on arm for the coming course, till quickened into life by the *sommeiller's* bell, which was also the signal for talk to be suspended. M. Fabre, who sat at one end of the table, generally enjoyed the opportunity of enfilading with his bright eyes the long double row of guests, where Milmankind on one side stretched into space, and the Fulham party diminished on the other, to the head place occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Colvin. Hugh, though in a less commanding position, equally improved these quieter moments by glancing at Mrs. Langton, who sat so much beyond his reach, that dinner-time was, as Ida thought, the only period of the day when he was the natural Hugh Neville, ready to be interested in whatever was going on about him!

The next day was her birth-day, and it opened upon her in a peculiarly trying manner. For years past, wherever the two had been together, Hugh had invariably come to her door with the earliest instalment of his greeting; and in spite of the publicity of an hotel, Ida could not help expecting his tap, and words intelligible to herself only, as she lay looking out at the blue lake, and feeling more and more how uninteresting was its pictorial beauty at the present moment. Time crept on—no! he certainly was *not* coming, and roused to dress in haste and run across to the chapel, she found herself too late; the short service was so far over that she did not like to disturb it by her entrance, and the vexation of missing prayers on this particular morning, and when she felt especially to need their support, put a sort of finishing stroke to her disappointment. She could not bear to wait in the door-way, and to meet Hugh coming out with everybody else; so she crept round to the terrace on the further side, and was sitting there, shedding a few tears, when Mr. Colvin, who had lingered behind to take off his surplice, came towards her with a friendly greeting. There was a paternal kindliness about him, which made her, in the consciousness that he must perceive her distress, and the impossibility of wholly explaining it, say something rather incoherent of 'my birth-day,' and 'too late,' and 'so sorry;' and Mr, Colvin, thinking

her very young and impressionable, suggested as a consolation, that he and she and his wife should go back into the chapel and have a little private birth-day service before joining the rest. Ida was pleased and soothed by the kind act, and the elevating Psalms and Collects in which they joined; but all was not *right* for her—Hugh should have been there too; and it was still a great effort to walk into the breakfast-room with her friends and see him standing by Mrs. Langton while the coffee and eggs were being set out, and the rest were taking their places. Then came birth-day salutations from her more intimate friends, but she felt rather glad that he was out of hearing; to get them second-hand from his lips on a casual reminder, would have been far worse than what she did receive in due course—an every-day 'Good-morrow, little one,' as he dodged to kiss her behind a stout German waiter, and sat down to a rapid demolition of *petits pains* and coffee. Very few words more did she get from him, for he was soon off again to the end of the table where Mrs. Langton sat beyond the Fulham party; and poor Ida, after making talk with Mabel and her intended for a few slow minutes, and feeling something in her throat that was not bread-and-butter, was fain to escape into the garden, and seek the silent company of her friend the owl.

He was but a dreary confidante on this occasion, but she felt just then that his secluded grove was the safest place for her, and was still pacing the adjacent walk, when a gentle hand was put into hers, and Janet Milman said in a voice that was sympathizing yet not the least inquisitive, 'Do you mind my coming? Miss West just told me it was your birth-day, and I wanted to give you my good wishes; but you looked as if you would rather be alone.'

'Oh no; please stay,' said Ida, whose mood was just open to a new suggestion; and they walked up and down, talking of every-day matters mixed with allusions to the Milmans' home and brothers in England, till Janet said, 'It is ten o'clock; I must go to our Italian class. Are you coming in?'

'I don't know,' replied Ida drearily, and still feeling that everything was very strange about her. As they crossed the lawn, Januaria quietly said, answering her companion's eyes and thought, 'Your brother is gone into the town, I think. He went off post haste from breakfast—you had left the room, you know—saying that "something had not been sent," and seemed in a great hurry to go after it. Perhaps you were not *meant* to know; and I am indiscreet,' she added, smiling apologetically, though guided by a perception that the idea thus suggested would relieve her friend's spirits, and so it did. Ida felt sure that Hugh *had* been thinking of her, and not only of—oh, how could she have thought so unkindly, and of such a delightful person as— But there she was! amidst these hurried drifts of thought, fancy, and self-reproach, she saw Mrs. Langton emerge from the shelter of some trees, and come towards her, holding something in her hand.

'Will you let me offer you a little sketch as a remembrance?' said

she; and Ida, recognizing the view taken from the *pergola* at Carabbia, was warmly grateful; the thought was so kind, the drawing so lovely—and she ended, 'It is the first birth-day present I have received to-day.'

'It will not be the last, however,' said Mrs. Langton, smiling. 'I believe several of your friends are anxiously looking for you; and I saw my two young Anglo-Saxons eagerly on the watch, with an air of profound mystery, and asking in stage whispers where "Cousin Ida" could possibly have hid herself.'

At this moment they were on her track like a pair of panting hounds, and out came their offerings—a pin-cushion of laborious fabric, and a painted card-board marker, the only thing, as Eva contemptuously said, that boys could learn to make for birth-day presents. A pretty gift from Mabel followed; and finally the good Colonel appeared, with a magnificent bouquet for which he had toiled up the sunny terraces of the Villa Enderlin. Janet had disappeared, and Ida presently moved also towards the house to put away her treasures, Mrs. Langton, however, saying playfully, 'Had not you better wait and see what more may be coming? Or will you tell me where you will be found? Mr. Neville begged me not to let you slip before he came back.'

Kind as her manner was, Ida still could not help finding her company and superior information a little trying to-day. There was so much, more than she could at all analyze, involved in all their intercourse now, especially since the time was so rapidly drawing on which must bring her own separation from Hugh, and the certainty—some way or other she hoped or feared—without which it would be *impossible* to let him go! So, in spite of a disappointed and perplexed look in Mrs. Langton's expressive eyes, she pleaded a somewhat fictitious 'necessity' for going indoors to write letters. Hugh was to seek her in the refectory, usually a quiet resort of a morning, but where to-day on carrying her writing materials thither (rather to *verify* her late excuse than for much disposition towards letters) she found all 'Milwomankind' established over their Italian reading. They were turned out of their own rooms by an extra 'cleaning,' and so civilly regretted their absorption of a public place to private ends, that Ida was compelled to exert herself in return, to profess an interest in what was being read—(of course it was that classic work, the *Promessi Sposi*, unhappily hammered on by all beginners long before they can appreciate its real beauties)—and presently to give her aid in interpreting parts of the *patois* dialogue to which some local experience had given her the clue. It helped to pass the time, but how long Hugh seemed coming! At length—it was not really more than an hour since he went—his step and voice were heard at the door of an ante-room that opened on to the garden slopes, and Ida, with a word of excuse quite understood by Janet, sprang off to meet him. They *must* be alone now! And the hug that ensued—the real birth-day hug—made her feel quite happy, even though roughened by contact with the hard angles of a parcel which Hugh had under his arm.

'Conceive my being such a stoopid,' said he, 'as not to recollect the day, till that monkey, Eva, asked Granny at breakfast whether Cousin Ida could choose her dinner in an hotel, because if not, *she* didn't want to have a birth-day abroad! Of course I made a rush back to your corner, with open arms in spite of *kellners*, but luckily for propriety if not for me, Mademoiselle had mizzled, and I was half thinking of scouring the grounds with a war-whoop like our neighbours', but it seemed a saner proceeding to go and look up this article, which ought to have been here yesterday.'

The paper wrappings had meanwhile been removed, and revealed a beautiful photograph of the *Sposalizio* of Raphael, in a delicately carved walnut frame. Ida was delighted; the picture was one she had greatly admired in former visits to Milan, and she and Hugh sat down to look at it on a garden-seat just outside.

'How hot you are!' she presently exclaimed, turning her eyes to his face. 'You must have had a long tramp.'

'Pretty well,' said he, still panting a little. 'The frame hadn't been brought home from the work-shop, and so they proposed sending their *giovine* after it.'

'And you waited?'

'No, I went after the giovine—or rather with him. I knew his Italian legs would stop otherwise, to let his Italian tongue gossip all the way.'

'Poor Hugh! You *are* a victim to fraternal devotion!' said Ida tenderly, thinking how she had misinterpreted his absence.

'Oh, it was rather fun; much better than kicking one's heels in the shop. We talked Luganese politics, Mazzini, possible union with Italy, and so forth. The *giovine* is a smart lad, and he quite sympathized with my eagerness about the picture when I told him it was for the signorina's *festa*, and blew up the dilatory carver tremendously in unapproachable *patois*. I could just make out that the offence was based entirely on personal grounds; mere unpunctuality went for nothing, but to disappoint the Milordo Inglese of a present for his sister was heinous.'

Thus they chatted on, till Hugh, looking round, said, 'And now what are you going to do, little one? I'm at your service.'

'Oh, let us go up to our old place under the chestnuts—we never sit there now,' pleaded Ida, in a tone not *meant* to be reproachful, but which did remind her brother how little of their usual cosy privacy he had indulged her with since coming to Lugano. He acquiesced, though with an effort, for this old resort was completely out of the way of 'everybody,' as he generically expressed it to himself, which was just the reason Ida so triumphed in getting him up there! But she must go first and put away her picture, and she lingered a minute or two more over it, exclaiming, 'How beautiful! I do think that pure sweet face of the Virgin's is really more exquisite than any Raphael painted later.'

'Mrs. Langton said so,' said Hugh, looking pleased, 'when she helped me to choose it. She is a great admirer of some of the old masters whom *we* know very little of—whom you only see in some of the out-of-

the-way towns in Italy; there is so much holiness, she says, in their conceptions; and even Raphael lost *that* as he learnt to paint perfectly. *I* have no chance of being anything but ignorant; but you will have opportunities, Ida, and mind you make the most of them; and you will see her sometimes,' he added, with a sort of sigh. 'She will be part of the winter in Rome.'

'Oh, really? I am very glad,' replied Ida, yet not quite with the *élan* he expected. 'I'm *so* glad!' would have been more expressive. She ran off, not sorry for a break at this point of their conversation, but was back so quickly that Hugh's thoughts had scarcely travelled further.

'Did Janet Milman ever tell you,' said he, as they walked up the path, 'of the likeness she thought she had to some of the Madonnas at Siena?'

'Likeness? What, Janet?' was the puzzled reply; to which Hugh hastily rejoined, 'No, no; Mrs. Langton, of course. Why, we were talking of her.'

'Before I went up-stairs,' *thought* Ida, but she felt matters were too serious for quizzing. So she said, wonderingly, 'Oh no; but I could believe it.'

'I should think so,' replied her brother rather pettishly; but presently added in an affectionate tone, 'I am sure, wherever you may meet, she will be a true friend to you, little one, when I am away in the land of fogs.'

'Dear Hugh! It is horrible that you must go so soon,' answered Ida, seizing on the easiest point of his speech.

He *looked* the sentiment thoroughly; but making an effort to brighten, as they reached the top of the slope, said, 'Well, it's no good moping! and not on a birth-day especially. What have you got there to read, little one? Giusti?'

'Yes, I thought we should both like that. What was the satire you said the other day was so clever?'

'I'm not in the mind for satires. Let's have something amiable;' and turning over the volume, he found the beautiful stanzas addressed to Gino Capponi by his friend, weary and self-reproving for the cynical bent of his pen, and pouring forth pathetic and melodious confessions of his own sad share in the vices he lashed. Ida felt the solemn beauty of the aspirations with which the poem closes, but was still more struck by their effect upon her brother, usually averse to poetry of a highly reflective and ideal cast. She had seen him relish immensely Giusti's witty yet profound satires on political and social abuses; but some new valve must have been opened in his mind to make him linger and muse over such lines as the following:—

'E anch' io quell' ardua immagine dell' arte
Che al genio è donna, e figlia è di natura,
E in parte ha forma della madre, in parte
Di più alto Esemplar rende figura;
Come l'amante che non si diparte
Da quella che d'amor più l'assicura,
Vagheggio, inteso a migliorar me stesso.'

It must be, directly or indirectly, Mrs. Langton's influence; and was not the *figure* more to him than the thing figured? the human reverential love, than the worship of true art? and the timid hope of that final line which Ida heard him murmuring, some time after,

'La trepida speranza ancor mi dura'—

how far did it apply to his own thoughts and anticipations? Never had she felt the crust so thin that concealed from her Hugh's secret mind. She longed to break it, yet hesitated. They sat silently looking down into the lake from their golden bower among yellowing chestnut leaves and garlanded vines of every brilliant hue; the old tower of the convent church rose up towards them, straight, tall, and ruddy; on the opposite bank Monte Bré lifted its crimson-tinted head, with the 'Organ-pipes' on the far left, and round the margin of the calm water the rich groves of the Villa Ciani twined a double wreath of reality and reflection. It was very delicious, and outwardly very like 'old times'—(which at Ida's age meant a year or two ago)—with Hugh's arm round her neck fondling her chin—his most coaxing action; but he was absent, bending his head down to catch some musical sounds which the clear October air wafted up to them from below. Mrs. Langton was playing, as she often did, on the harmonium in the chapel, and an attentive ear could follow the melodies of 'O rest in the Lord,' and 'If with all your hearts ye truly seek Me,' given with that deep expression which she always threw into the music she played. Both the listeners were charmed, the strains were so appropriate to the calm beauty of the scene; but Hugh seemed quite drawn down by them, reminding Ida of that fisherman sung by Goethe, who plunged into the stream after the mermaid's voice. It was not till the harmonium became silent that he shook himself out of his reverie, a little ashamed perhaps of so unusual and sentimental a mood, and presently said to Ida, 'Well! what are we going to do? Isn't it time for dinner, or something of that sort?'

'Not yet,' said she, laughing, yet uneasily conscious that the time had seemed long to him. 'The morning is only half over, but you have done so much, no wonder you should think it later than it is. But don't stay here; I dare say we both have something we ought to be doing, instead of lounging in this fairy bower.'

'I was thinking where you would like to go this afternoon,' said Hugh. 'We must have a birth-day expedition, little one; what shall it be?' And as she suggested the Villa Ciani, he rejoined, well pleased, 'Ah, that will fit capitally. I know some others of the party would like to go there. It is just the thing!'

Poor Ida! The dullest walk with Hugh alone would have been *her* greatest treat, but she acquiesced as brightly as she could; and as he began to move, and talk of making the necessary arrangements, she crept along by his side, thinking sadly how soon he would be gone altogether; and then with affectionate remorse, that she had not been

half grateful enough for all his loving care, to-day and always. She could only express the general feeling in one particular point.

'I do think it so very good of you to have got me that lovely photograph! You know, Hugh, I should never have expected a present after that magnificent black silk, which I thought was to be for birth-day and all!'

'Birth-day?' said he, making a face. 'No, no, little one; nothing so dark and lugubrious to celebrate your coming of age! It will be very suitable for the *Santo Padre*, when you go to some of the ceremonies at Rome; but I don't like to connect you and black garments.'

'I think I have got rid of that idea,' said Ida; 'foreign ladies wear it so habitually; but in England it is only widows who do that.'

'And *they* need not always.'

'No, but a great many do,' rejoined Ida, not thinking especially of Mrs. Langton, whose present mourning was for her father; but Hugh exclaimed combatively, 'They need not pledge themselves to *be* always widows!'

His tone was so peculiar, that it gave a sudden irresistible impulse to the desire long hovering on Ida's lips. 'Hugh, Hugh, tell me, *are* you building your hopes upon one widow's ceasing to be a widow?'

He coloured violently. The question seemed to shake him all through. He stopped short, leant his shoulder against the bank, pushed his hair back, lifted his hat as if to get air, and at length exclaimed, 'What makes you ask such a thing, Ida? I am not sure that I am prepared to answer.' She, meanwhile, stood by him mute and trembling, feeling that she had done a tremendous deed, and quite unable to calculate the result. Explanations, or even confidences, had never come in her way, and seemed to her like things in books, so alien from the life she knew, that how they could combine with its reality was far beyond her ken.

'Dear Hugh, forgive me,' she pleaded. 'I hope it isn't wrong; but I have felt so very anxious for a long time; and if I could know something before you go away—'

'There won't be anything to know, in all probability,' said he, still dryly.

'Then you don't mean to—to ask her?'

'I can't tell. Not in a hurry, at any rate.'

'But'—very shyly—'you do think of her. I mean in that way,' she was going to add, but Hugh burst out vehemently, 'Think of her! How should I not? The noblest, the most perfect woman whom it ever was a man's lot to meet! Surely, Ida, *you* can see that.'

'Yes,' replied poor Ida, gathering up courage for the thing she felt *must* be said, 'I do admire her very very much, but I think—I feel almost sure she would never marry again.'

'What business have you to say that?' cried Hugh, almost fiercely; but she stood her ground.

'Only recollect, dear Hugh, all the story she told us, and her intending to take her husband's name when she returns to England.'

'Name! What's in a name?' exclaimed he, unconsciously quoting Shakespeare. 'As if *that* need stand in the way! Why mightn't I be Langton-Comyn too—what would it matter to me? even if Susan did object,' he added, with a scornful laugh. 'But,' more thoughtfully, 'that is the smallest part of the question.'

Ida put up her face to kiss him, now he was calmer, and said, 'Oh, Hugh! I only want you not to be made unhappy.'

'Time will shew,' said he. 'If I have a chance, it will be—' but at this moment up came a rush of young Americans, whooping, laughing, and shouting to each other, and the Nevilles had to turn abruptly aside; Ida, after retreating a few steps into a quieter path, looked back for her brother, but he had vanished—glad, perhaps, to be alone and unquestioned, for her *probe* had brought him a clearer view of his own mind than he had before, and he needed to look into it more closely.

Ida waited a few minutes in hopes of his re-appearance, then went slowly and thoughtfully towards her own room; and once there, out of sight and hearing, burst into a fit of sobbing and shaking, which she vainly told herself was very childish. 'He *would* care for *her*—and she wouldn't care for *him*—and nothing would be known for ever so long—and he would be wasting his love, and so far far away—and things would go from bad to worse—and (as a climax that made the cup overflow) this is my birth-day!'

He was not really selfish, but the poor child's spirits were quite overwrought. She had as yet had little to stir her deeply, and the mixture of semi-comic with pathetic elements in her mood was the natural incongruity between youth and womanhood; *happy* youth, at any rate, which has lived till one-and-twenty with an unshaken belief in the joyousness of birth-days!

After a while she calmed herself, tried to write a letter, but found it so hard to treat of surface doings just then, that an inroad from the children was very welcome, and her own young spirits revived in their company. She did not see Hugh again till dinner-time, when he was quiet and particularly kind, and her neighbours engaged him in pleasant general talk; things looked brighter and more like their usual selves than Ida had expected; and the boat party, starting soon after for the Villa Ciani, had some little birth-day jokes, some singing of catches and so forth, which kept her anxieties in the distance as something still half unreal. Yet now and then, as she stole a glance at her brother's face, there was a new expression there, a look of collected earnestness quite foreign to his mobile physiognomy; and when they landed, and wandered among the lovely glades of the villa, she felt a kind of presentiment that something decisive was going to happen.

Under the rich foliage and blossoms of one part of the grounds, they came to a statue, singularly contrasted with the brightness around—*La Desolazione*, as it was called—a beautiful but terribly gloomy female figure, crouching in an attitude of utter despair—the emblem, as a girl

belonging to the villa said, of the sad fortunes of her masters, two old and childless men who had seen all they loved die before them. The impression was a painful one to the merest lookers-on, but to Mrs. Langton it seemed to cause almost suffocation. She had turned aside, seen only by Hugh, who, while the rest moved on, ventured presently to follow her, greatly distressed at her emotion. He had seen her lately soothed and attracted by Canova's sorrowing Magdalen, and other pathetic works of art, and could scarcely understand the horror-struck tone in which she said, 'It is dreadful! One cannot bear to see such a picture of hopeless grief.'

'Yet I suppose it is not more dreary than the actual lot of those two poor old gentlemen,' said Hugh; 'at least, not more so than they think it is.'

'But it is too horrible to yield oneself up to such a feeling—to perpetuate it in marble!' she said, still shuddering at a despair so nearly akin to what she had struggled with. 'However much one has lost, there must be something to live and to hope for.'

'For any but the very old, that must be and ought to be felt,' said Hugh; 'but when it is too late—'

'You mean when energy and power are really gone? That must be sad indeed; but age, if it brings weakness, generally softens pain.'

'I meant too late to form any new ties—to begin afresh,' replied Hugh, in a low voice. 'Younger people would surely not feel *that* despondency.'

Mrs. Langton shook her head. 'You have not known a great ruin, Mr. Neville, and cannot tell how impossible it seems after it, at any age, to lay fresh foundations for one's *own* happiness, other than what are placed around us all, in helping and caring for our fellow-creatures as the opportunity is found or made.'

'But *you* do not really feel that?' exclaimed Hugh, stimulated into saying more than he had for the moment contemplated. 'Forgive me, I cannot but ask—I cannot but hope that to *you* it would still be possible. Do not tell me that you could not think of a fresh tie in life!'

His tone was so earnest, his looks so pleading, his whole manner suddenly so significant, that Mrs. Langton felt a suspicion, wholly unthought of before, dart through her mind with all the strangeness and painfulness which the circumstances could add to the idea of an ill-placed affection. She felt bewildered, shocked, still dubious yet fearful of the truth; and with a strong effort for self-command, she said, 'Mr. Neville, we were speaking generally, but a general assertion is sometimes best enforced by a personal conviction. I said such things were, in my opinion, impossible, because they would be so to myself. To strike fresh roots in earthly fortunes, when all the earlier growth has been shattered, is what *I* could never attempt; and therefore I judge, presumptuously perhaps, of how others might feel in the same case.'

She forced herself to speak with a calmness that was far enough from

her mind. She longed—poor sorrow-stricken woman, with her deep wounds yet but slightly healed—to rush away to be somewhere alone with her old known troubles; and this new distracting idea, that the man who had been her husband's friend, whose sympathy was grateful to her heart from the very force and exclusiveness of her attachment to the past—that this man might have been building hopes on her, the defeat of which would bring a shadow on his younger and brighter life—sad result of their meeting! Yet, while she feared, she could not absolutely feel, that it was so, and she tried earnestly though hurriedly to frame her words so that the meaning might be clear, and yet avoid all personality.

How far she succeeded was not at once plain, for Hugh stood perfectly silent beside her. He could not mistake what she meant him to understand; he had no conceit to make it inconceivable, but his wishes were strong, and his will struggled with a kind of awe produced by the deep seriousness of her tone.

A few moments passed, and their retreat was invaded by some inquiring faces, those of Mr. and Mrs. Colvin, the former saying to Mrs. Langton, 'Ah, you are here, in good hands, I see; we missed you, and were afraid you might have lost the way, so I ventured to return and look.—Now, Kate, we will go on.'

He carried his wife off, under the gentlemanlike desire not to intrude; but Mrs. Colvin, with the instinct of a clear-sighted married woman, stopped him before they had gone many steps, whispering, 'Edward, we had better wait for them. There is something amiss there. Give Mrs. Langton your arm, and talk to her as much as you can—never mind if you get answers.'

The hint, promptly acted on, was a benefit to the other pair, for Hugh felt incapable of pleading further at that moment, and to Mrs. Langton it was like a haven of temporary safety to walk beside the clergyman, listening imperfectly to what he said, but making efforts to understand and reply that alternated with an overpowering rush of private thought and feeling. Hugh was too entirely absorbed in what had passed to be conscious of any claims from his present companion, except when prompted by instinct to pick up a flower which she dropped, with an 'I beg your pardon' of somewhat indefinite meaning. Mrs. Colvin felt the kindest thing was to let him alone. She, like Mabel, had guessed at the course matters were taking some time before, but delicacy towards Mrs. Langton's peculiar position made both of them avoid any show or hint of such surmises; and thanks to his wife's discretion, Mr. Colvin had only now awakened to the idea, which, dim as it was, enhanced his own kindly sympathy towards the widow, and his desire to mitigate her evident embarrassment and distress. She clung to his arm even after they had joined the rest, and (the boats having been dismissed) were walking homewards through the Lugano streets; but the others followed dispersedly, Ida trying to catch glimpses of her brother's face as he strode along mostly apart, while Mabel and Mr. Wilton kept her in a

talk kindly meant to ward off her lonely feelings; all was so strange and uncanny! He evidently avoided her, and the walk seemed interminable, but at the end of it she *must* know what had passed. *Pazienza!* a virtue easier to Italian than English minds, especially youthful ones. Now and then she caught a few words of the conversation ahead, and marvelled at what seemed to her the coolness of Mrs. Langton, who was discussing some rather abstract point with her companion. Ida could not conceive the frame of mind that could do *that* under such circumstances, and find a sort of relief therein; to have hurt Hugh's feelings ought to exclude all other ideas! Mr. Colvin had perceived that mere small-talk would not avail, but he knew Mrs. Langton's power of throwing her mind into subjects of real interest; and she exerted herself more and more to respond to his endeavours, till Hugh himself was irresistibly drawn nearer to listen to the voice he would so soon lose the chance of hearing. There were occasional stoppages in the narrower streets, and at one point a bell announced the passage of a procession, carrying the Host to a sick person, at which the women and more devout men knelt; Mr. Colvin stood still and lifted his hat, the other English paused, reverently silent, and the priests moved on.

'*Monsieur le pasteur n'est pas Catholique?*' asked with some surprise the Swiss Protestant, M. Fabre, who with his wife had just come up.

'*Catholique et Protestant—tous les deux,*' replied the chaplain in his somewhat laboured French. '*Catholique primitif—pas Roman—Romanisé.*—Rather hard,' said he, turning to Mrs. Langton, 'to be called on suddenly in the street for a profession of faith; especially as I have not my wife's French at hand. But I don't like the matter-of-course way in which these Swiss abandon the good term "Catholic" to what they, like us, hold to be a corrupt form of the universal Church.'

'It used to be a very common way of speaking in England,' said Mrs. Langton.

'Yes, more's the pity—inexcusable in us, whose *Church* reform preserved us from the great flaw there is in the Continental Reformations. But the Puritan antagonism to all that had been (however pure in itself) connected with Romanism, influenced us for centuries more or less; and the result is now, people are turning round against the name of Protestant, forgetting that both represent different sides of a truth.'

'Yes, one positive and the other relative,' said Mrs. Langton, growing interested. 'But foreign Protestants are very apt to dwell most on their points of difference, and speak as if their religion were a fresh creation of the sixteenth century, instead of a return to the primitive faith once held in common.'

M. Fabre had meantime been asking a few questions of Mrs. Colvin, as interpreter to the *pasteur*, concerning the Anglican service, &c., learning with surprise that various devotional or cheerful practices, such as kneeling at prayers, chanting of canticles, joining in Creed and Confession, and others totally pared away from their bare ritual, are

preserved in a reformed Church! Both he and his wife entered with interest into the subject; and the latter owned herself much attracted by some of these which she had always supposed peculiar to '*Catholiques*.'

Mr. Colvin's reverence towards an act connected, at least, with the highest Christian mysteries, had evidently opened a new view of Protestantism; and the conversation continued on similar topics, he being frequently appealed to, and obliged to call Mrs. Langton's French in aid, and feeling all the time that at any rate, whether their Genevese acquaintance got any benefit or no, *she* was occupied and shielded from awkwardness.

Thus they neared their hotel, and Ida's heart beat fast with the idea that *now* Hugh could not escape her—*now* she would know all that she had been conjecturing during this long half hour! But destiny willed otherwise, for as they entered the garden-gate she found herself suddenly undergoing vehement greetings from a couple of lively young ladies who came flying out to meet her, if not with 'beard a foot before' them, yet with 'hair a yard behind.' They were, in fact, the 'Hairies' parted from at Thun in the beginning of our story, on whose Gemmi narrative Hugh had founded all his curiosity concerning the 'Lady with the long nose.' What a distance—figuratively at least—had been travelled since then!'

Somehow, people who have met in foreign hotels, unless absolutely antipathetic to each other, always come together again with a certain warmth; and Ida had to respond to a torrent of surprise, delight, personal experiences, and inquiries after all she had been and done, during which, to her dismay, Hugh escaped into the house. When able to follow, she felt shy of seeking him in his own room; he did not come to her, as she had hoped, and there ensued a long, tantalizing, uncomfortable evening, relieved in some degree by the rattle of the 'Hairies'—for (as Fourier declared of all vicious and disorderly propensities, that in the fit time and place they are available for good!) there are circumstances under which rattle has a decided value. Mrs. Langton, after a hasty tea, had retired, pleading fatigue; not without a kind good-night to Hugh with the rest; but he remained silent and dull, poring over newspapers in the salon with a very abstracted air; Mabel and her *fiancé* were wandering in the garden, the Colvins seldom stayed down-stairs, the Milmans were never very talkative; it had generally been a pleasant time of music and chat, till most of the party went to their own rooms; but on this evening all seemed sad and out of course, and it was something to be forced to hear how Annie had been almost shut up by the cross old sacristan in Milan Cathedral, and how Emma had lost the train at Camerlata by rushing back after a parasol left in the omnibus, and to put in the 'Ohs' and 'Reallys' with tolerable fitness, under a mental accompaniment of ceaseless wonderings, yearnings, and presentiments. Poor little Ida had known so few cares, that she ran the risk of over-tormenting her sisterly heart, in which Hugh and his interests held a huge place. She was also out of charity with Mrs. Langton and her cool intellectual discussions;

and chafed and fretted like a wild bird in a cage at the idea that *she* cared so little about him and the crushing of his hopes and wishes!

Could Ida have looked within the four walls of No. 38, in the large corridor, and into the feelings of its occupant, she would have judged differently. As it was, she had to carry all her vague vexation to bed, receiving no light from Hugh, except that he said in reply to her inquiring look as they went up-stairs, 'Don't talk to me to-night, little one. I'm done up somehow, and words won't mend it. I wish I hadn't made you such a dismal birth-day.'

She had almost forgotten it was still *that*—it seemed so long since the morning! Hugh gave her a quick warm kiss, and turned down the labyrinthine courts and cloisters of the ex-Convent of the Angels.

(To be continued.)

FIFTY YEARS SINCE.

Recollections long laid by have been recalled by the frequent mention of names to which public attention has lately been attracted by the touch of royalty; and if progress, with her handmaidens steam and electricity, have wrought as much change in Kintyre (which we used to spell Cantyre) as in other places, it may not be without interest to unfold some of the old pictures which are as bright and distinct as when they were stored in memory's treasury half a century ago.

We had spent the summer at beautiful Inverary. Our lodging possessed a style of discomfort not now to be found, in its close air, fusty moreen curtains, aged carpets, hard 'settees,' and a marvellous old machine, in the shape of a harpsichord, which filled half the room. Our old landlady, a retainer of the Argyle family, in form and face strongly resembled a ripe Crofton apple; her life seemed bound up in the Castle, and the contemplation of its past and present glories, in which she exulted with personal pride; while her time was divided between making uneatable skimmed-milk cheese, and painting over and over again a picture of the Castle, covered with an enormous rose, which lifted up to the daily surprise of all beholders.

Her personal history went back to more than a hundred years ago, when she told us she was a bonnie Highland lassie betrothed to one who had been her companion from childhood; but a richer bride was offered to him; and the lover in a state of intoxication (fou, as she called it) was hurried through the brief ceremonial of a Scottish marriage, and he awoke to find himself deceived, to fly from the country, and leave bride and betrothed alike deserted. 'Weel,' she said, 'I could na bide the places we had walked thegither, so I cam to bonnie Inverara, and here I was when the English workmen cam down to the Castle, and one that

wrought as a painter offered me marriage; but I told him *my* wedding was past and gone, and I wad na look at him. Months and months went on, till I hear him greeting to hisself and saying, "Crushit heart, will ye never break!" so I took him, not to have two sair hearts instead of one, and he was a good man to me for forty years, and he left me this house and a key into the grounds, and a right to shew the Castle to strangers; and the trees and loch and a'.'

The interior of our lodging, and the occasional scarcity of food, for which we often depended on the weekly visits of the steamer from Glasgow, gave us little concern amidst that scenery; our time was chiefly spent upon the loch, or in a tent pitched for the day on its lovely shores; and the people gave us constant interest when in the village; a book lent excited a desire for more, and our door was besieged by petitioners for books and tracts, and often a favourite tract would change hands three times in the day, a new claimant accompanying the person who came to return it. But the chief object of interest was a deaf and dumb child, who attached himself to my mother. The morning after our arrival, a pretty little fellow of six or seven years old danced up to her, answering her questions only with smiles and nods; next day he appeared with his hands full of currants, which he offered to her, and then jumped into the boat, where he placed himself at her feet; the old boatman, who was his grandfather, told her the boy was deaf and dumb, and that no attempt had been made to teach him, or to restrain the violence of his temper; and she then resolved to do all for him that our limited stay would permit. She knew nothing of the system of teaching, and had never met a deaf-mute before, so that she had to invent her own plan of instruction, and change it according to what seemed best to reach her pupil. She shewed him how to place letters, printed on little squares of card, and made him understand that certain combinations of these figures produced certain results; bread, milk, fruit, sugar, were given, as he put the words together; and he soon learned thus to name most of the things he could see or touch. But one day all seemed overthrown and in confusion; she was teaching the words man, leg, arm, when he fixed his eyes upon a picture hanging on the wall, and contemptuously swept away her alphabets, shewing her that he had found a better way of expressing the ideas; and next he chose to think that the capital L in leg was intended as a portrait of the leg and foot, and shewed that her supposed drawing was very inferior to his man on the wall; I think it took a week's patience to conquer this burst of the pride of intellect. Next came verbs: to walk, to run, to eat, to laugh, were comprehensible, but she had great difficulty in introducing the idea that words express feelings or actions not visible at the moment; adjectives, as far as his own perception went, were easily acquired, though, of course, he could not form the idea of a quality above his own observation; she taught him to kneel in prayer, and to observe others in the act of worship, and there was evidently in his mind some latent idea that

answered to her endeavours to tell him of the God and Father in Heaven. This was all she had done when she and her pupil parted; but she was soon afterwards able to get him admitted into the Edinburgh Institution for the Deaf and Dumb; and a very few years ago I was told that an intelligent carpenter at Inverary still remembered gratefully his first teacher, Lady M——.

My first view of Inverary was 'by pale moon-light,' (it was a night in lovely June,) and my farewell was at the dawn of a morning in September, when a gorgeous sun-rise bathed its autumnal foliage in floods of gold; I know not which was the fairest, but in its every variety of light and shade, it is remembered as the loveliest spot it ever was given me to dwell in.

Our winter sojourn was to be at a residence in Cantyre, of which the proprietor was absent, and which possessed all the requirements for an invalid and for a sportsman, of which we were in search. The Glasgow steamer deposited us at Tarbart: I know not what steam and iron or Macadam may have done since, but at that time the road was impassable for any vehicle except the carts of the country, in which we jolted along for weary hours: my cart contained two much 'put out' women servants, three dogs grievously vexed at the restraint, and a bundle of fishing-rods, so that my progress was neither triumphant nor luxurious; and as I never had strength to enjoy discomfort as many people do, this journey is remembered only as a succession of bodily annoyances—from vehicle, weather, and companions, united; we made only one stop on the way, and I will not reveal to ears polite what I saw in the hovel where we alighted, farther than to say that stumbling out of the evening darkness into the region of peat-smoke, I came against a dead sheep hanging from the rafters, intended for the travellers' supper. But cold and darkness were soon forgotten; those who had preceded us had prepared a brilliant as well as warm reception, and the first sight of G—— was like an illuminated palace, where all the discomforts of the way only enhanced the charm by contrast.

To the people around us we had no introduction whatever; it was to them as if we had dropped out of the clouds, and to me, at least, it was as if we had dropped into Paradise! I believe its charm was the intense feeling of freedom: freedom under the law of love.

It was a handsome lonely house on the sea-side, without much planting or improvement either of lawn or garden; an old castle stood near, and beyond the gate was a very small hamlet, with a mill and a forge, while cottages, far apart from each other, were scattered on every side; but there was no church or place of worship within, I think, ten miles; no resident minister, and no school; so that we had no choice but to begin at once to redeem the time of our residence in such a locality. An invitation was given to any person who pleased to join our Sunday evening worship, and the first Sunday evening the large hall was filled with such a congregation as Scotland only could produce; the grave

intelligent peasants, with their well-worn Bibles in their hands, and the air of thoughtful reverence mingled with acute examination of all they saw and heard; one observation was, 'Weel, I consider that discourse had mair of metaphysical enquiry than logical conclusion.'

This congregation assembled every Sunday evening while we remained, without interfering with the possibility of attending their parish church in the morning; but as the hall could only contain the parents and grown-up young people, we invited the children to come at another hour for instruction; they were very ignorant, and in sad need of more teaching than could be given in a Sunday lesson; so I asked for the use of the servants-hall, which our small establishment did not require; and there I commenced a class which was intended to be for two hours twice a week; but very soon it turned into a daily school, for four or five hours, with thirty pupils. I had never taught before, except a well-drilled Sunday class, and was rather terrified at the sight of thirty boys and girls, many of whom were much older than myself, and of whom several spoke only Gaelic; however, it was to be done. One youth of nineteen was particularly alarming, he was so big and strong, but as he was an orphan, and had no other chance of education, he could not be sent away; and his only bit of rebellion had some wit in it. Each pupil, on entering the school every morning, brought me a text of their own selection; I thought this plan would lead them to consider what they were saying, and might also be useful to the parents. One day I had occasion to find fault with this big Dugald Stewart for idleness; and the next morning his verse was, 'I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man;' the shaft appeared to miss its mark, though I trembled with secret vexation, and such wit was not tried again.

Among the most interesting of our scholars was a lad suffering from hip disease, and with that peculiar intelligence that often, in the working classes, accompanies deformity or bad health; as he had no prospect of earning his bread unless he could learn enough to become a schoolmaster, my mother added lessons in grammar and arithmetic to what he received in class; and the poor fellow drank in instruction with delighted eagerness; weighing and investigating whatever was put before him. We were reading the Sermon on the Mount, in St. Matthew, when, at the verses 38 to 44 of chapter v., poor Angus's pale face kindled with 'th' indignant spirit of the north,' and he exclaimed, 'I dinna like that; it's not fair; it's hard to ask a man to tak a wrang and no to gi'e it. I canna bear that teaching.' A few days after, he said to me quietly, 'I've come to see that now; *I dinna like it yet;* but it's right and true, for a' that; I see it's grander and better to forgive than to revenge; mair like Him.' We hoped that this youth would continue our teaching when we left them, but he only survived our departure a few months. Another favourite was a little Donald, also disabled from hard work by an injury; we hoped to have him trained as a gardener, as he shewed an interest in

natural objects, flowers, and trees, and liked to hear about their growth; but he also died very early.

A great difficulty, though not insurmountable, arose from their ignorance of English, which sometimes led to absurd mistakes. One of my wildest colts was a girl called Barbara, who wore a profusion of red hair in the frizzled mass that has of late been fashionable, but which, when natural, looks very savage; one afternoon she rushed after me, exclaiming, 'Sister—Ann—sick—come.' She guided me up the side of a hill, and beyond all visible habitations, till we reached a hovel, which she entered; through the clouds of peat smoke I approached the bed, which was laid close to the blazing fire, and great was my terror, when, instead of the delicate sister, a great Highland man, all beard and whiskers, started up! I made a hasty retreat, but soon got courage to return and promise 'the bit of jam,' which there as here is the panacea for every ill—it was only that poor Barbara had mistaken sister for brother, and Ann for Andrew!

Snow lay upon the ground most of that winter, though the sun shone brightly, and the calm air was never very cold. My younger children soon got the habit of waiting for me when school was dismissed; and when I went out, sprung from hedges and ditches to attend me at a respectful distance; never intruding their talk, and only coming near if there was any difficulty in the path, or if they found any flower or shell or stone to offer; and thus, with my three dogs and my dozen of children, I did feel very like 'ta chief wi' his tail on!' One of our occupations was to clear from clay and moss some very curious old tombs and monuments in the neighbourhood; we brought to light a recumbent warrior, with an angel whispering in his ear, and another guiding his footsteps; 'Hegh, Sirs,' cried one of the boys, 'see till the man lying asleep, wi ane wee boy scrattin his lug, and anither scrattin his taes!' but some of them took a more worthy view of our work, and helped us to decypher inscriptions, as well as to remove the rubbish that concealed them.

A short illness for some days interrupted our lessons; it was supposed to be infectious, and as few people as possible were allowed to approach my room; once, awakening from a feverish sleep, I saw two of my little girls standing beside the bed. 'We'll not disturb you, Ma'am; we only came to get the infection.' I echoed the words in surprise. 'Yes; because when we've once got it, they won't hinder us to come to you when you're better.' Those pretty little Margarets must be old women now, and I know not how life has passed with them.

At Christmas we decorated the hall with evergreens, and invited a party of the elders to tea. Teas were not then the institution they have now become, nor were such meetings as this at all frequent; this was the first anyone then present had ever seen, and we thought it was an original idea; we all took tea in the same apartment, and everyone seemed gratified and pleased, though the evening was like similar

reunions in our own class, rather dull, with no amusement but made talk and the circulation of 'the cups that cheer but not inebriate;' yet it was a link in the chain of kindly intercourse, and I remember thinking its feeling was represented by a pair of doves who chose as their rest the back of the great greyhound as he lay stretched before the fire. Then we ended by a hymn that brought all hearts, if not all voices, into harmony; their own old tune, Martyrdom, to their old paraphrase—

> 'While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
> All seated on the ground,
> The Angel of the Lord came down,
> And glory shone around.'

And I do not think that any of that company, as they quietly dispersed, would speak with contempt of our Anglican reverence for the holy season. Several of the children brought as their text, next morning, 'The rich and poor meet together; the Lord is the Maker of them all.'

We had another festival on May-day, altogether extempore. When the children appeared in the morning with bunches of primroses, I dismissed them till three o'clock, when they were to return with all the flowers they could gather, and we hastily arranged tables upon the lawn, where we pitched the tent, and prepared a banquet of bread and butter, and treacle and sugar, and whatever else we could make out where there was nothing to be bought; and a merry May we all enjoyed; all dressed in their best, trailing the few green branches they could find, and all full of glee at the unwonted festivity. 'Sister Ann' performed a wonderful hornpipe on the kitchen table, and a fiddler arrived just in time to set the children dancing on the grass, as Scottish peasants only know how to dance: their own reels and jigs and strathspies, not an awkward imitation of the drawing-room. Our guests departed at sunset, as happy as the most costly entertainment could have made them.

But the children, dear as they became, were not the only interest there. Dr. Chalmers, in one of his Discourses, uses as an illustration of the degree of social virtue which may exist while alienated from obedience to a higher law, the case of smugglers, among whom there is a code of honour binding them together as a community, and by which they form their judgments of each other, while living in rebellion against the law of the land; of this our friends at G—— were a striking example. We had not been long there, when we heard of an Irishman being killed in a fray with the gaugers, and our pity for his young widow (who was described to us as sitting on the floor crying Och, after the manner of her country) led to our being made aware of the fact, that every man around us was engaged in the same traffic of illicit distillation: it was a great shock, for it seemed at first as if all their profession of better things had been false; but when they were spoken to, it became evident that however false and erroneous were their ideas of right and wrong as regarded the law and its officers, they

were not acting contrary to the dictates of conscience, or doing what they were ashamed to acknowledge. Their soil produced only barley, for which they had no profitable sale except by distillation; they were ready to pay any tax that might be laid upon their private stills, but they were determined not to give them up, as was required, because the spirit so produced brought a higher price than that in large distilleries, and they did not see that it was wrong to break a law which they considered unjust; and as they believed that King George used their usquebagh at the royal table, they did not believe they were acting in rebellion against their lawful ruler: 'it was only against those gaugers,' who were regarded as the common enemy; 'and if it comes to fighting, we are ready to lay down our lives for our children's bread.' And they talked of defending their homes and their rights, just as a Swiss might speak of dying for his country's freedom. I did not perceive much difference, and with the self-confidence of ignorance thought I could fathom the whole perplexing question, while I admired their self-devotion and fidelity to the common cause. All means were used by the officers of justice to detect their secret stills, and never had there been an instance of treachery or weakness betraying them; little children were employed to sit alone on the hill-side to give notice of the approach of the enemy, and never was even the youngest bribed or frightened into a betrayal. They were all certain that if they could reach the throne or those around it, their wrongs would be redressed, and they would be allowed to pursue their trade honestly and safely, under a moderate taxation; and as neither their language or penmanship was very distinct, they implored me to put in writing a statement of their case and their wishes; and I did write and forward their petition to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who probably regarded the composition with no small surprise and contempt: however, some time after, concessions were made, and their appeal was not altogether in vain. It was while this letter was in contemplation, that the father of three of my pupils came one morning to invite me to go up the glen and visit his still, which was then working. 'It's a curious place and a bonny, Miss,' he said, 'and such as the like of you never set foot in before, and maybe never will again; but it's for our own sake I'm asking it; for it would pleasure us to think you knew all our ways, and that we trusted our lives in your keeping, just as if you were a bairn of our own.' Of course my mother prohibited the expedition, for which I should scarcely have had courage even if left to my own will; but I shall always treasure the invitation as a singular specimen of affection and confidence. *Le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable;* and certainly this friendship between the old smugglers and a very fastidious girl of seventeen does not seem probable, though it is true. We always feared that this noble old Angus would fall, as he was ready to do, in one of those disgraceful fights; so that it was rather a relief some years after to hear that he had perished in his fishing-boat—he and his son together.

Our friendship was not the only contrast between the *vrai* and the *vraisemblable;* still more striking was the social character of these people, existing along with bold resistance to the law of the land, and the wild life to which that resistance led.

As we walked past their houses, as well as while they knew of our presence, all the sights and sounds were of industry and family concord; and on the Lord's Day the Scottish Sabbath was observed as strictly as in Edinburgh; the voice of praise or prayer, or the father reading aloud from the big ha' Bible, were the only words that broke the stillness of the scene, until the hour came when gravely and reverently they walked up in quiet procession to join our evening service: theirs was the Sunday for which The Cotter's Saturday Night was the fit preparation; and I do not believe there was a particle of hypocrisy in their ritualistic observances.

An unexpected call obliged us to leave G—— sooner than we wished or intended; we had spent only nine months there, though the time was full of life-long memories to many; every house was visited, and the farewells were as sad as the welcomes were cordial. A Belfast steamer was engaged to stop for us, and take us on to Glasgow; and as it was expected early in the morning, about fifty men and women sat up the whole night before, lest they should lose a sight or a word of any of the family; and at day-break all the children surrounded the house, and followed us to the beach. Some people were stationed on a projecting point, from which the steamer was first visible; and its appearance was announced to us by an exceeding bitter cry, like a coronach, which startled those in the vessel as though some terrible calamity had visited the shore. On the beach we found ten boats prepared to convey and attend us to the steamer, which anchored at a short distance; we divided ourselves and our luggage as much as possible, to give each something to do for us, while they assured us there should be twice as many waiting to receive us when we returned. We all knew that would be *never;* but they talked of it as something to cling to. As the boats moved off, an outburst of grief was heard: many knelt on the shore, uttering prayers and blessings; several women rushed into the water for the last touch of our hands, while one flung herself on her knees, holding up her baby, and crying, 'Take your last look of them that saved your life;' and poor lame Angus, who had been standing at the water's edge, flung himself with his crutches into one of the boats. All was confusion until we climbed the side of the vessel, and watched them moving away: some of the children lying on their faces in the bottom of the boats; some raised up to catch the last glimpse; men standing up with uncovered heads; and all greeting us with some expression of love to the last moment. 'Well,' said some of our fellow-passengers, 'such a sight was never seen before; a whole country-side in tears, and ladies shaking hands with blacksmiths!'

And thus we parted for the for-ever of this world; for several years

letters were occasionally exchanged, but there is nothing more difficult than to keep up correspondence with the uneducated. And after lame Angus, who was the brightest scholar, was gone, all intercourse gradually died out; and I know not whether we are still remembered there, or whether mine is the only memory that retains these pictures of the long past.

C. B.

VILLAGE LADS.

It is sometimes rather a puzzle to the authorities in a country village to know what to do with the boys whose ages range from fourteen to eighteen. It is seldom that a boy over fourteen is to be found at the day-school; and indeed the school-master may think himself fortunate if bird-keeping, 'leading the fore horse,' and such like occupations, do not take away his scholars at a far earlier age. At all events, by the time a lad reaches thirteen or fourteen his education is supposed to be finished, a certain number of hours per diem are given to work, for the rest he is his own master, as well as for the whole of his Sundays, on which days the Sunday school is not apt to claim him, for the fact of his adding something to the family purse seems at once to place a wide gulf between him and the school-boy.

The result of this is, that village lads, though hard-worked enough all the week, have often on Sundays the misfortune of 'nothing to do' except during church hours; and so it came about that in the village that was for many years my home, a certain knot of boys were not seldom spoken of as 'idle chaps' by the more staid and middle-aged part of the population. I fear that, at one time, they were quite a minor trial to those peaceable inhabitants whose nerves were easily affected by noise. Noise is not the pleasantest thing in the world at any time, but it seemed especially out of place on quiet Sunday afternoons, when these idle youths used to congregate near the churchyard gate, and make remarks in no very gentle or decorous manner on the passers-by, with a good deal of loud laughter at any unlucky peculiarity that might happen to strike the wits of the idle group.

But the accusations became even graver as time went on, and the lawlessness of the boys seemed to be gaining ground Sunday by Sunday. It was clearly a state of affairs that called for some remedy, if remedy there could be found. At last, after turning the matter over in my mind, I was struck with the idea of trying to collect these boys together for one hour at least on Sunday afternoons, and with myself for their teacher, to make an effort to win them back to the side of right, from which, alas! they seemed to be fast drifting away.

It has been very truly said that if any class of persons are *all* inclined to a particular form of evil, there is probably some fault in the surround-

ing circumstances. Now the 'form of evil' seemed to be in this case idle conversation, and the circumstances that were in fault seemed to consist in the fact that for full six hours of daylight these boys had nothing that they cared to do.

Besides, as authority had failed in infusing a spirit of order, (for reprimands had had remarkably little effect,) it was worth while to try whether the far mightier power of influence might not have its effect on these rough natures; and so I resolved that in dealing with them, I would treat them as rational beings rather than as naughty boys, and banish 'oughts' and 'musts' from my vocabulary altogether.

It was not long after this resolution had been taken, that I made known in the village, that all the delinquents might come, *if they liked*, to the Rectory the next Sunday, at half-past one. I confess to having had misgivings, as the time approached, whether they would make their appearance at all, and perhaps cause my scheme to result in an ignominious failure. There is always, to me, a strange painful excitement in standing on the threshold of a new undertaking. Will it be a success? is the question that will arise, and yet with the teacher's work that is a question that can never be fully answered in this world. All that we may safely say is, 'Lead Thou me on.'

I need not have feared the non-appearance of the boys, for a very few minutes after the appointed hour, the whole number were duly ushered into the parish-room, where I was sitting at a large table, ready to receive them.

I felt extremely pleased to see them, for now the Sunday class might be said to have come into existence, and the village, at all events, was released from the usual disturbers of its peace for one afternoon at least.

They all looked shy enough, but were evidently curious to know what this class might be, 'that was not to be like school.' I intended from the first to avoid school routine, and to amuse and interest rather than teach; and I think the very fact of sitting round a table, instead of at school-desks, helped out the idea in their minds that there was something pleasant and new about the whole affair. Several prayer-books being forthcoming, I proposed our reading, sentence by sentence, the Gospel for the day. It was the Fourth Sunday in Lent, when the Gospel contains the Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes, which always seems such an ever-fresh and beautiful story; and so I began by asking them to try and picture to themselves the same. First the green hill-side, then the multitude, so vast that twenty times the population of S—— would not have looked so numerous; then speaking of the tender kindness of Him Who is now as then the same loving Lord, and going on to shew that the wants of all (not only of that hungry multitude) are known to Him—yes, even the wants of boys like themselves, and that He was only longing to make each one of them better and happier, and more like Himself. Such, interspersed with questions, was the outline of my first lesson. I had had but little teaching of this sort before, and began with

not much confidence in my own powers, so I was pleased to see no signs of weariness, but a bright look on most of the faces. They seemed touched (as who is not?) at the thought of our Lord's Human sympathy with us. Perhaps, to some of these lads, it was a new feeling that the Saviour cared personally for *them;* and after a few Sundays they seemed to take the idea home, that religion was fitted to them in their bright vigorous youth, and was not *only* the staff to help the descent of life's hill. Alas! how common in country villages is supineness about spiritual things, until sickness or old age draws near, and then the worn-out end of life is all that is given to Him Who has lent each year to be used in His service.

I could not help feeling, as I looked round on the young faces, that it was not for nothing that our Lord was the Carpenter's Son. Surely the Pattern of perfect youth was set (perhaps especially) for those who were toiling as He may have toiled—He Who, though the Lord of Life, could yet be 'touched with the feeling of their infirmities.'

I had a large album of good coloured Scripture prints, and these excited great interest, when I shewed them, with a few questions about the different subjects. By the time this was over, only twenty minutes were wanting to church-time, so now I introduced a story-book to read aloud. I do not think that during the whole time I held the class, their interest in this part of our programme ever failed. Boys intensely like stories, and generally prefer being 'readees' than reading to themselves. I remember their asking me to read 'Mother's Last Words' twice, so great was the interest that it called forth. It would not be a bad plan, in villages where there is no available *teacher* for a class of this kind, to collect the boys under a *reader*, who might easily be found, intelligent reading not being rare in the present day. It would be a way of turning to profitable account the vast number of really interesting tales that are published in this reading century.

The first tale I read aloud was 'Harry and Phil,' published by the S. P. C. K.; and so interesting did it prove, that all looked sorry when the clock pointed to five minutes to church-time, and I had to dismiss my scholars with a hope that all would come again the next Sunday.

I had now fairly made the first plunge, and the work seemed as delightful to me as it has done ever since. The next Sunday I was still more encouraged by the information that 'three more boys wanted to come;' and it also seemed advisable to add a few farm servant-lads to the list, raising my numbers from ten to seventeen. The attendance of the boys was always purely voluntary, and I think that the attraction of the class consisted in its entire absence of all compulsion. No one was reproved for absence, nor was there ever a single reprimand for restlessness or inattention. Indeed none was needed, for the scholars seemed to have known from the first that they were expected to behave rationally; and as I treated them more as friends than as scholars, there was always the best possible understanding between us. A great many

smiles, and touches of the hat, I used to get in my walks; and it is no small benefit to oneself to have the circle of love and friendliness that may be round each of us, widened rather than narrowed as life goes on.

It is well, I think, to use every available means to make a class of this kind attractive. Half the battle is won if only the scholars are interested. It was not long before I discovered that a lesson never fell flat, nor failed in interest, if it was enlivened by an anecdote not read but *told*. To give an instance of what I mean, the Parable of the Talents may be illustrated by the pretty Eastern fable, which is as follows. A certain man resolved to take a long journey. Before leaving home, he called two of his friends to him and said, 'I am going to leave in your charge two bags of wheat; take each of you one of them, and restore them to me when I return.' Months passed away, and at last the traveller returned. The two friends were immediately called upon to give up the trust confided to them. The first came bringing the wheat, but, behold! it was damp and mouldy! The second came, and said, 'Follow me,' and led his friend to a field waving with golden grain. The owner of the bag could scarcely believe his eyes. 'This my wheat?' But it was the truth; and the question was needless, namely, Which of the two friends had best used the trust committed to him?

It is not difficult to acquire a habit of storing up in one's mind anecdotes and incidents; or perhaps it is better still to write down each as it comes before us. Many of course may be gathered from books; but little episodes in one's own life, or in those of personal friends, may also be effectively used. Only they must not be isolated stories, but always brought in as illustrations of the lesson in hand. Surely it shewed the deepest knowledge of human nature when to the multitudes that heard Him gladly, our Lord spoke in the simple yet thrilling parables that must have fastened themselves ever on each child's memory.

And now for the results of this Sunday class. The outward effect was, greater Sunday decorum, and fewer complaints of the mischievous tricks that were common enough a little while before. But was this all? I can humbly say that I have had hopeful auguries that the seed springing up did bring forth still better fruit, and that more than one old scholar leading a sober and Christian life, writes still warmly and gratefully of the Sunday Class. God's work cannot altogether fail, however imperfect His instruments; and He can bless the feeblest effort far beyond poor human expectation.

It is surely of great importance to *try*, at least, to influence boys for good, at an age when nearly all after-life stability depends on their then taking their stand on the side of right. School may do much, but it is after school life is over that the battle begins in good earnest. Then, alas! the weak may 'utterly fail,' unless a helping hand is stretched out. But the hand can only give real help by pointing to the true Source of Strength, even to Him Who has said, 'Without Me ye can do nothing.'

HYMN OF CALLISTRATUS IN HONOUR OF HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGEITON.

I WILL wear my sword in a myrtle-wreath,
Like the myrtle-wreath which the brothers wore,
When they went to give the tyrant death,
And made Athens free once more.

Harmodius, dearest! thou hast not died;
They say, in the islands of the blest,
That Achilles, the swift of foot, by thy side
With Diomede takes his rest.

I will wear my sword in a myrtle-wreath,
Like the myrtle-wreath which the brothers wore,
When Athene looked on the deed of death,
And her feast was the tyrant's gore.

Dearest and bravest! on glory's breath
Your names shall live till the world is hoar,
Because ye gave the tyrant death,
And made Athens free once more.

M. C.

HINTS ON READING.

The Rose Garden, by the Author of *Unawares*, (Smith and Elder,) is a very charming descriptive story, the locality of which is in Pyrenean France.

The next prettiest book we have seen of late is George Macdonald's *The Princess and the Goblin*, (Strahan,) a delicious dreamy fairy tale.

Grammar Made Easy, by Elizabeth M. Sewell. (Longman.) This little Grammar is chiefly intended for the assistance of young teachers and nursery governesses. It is based upon the idea of explaining to children by questioning, those grammatical forms in which they unconsciously express themselves before they know what Grammar means. The Questions to be asked by the teacher are given, and the answers which may be expected from an intelligent pupil are suggested. The Answers form, in fact, a kind of key to the lesson which the governess is to give, and may therefore be very helpful to those who do not feel quite sure of their own ground. Short summaries to be learnt by the pupil are appended to each chapter.

We must rise much higher to mention the first volume of the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould's grand work, *The Lives of the Saints*, (Hodge)—not like *Holy Men of Old*, confined to our own Calendar, but embracing all the more celebrated Saints both of the Western and Eastern Church. It can only be a selection, but it is a glorious collection, and the manner of telling the legends is delightful.

The Calendar of Women Holding University Certificates, and Engaged in Teaching, edited by Mrs. Kitchener, (Billington, Rugby,) gives valuable information on the University examinations for women. We should strongly deprecate the publication of anything like a class-list of ladies not intending to be teachers; but for those who undertake instruction as a profession, we think it most desirable that there should be this test of their proficiency.

John and Charles Mozley, Printers, Derby.

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E. P.—Hymn 286 in *Hymns Ancient and Modern* is by S. J. Stone, very slightly altered by the compilers. The original may be seen in *Lyra Fidelium*, X., 'The Forgiveness of Sins.' The book is published by Parker, price 2*s.* 6*d.* For children from twelve to fourteen years old, *E. P.* will find *The Chosen People* a useful text-book of Scripture history.—*L. C. B.*

In answer to *N. N.*, the writer of the article intended to refer to the fourth century as the time when the writings of St. John were denied to be authentic. So strong was the influence of their antagonists, that we find the Apocalypse omitted in the Lists of Canonical Writings given by St. Cyril, St. Gregory Nazianzen, and the Council of Laodicea.—*L. C. B.*

Miss Dean Pitt begs to say that the line, '*Though lost to sight, to memory dear*,' is to be found in a book of old ballads, now in the possession of Sir George Hervey. The ballad in which the line occurs has, she believes, but is not sure, a note stating that it was supposed to be written by Sir Walter Raleigh.

The Sisters of St. Peter's Mission House, Plymouth, are much obliged for the one year's numbers of *My Sunday Friend*, received a short time since; they also desire to thank some kind friend who frequently sends them 2*s.* 6*d.* in postage-stamps. The Sisters would take this opportunity of thanking most sincerely all those who have so kindly sent contributions in aid of the Mission work during the past year; and they would like them to know, that a special intercession is daily used at one of the Offices for the temporal and eternal welfare of these their kind, although unknown, fellow-workers.

Received, with many thanks, by *The Sisters of St. Saviour's Priory*, since October 12, in answer to their Appeal:—

	£	s.	d.
E. and C. M. B.	0	5	0
E. M. S.	0	2	0
Mega Vicarage	0	0	6
M. J. M.	0	5	0
C. M. and F.	0	3	0
A. J. E.	Parcel of clothes, &c.		
Beta	0	1	0
A Thank-offering	5	0	0
Reader	1	0	0
A. D.	0	3	6
Charlie	0	5	0
Agnes	0	5	0

H. A.—As story-books for Mothers Meetings, we should recommend Miss Peole's *Pictures of Cottage Life; Copseley Annals; I Must Keep the Chimes Going*; Miss Kavanagh's *Madeleine* (if the women are intelligent, and not liable to take alarm at a Roman Catholic book); *Michael the Chorister; 'So Very Genteel,'* and many others of 'The Curate's Budget; Mrs. Valentine's *Cottage Readings; Little Meg's Children.*

L. will feel very grateful to any of the readers of *The Monthly Packet* who will send her old Sunday story-books, suitable for reading to girls of all ages. In the girls Sunday-school at *St. Peter's, Plymouth*, providing books for the teachers to read aloud in their respective classes has been found a practical difficulty, and now a library is to be formed for their use. Parcels should be addressed—*L.*, 17, *Athenæum Street, Plymouth.*

Little Lucy.
Sally Rainbow's Stories.
Modesty and Conceit.
Little Servant Maida.
} Published by the S. P. C. K.
Leila; or, The Island.
Miss Drury's 'Blue Ribbons.'
Thinking for Oneself.
Max Kromer's Journal.
Mrs. Sewell's 'Our Father's Care.'
Agathos.}.

All these are highly popular. The older ones have been read to successive generations of school-children.

May.—There is an easy and spirited tune for No. 321, *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, in *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, set to music by a Lady, and published by Masters. There are two parts; the price of each is either 1s. or 1s. 6*d.*—FRANCES.

Mousie.—A Correspondent informs us that *Alice of Ormskirk* is by Whyte Melville, and is to be found in his collected poems.

Ida.—The hymn is by Augustus Toplady. It can be had on a leaflet from the Religious Tract Society, which *N. N.* has enclosed, but it is too long to print here.

Fincastle.—'*One Hundred Sonnets*,' translated from Petrarch, with the original notes, by Susan Wollaston, (Bull,) are at once elegant as compositions, and useful for Italian students.

A Post-office Order for 9*s.* 6*d.* acknowledged, with many thanks, for *The Daisy Chain Cot.*

Grace.—A descendant of an Elizabeth Angell begs to be favoured with a transcript of the Epitaph to Mary Angell of Stepney.

Gupchen.—Pretty, but hardly up to our mark.

Alicia.—The lines, 'Little things,' &c. are in an early poem of Father Faber's, written in a lady's album, and published in a collection now out of print.

M. M. C.—The quotation—

> 'For oh! the Master is so fair,
> His smile so sweet to banished men,
> That they who meet it unaware
> Can never rest on earth again.'

is taken from 'The Desire to Depart,' page 203 of *Ezekiel, and Other Poems*, by B. M., published by Nelson, price 3*s.* 6*d.*—*I. L. T.* So also *Geraldine.*

If any of your readers who take in illustrated papers—such as *Graphic, Illustrated London News, Punch, Fun*, &c.—would kindly send them on to me every week, they would be of the greatest use to lend in the wards of a large London hospital. Address—*Miss Flower*, 14, *Norfolk Crescent, Hyde Park, W.*

An American Lady.—'*Una; or, A Double Story*,' appeared in *The Churchman's Companion*, a magazine published by Mr. Masters, 78, New Bond Street, London. The numbers containing it could there be procured, but we do not think it has been separately published.

Declined with thanks.—*Imitations of the British Poets.*

Will *J. C. C.* kindly send her address to *St. Etheldreda's Home*, 24, *Hoxton Square, London, N.*, respecting a parcel from *Galashiels?*

Acknowledged, with many thanks, 10*s.* from *Kathleen* for *The Sisters of the Poor.*

Acknowledged, with thanks, by the Mother Superior, *St. Etheldreda's Home*, £1 and clothes from *A. E. D.*, and 10*s.* from *Eutheles.*

If *En Attendant* will write to *The Mother Superior*, 24, *Hoxton Square, London, N.*, she will probably meet with what she requires.

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Declined with thanks.—*Nina; E. S. B.; G. L. B. O.*

S. A.—Hymn 286 is by the Rev. S. J. Stone.

C. P. is very anxious to know where to procure the old Scottish Psalm-tune called Drumclog, of which there is said to be a rendering by Mozart.

Can anyone tell me of a good History of Germany, written either in English or German, suitable for school-room use with pupils from twelve to fifteen years of age?—A MOTHER.——The best History of Germany we know for young people is published by Murray, and called Mrs. Markham's *History of Germany.* Allowing for a good deal of Lutheranism, the facts are well put.

M. M. M. begs to inform *M. M. C.* that the quotation she gives is a stanza of a poem called 'The Desire to Depart,' (1 Kings, xi. 21, 22.) by B. M. It originally appeared in *The Family Treasury of Sunday Reading*, in 1870, and has since been re-published by Messrs. Nelson and Sons in a small volume, entitled *Ezekiel, and Other Poems*, by B. M. *M. M. M.* will be happy to copy out and forward the poem to *M. M. C.*, if desired.—She would be glad if any reader of *The Monthly Packet* could tell her who is the author of the following lines, and from what they are taken.

'Sweet fickle Love! You fall on some,
  And grip them to their grief,
As sudden as the red-wings come
  At the full fall of the leaf;

And swiftly as the swallows go
  That muster for the sea,
You pass away before we know,
  And wounded hearts are we.'

A. P. would be glad to know the name of either author or publisher of *Snowball*, the allegories recommended. Also, the name of a book of secular poetry for little ones. Also, a book of Sunday stories for children of five: those by *S. W.* are for older children of a poorer grade. What is the best Scripture picture-book for children? that published by the S. P. C. K. is excellent, but goes no further than Samson in the Old Testament, and the Ascension in the New Testament—has been published for some time—and there is no idea of going on.——There is a First-book of poetry published, we believe, by the National Society, which has Mary Howitt's and other easy poems. But we prefer the *Nursery Rhymes* and *Original Poems* by Jane Taylor to any others.—Cassell's *Illustrated Family Bible*, or his *Children's Bible*, have a very full series of 'Bible pictures.' We believe the only thoroughly satisfactory way is to collect Bible prints and photographs from all quarters, especially Germany, and make a book for oneself.

A short time ago, someone asked in your *Notices to Correspondents* where the piece of poetry can be found which ends, '*For she was a water-rat.*' It is in the Christmas Volume (1866) of *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, page 55. The title is *Shelter*.

'Though lost to sight, to memory dear.'—*Miss Dean Pitt* would confer a great obligation on all lovers of literature, if she will quote the alleged poem *in extenso*. Perhaps also it may be desirable to give the full title and address of 'Sir George Hervey,' as I do not find note of any such personage in our usual directories. There is a Sir George Harvey, well known to lovers of art as President of the Royal Scottish Academy, and also a Sir George Frederick Harvey, K. C. S. I.; but neither of the above happen to possess this very interesting 'book of old ballads.'—A. H.

Mannec will be grateful for answers to these queries:—Why is the scallop-shell an emblem of St. James the son of Zebedee? Why is St. Thomas Day so generally selected for the distribution of bequest charities, and also for a stated round of begging by some old people from those on whose charity they think they have a claim?——The scallop-shell picked up on the sea-shore was the token of pilgrimage, and probably became connected with St. James because his shrine at Compostella was so easily visited.—St. Thomas Day, ushering in Christmas, probably led to the custom of going forth to obtain means for a Christmas feast. In old-fashioned parishes, 'gooding,' as it is called, is by no means considered as begging, but as a friendly custom.

N. C. H. would be much obliged to any reader of *The Monthly Packet* who can tell her where the following verse is taken from, and whether there are any more.

'And after Battle, Victory;
And after Victory, Rest;
Like the beloved disciple,
Upon the Master's Breast.'

Anna.—Good King Wenceslas was the first Christian King of Bohemia. His story is charmingly told in a little shilling book (called by his name) published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

We beg to call attention to the *Home for Invalid Children, 70, Montpelier Road, Brighton.*—The Home for Invalid Children was originated May, 1855, beginning with four children, received without payment. Since that time, with God's blessing, 1076 little Invalids have derived benefit from the advantages it affords. During the past year 111 have been admitted. The increasing number of applications, as it becomes known, is a satisfactory evidence that such a Home is appreciated by the parents and friends of children who, from delicacy of constitution or recent illness, require the help of sea air, good food, and medical care, to re-establish health and divert disease. Every effort is made to promote their temporal and spiritual welfare.—A Lady resides in the house. A Nurse, trained in the Hospital for Children, Great Ormond Street, London, attends on the children. A Teacher is now added to the Institution. —Dr. WITHERS MOORE, 18, Brunswick Square, and MR. HUMPHRY, 25, Marine Parade, kindly undertake the medical treatment of the patients. The latter gentleman, from the earliest commencement of the Home, has attended the surgical cases.—To avoid disappointment to children and their friends, and also inconvenience to the Home, it is earnestly requested that medical men will be accurate in filling up the certificate required before any child can be admitted. The Home is open to inspection after eleven o'clock. It is arranged for the reception of eighteen children, four out of this number being admitted free, whilst the rest are received on payment of seven shillings per week.—Notwithstanding the high price of provisions, the terms have not been raised; but the little balance in hand has been expended. The year closes with a deficiency of £47. It is nevertheless hoped, that an Institution which for sixteen years, with much persevering effort, has relieved the sufferings of so many, will yet meet with the support essential for its maintenance, and by God's blessing be enabled to continue free from pecuniary anxiety. Will not all who feel concern for delicate children encourage this Home, and by kind liberality mitigate the responsibility involved in the work?—Subscriptions will be thankfully received by Rev. Dr. HANNAH, The Vicarage, Brighton; Rev. J. VAUGHAN, 73, Montpelier Road; Rev. C. E. DOUGLASS, 14, Clifton Terrace; Miss E. A. FREEMAN, 70, Montpelier Road; Messrs. WEST AND HALL, Bankers, Brighton; Messrs. DIMSDALE, 50, Cornhill, London.

RULES.

BOYS only admitted from four to twelve years of age, 7*s.* per week.

GIRLS, till fourteen years of age, 7*s.* per week; above fourteen, 10*s.* per week.

A Medical Certificate required with each Child, stating the nature of the case, and certifying that it is free from all infectious or contagious disease.

No child subject to fits can be admitted.

Each child must bring three full changes of linen, a warm cloak or shawl, two pairs of shoes, comb and brush, and tooth-brush.

A list to be sent with the clothes. The Matron is not responsible for anything sent unmarked.

All payments to be made in advance.

Bathing charged one shilling per week extra.

Children will not be allowed to remain longer than two months at a time, unless deemed necessary by the medical attendant.

Except under the care of parents, no child allowed to return by Excursion Trains.

No children admitted or discharged nor Visitors allowed, on Sundays.

Post-office Orders to be made payable to *Elizabeth Ann Freeman*, at the Brighton Post-office.

A. M. P. asks where to find—

> 'Ay, beauteous is the world, and many a joy floats through its wide dominion;
> But alas! when we would seize the winged good, it flies,
> And step by step, along the path of life,
> Allures the yearning spirit to the grave.'

Also, the following:—

> 'No earthly clinging,
> No lingering gaze,
> No strife at parting,
> No sore amaze;
> But sweetly, gently,
> She passed away
> From the world's dim twilight
> To endless day.'

The Sisters of Holy Cross Home beg to acknowledge with thanks a present of clothes and of books from *F. J. H.* Books of any kind are most acceptable.

For *The Daisy Chain Cot*, thankfully acknowledged:—M. I. T., £5 (Ann. Sub.); Fanny, £1 14*s.* 6*d.*; Isa, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Rosa *and* Edith, 10*s.*; S. E. A., 5*s.*

Thankfully acknowledged, for *St. Luke's, Stepney*:—Mrs. Allen, 5*s.* 6*d.*; S. E. A., 5*s.*

Mr. Samuel Ford Allnutt acknowledges, with thanks, the receipt of the following contributions to *The Nursery of the Good Shepherd, Portsea*:—A Christmas Present, 3*s.* 9*d.*; Mrs. C. Martin, 5*s.*; Mrs. Yonge *and* Miss Walter, *a box of clothes, toys, &c.*; *J. L. A.*, 5*s.*

Acknowledged, with many thanks, for *St. Saviour's Priory, Great Cambridge Street, Hackney Road*:—Anonymous, 1*s.* 6*d.*; J. M. P., £1 5*s.*; A Governess, 5*s.*; E. R. B., 6*s.*; Anonymous, *a box of clothes.*

I beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, illustrated papers from *A. B. M.*, *L. T.*, *M. P.*, and others, to lend in a hospital. I should still be glad of more papers or periodicals, with pictures, if they can be sent to me *regularly, week by week*—as I find anything illustrated is so much appreciated by the patients. Address—*Miss Flower*, 14, *Norfolk Crescent, Hyde Park, W.*

The Sisters of the *St. Peter's Mission, Plymouth*, return warm thanks to their kind friends at Brompton, for a liberal gift of clothing and grocery.

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Classes for women and girls, in connection with the National Union for Improving the Education of Women, are now being formed in Hanwell, W., as an experiment, for one term only at the present time. The course will comprise the usual subjects, including history of the period of the Crusades, and a special series of studies on the Lake Poets, under the head of English Literature—the teacher in this case bearing the representative name of Coleridge. French, German, Italian, Latin, and Greek, will form part of the course. Examination-papers will be given at Easter as a test, by Professors connected with the National Union. The object of these classes is to give in a provincial locality sound instruction of a superior order, on terms so low as to throw them open to all. Two guineas is the fee for the entire course, including ten subjects, and instruction for three hours daily. One guinea entitles the pupil to any two subjects selected from the course. The manager and secretary is *Mr. Jerome Mercier, Hanwell, W.*

Will you name in your next issue the best work on stained glass, ancient and modern, and the price? I should prefer it not being very expensive.—W. H. W. C.

Can any reader of *The Monthly Packet* tell *E. A.* where she can get the harmonized Confession as used at York Minster?

H. L.—As books suitable for Mothers Meetings, we should recommend *Where Dwellest Thou? The Unseen Guide; Alone in London; England's Yeomen; Sunlight Through the Mist.*

C. H. would be very glad if anyone could inform her of a charitable institution at the sea-side, where a fatherless boy, thirteen years of age, in delicate health, could be admitted, to remain a year or more. A slight payment might be provided for him. Address—*C. H.*, care of *Mrs. Martin, Stationer, Blackheath, S. E.*

A. G. S. is glad she is able to inform *N. C. H.* that the lines—

> 'And after battle, victory;
> And after victory, rest;
> Like the beloved disciple,
> Upon the Master's Breast.'

form one of the concluding verses of a lovely poem called 'Rest,' in the *Lyra Anglicana*, p. 88.—*T. M. C.* and *M. M. C.* state that it is from one of the *Hymns for the Household of Faith.*—Several other answers have been sent. We cannot insert whole hymns for want of space.

St. Luke's Church-house, Burdett Road, Stepney.—In addition to £224 7*s.* 6*d.* acknowledged in December, 1870, the Rev. W. Wallace (28, Cottage Grove, Bow Road) thankfully acknowledges the following:—T. R. P., £2 2*s.*; Miss F., £2; Mrs. M. S., £2; Sir G. A., £1; Rev. W. P. T., £2; E. J. P., £1; Mrs. C., 2*s.* 6*d.*; M. W., 5*s.*; Mrs. W., 10*s.*; G., £20; H. C., £10 10*s.*; G. H. J., £5; T. R. P., £1 1*s.*; St. M., £45; Bl. F., £20; Messrs. C., £32 10*s.*; Miss S., £1.—£320 is paid, and £40 for carpenters' work, forms, books, &c. £420 is still due for the House. It is desirable that £100 be paid in 1872: £30 is in hand towards this. The use of the House is growing: 1st, Mission School, began February, 1871—now 80 to 100 children: the pence pay the teacher. 2nd, Mothers Meeting—now 65 members: Provident Club in 1871, £20, for clothing. 3rd, Classes for Girls, weekly. 4th, Penny Bank, began November 20th, 1871, conducted by Sidesmen—now 73 depositors: January 29th, £1 2*s.* 1*d.* deposited. 5th, Parochial Library, began February 5th, with 200 books. 6th, Store-Rooms for Clothing, Utensils for Tea-Meetings, (all bought this year,) and Rooms for Care-taker: Meetings of Choir and Church-workers were held.—On January 4th, a most successful Christmas Tree (the fifth) was held in the Rev. A. B. Cotton's Schools. Tea was provided for 350—the mothers, their children, and the Mission School. Toys and good clothing for 500. The service in Church was attended by 700. Aid for this from readers of *The Monthly Packet* is gratefully acknowledged. Also *Eutheles'* £1 to new Schools: these are partly roofed, but £614 is still required. See *The Monthly Packet* of January.

St. Andrew's Waterside Mission, Gravesend.—Will you please let it be known that the demand for our Library boxes and books or magazines on board ship has been so great of late, that our stock has become very low. Any old books that will interest sailors and emigrants, and cheer the monotony of a long voyage with some good thoughts, may be well bestowed by sending them to our Mission for distribution. Every day we visit the ships leaving the Thames, and the sailors begin now to reckon upon our visits, and look for our books. They rarely buy for themselves on shore; and if they did select books for themselves, it is not likely that they would buy as good as we are accustomed to give them. We have now supplied upwards of four hundred ships with good libraries for the crew, besides helping thousands of sailors and emigrants with some reading as well as Bibles and Prayer-books. We shall be glad to receive old Church Services, now of little use so far as the Lessons are concerned in many churches.—The past year has been an eventful one for the Mission: the new church (so strangely procured for us through *The Monthly Packet*) has been consecrated, and gathers together crowded congregations: the work on the water among the sailors has been carried on perhaps more vigorously than ever; and about twenty thousand persons, chiefly *adults*, pass under our influence in a year—*sailors*, who need help, and appreciate such sympathy so well.—For this important work we want all the help we can get.—The Railways from London still carry books free from Bricklayers' Arms and Fenchurch Street Stations, if addressed to *The Waterside Mission, Gravesend.*—Faithfully yours, JOHN SCARTH, *Honorary Secretary.*

Madam,—I did not expect to find, in a magazine edited as is *The Monthly Packet*, the gratuitous attack on 'the Jesuits,' which is contained in Mr. Wratislaw's contribution on Bohemian hymns in the number for January. I have only just been informed of it; but I am sure that your love for historical truth will allow this tardy contradiction of Mr. Wratislaw's assertion, that 'The modern saint, John Nepomucene, . . . has been conclusively proved to be a gross imposture of the Jesuits, and to be indeed neither more nor less than a fusion of a minor historical personage with the celebrated John Huss, in defiance of both history and chronology.'—In *The Month* for November, 1871, will be found a sketch of the controversy which has for nearly a century been waged in Germany, touching the exact date of St. John's martyrdom, and Mr. Wratislaw's partizan misrepresentation of it is there 'conclusively proved.' He relies chiefly on the support of Palaçky in his attempts to set up Huss as the 'claimant' to honours now paid to St. John Nepomucene by the Czech people; but reference to the latest edition of the Bohemian historian's work will shew how, in this attack on St. John, Mr. Wratislaw has counted on the ignorance and prejudice of his English readers, who are always ready to manufacture Protestant martyrs, and to have a fling at 'the Jesuits.'—It is noteworthy, that the first critical discovery of some errors in the history of the hero of Prague was made by a Jesuit father, who in the interests of truth initiated the now well-worn dispute as to the year of St. John's martyrdom.—I am, yours obediently, FAIR PLAY.

We are sometimes asked advice about joining an Essay Society. We advise any young ladies who cannot find admission into one among their own circle, to send one penny postage-stamp and one halfpenny one to *Mr. Robinson*, 86, *Lower Union Street*, *Torquay*, asking for *St. Luke's Magazine*. In it they will find Questions, the replies to which meet with careful attention from well-qualified hands—for which we can fully answer. Replies should be sent to the Editor of *St. Luke's Magazine*, care of Mr. Robinson, at the above address.

For *The Daisy Chain Cot*, acknowledged with thanks:—A. D. H., £2; E. A., £10. Will subscribers to *The Daisy Chain Cot* kindly make Post-office Orders payable at the Post-office at Brompton.

Belgrave Hospital for Children, 1, *Cumberland Street*, Feb. 7th, 1872.

Dear ——, I enclose, with best thanks, a receipt for the money you kindly forwarded to me yesterday. I am very pleased to hear that the £5 is to be an annual subscription to *The Daisy Chain Cot*, which is, as usual, occupied, and for which we have had several gifts lately from various parts of the country, in the shape of toys and books, and a very pretty quilt from *Emily*. I hope, therefore, the interest felt in it does not diminish. Little Fanny is still in possession of it, but will, I think, soon be able to leave the Hospital, cured of the complaint for which she was admitted. We have had a very busy time during the last few months; some of the cases have been most severe, and three, I grieve to say, ended fatally. There were circumstances connected with one of the latter which seemed to me peculiarly sad. The poor child, Alice H——, who was about eight years old, appeared to be suffering from the effect of a bad attack of measles, which she had had two or three months before she was brought to us. There was every reason to expect that she would soon begin to improve; but there was a very sudden change in her for the worse, and in about three weeks she died. Her mother was too ill to come and see her, and her father came (I think) only twice. She was dependent for news from home upon her sisters, who were near her own age, and for whose visits she used to look out eagerly. She was very patient throughout her illness, and was, I believe, a really good child, anxious to understand all she was taught about sacred things. I remember well how distinctly she repeated the usual evening prayers with the other children in the ward, a few months before her death. Several children who were taken into the Hospital about the same time as *she* was, and who seemed *more* ill, have, I am glad to say, quite recovered. It was very cheering to see how well they looked when they came to a little festival which we had about the middle of last month. A Christmas Tree was given by a gentleman, who with other friends provided an abundant supply of presents. Every child had some article of clothing, and a few toys or books. We had fifteen in-patients at the time, and all were fortunately well enough to enjoy their treat. I did not at all expect this would have been the case a week or so earlier; for one poor little boy seemed then almost dying from spinal disease, and another had typhoid fever rather badly. Our visitors were eighteen in number—children who had been in the Hospital during the past year; and it was nice to see how pleased they were to come and see us all again. One little girl had been twice an in-patient, and amused me very much during her second stay by asking in a surprised tone when we were talking of the illness of the Prince of Wales, 'Isn't he in no hospital?' as if *that* would certainly be a most desirable arrangement for him.—We began the year with nearly all our beds occupied, and they are likely to continue so. We are most anxious now to have donations towards what we call our Extension Fund, in order that we may have the ward for infectious complaints, of which I was speaking to you some time back. We had a further proof of the need of it not long before Christmas, for we had another slight outbreak of measles.—I am afraid this long letter will quite weary you, although you kindly wished to hear how we had been going on during the winter.—Believe me, yours very sincerely, E. C. M.

T. M. C. would be much obliged to any reader of *The Monthly Packet* who can tell her the rest of the following lines, addressed to the mother of a dying child:—

'His languid eyes are closing,
On his pale placid cheek
The lashes soft reposing,
So wearily—so weak.'

Kerrahldiah would be extremely obliged if any readers of *The Monthly Packet* could give her information on the salt-flowers in Polish mines.

T. M. C. begs to suggest to *A. P.*, who wishes to know of a book of secular poetry for children, *The Daisy* and *The Cowslip* for very little ones, (these are about the same date as Jane Taylor's 'Original Poems,' and *may* be out of print.) *Easy Rhymes and Simple Poems*, (published by Warne,) *Aunt Effie's Rhymes*, and *The Child's Garland*—the latter a beautifully illustrated book.

Can any of your readers tell me the authors of the following hymns from *Hymns Ancient and Modern*:—277, 'O Father, Who didst all things make;' 248, 'Praise we the Lord this day;' 165, 'Take up thy cross.'—*G. F. S.*

H. C. M. wishes to know of a good Commentary on the Four Greater Prophets—practical, but also explanatory of the mystical meanings; and would be grateful if the price were mentioned also.——That by the Bishop of Lincoln is at present the best. It may be had in separate volumes—Isaiah and Daniel each forming one, Jeremiah and Ezekiel another; but we cannot tell the price.

A. F. G. S. will be obliged if the Editor or any of the readers of *The Monthly Packet* can tell her the meaning of the phrase—'the orders nine,' in the hymn for St. Michael and all Angels, *Hymns Ancient and Modern*.——Ancient theologians divided the Angelic Hierarchy into nine orders:—Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones, Dominations, Virtues, Powers, Princes, Archangels, Angels.

S. E. A.—The *Questions on the Collects*, in the third volume of *The Monthly Paper of Sunday Teaching*, which can be had separately; or Jackson's *Stories and Conversations on the Collects*; or S. W.'s *Lessons on the Collects*.

M. R.—'*Safe Home*' is to be found in *The People's Hymnal*.

In the paper on 'Warwick Castle,' which appeared in the February number of *The Monthly Packet*, the paragraph which stated that 'Fulk Greville was stabbed by a servant in the ancient chapter-house of St. Mary's Church,' was incorrect. It should have been, 'Fulke Greville was stabbed by a servant, and buried in the ancient chapter-house of St. Mary's Church.'—*L. S. R.*

L. A. M. wishes to know if there is any place where pen-and-ink sketches, and photographic mounts with pen-and-ink borders, can be sold for charitable purposes?

M. M. C. will be very grateful if *M. M. M.* will copy out and forward 'The Desire to Depart,' as she kindly proposes to do in the February number of *The Monthly Packet*. Address—*M. M. C. Mockbeggar, Higham, Rochester.*

Mrs. Ross, of *St. Philip's Vicarage, Stepney, London*, begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following sums, in answer to the appeal which appeared in *The Monthly Packet* of December, 1871. Fund for nursing the sick poor:—Esther Annie, £1; A Lady, 2*s.* 6*d.*; A Lady from Guildford, £1; A valuable parcel of clothes from York. During 1872, we attended, through our sick nurse, to 200 cases of sickness, and she paid 3700 visits.

The Sisters of St. Peter's, Kilburn, acknowledge with many thanks two books, from *F. E. M.*

Mr. Samuel Ford Allnutt acknowledges, with many thanks, the receipt of the following contribution to *The Nursery of the Good Shepherd, Portsea*:—Karin *and* May, 5*s.* Funds are very much needed, as the Nursery closed its financial year in debt.

For *St. Saviour's Priory, Haggerston*:—A Governess, 5*s.*; E. R. B., 6*s.*; A Subscriber, 2*s.* 6*d.*; B. E. M., 10*s.* *and clothes*; Mater, *clothes.*

The Deaconesses of *The London Diocesan Deaconess' Institution*, 50, *Burton Crescent, W. C.*, gratefully acknowledge a donation of 11*s.* for their sick and poor, from *Minette* and *Collette.*

St. Peter's Girls Sunday School, Plymouth.—*A. L.* is very grateful to several readers of *The Monthly Packet* for their kind notice of her appeal for children's books in the January number. The following have been received (carriage paid):—Three volumes of *Tales for Sundays and Festivals*, (Brighton); A parcel of small books, chiefly S. P. C. K. stories, from *A Reader of The Monthly Packet*; A large box of books (Bewdley); A parcel of *Tales for Sundays*, (New Series,) received anonymously.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Will Correspondents who require answers only interesting to themselves, always give an address in *The Monthly Packet* by which they can be answered direct? We find that to forward letters correctly to and from all the letters of the alphabet exceeds our power.

The Sister Superior of *St. Mary's Mission, Crown Street, Soho*, begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, a kind donation of £2 10*s*., collected at Entabène, for *The Sick Children's Dinners*.

Acknowledged with thanks, for *The Daisy Chain Cot*, from *Anna* and *Philip*, £1; *Freddy* and *Ella*, 6*s*.; *Mousie* and *W. C. H.*, 10*s*.; *S.*, 2*s*. 6*d*.

Ethel.—We know of no translation of Bonnechose's *Histoire de France;* but Messrs. Low are publishing M. Guizot's *History of France, Told to his Grandchildren.* The first volume, reaching to St. Louis, is out.

Agnes would be greatly obliged if the Editor or any of the readers of *The Monthly Packet* could inform her who is the author of the following lines:—

> 'Yes, love, true love 's the greatest boon
> That God to man has given;
> Begun on earth, it soars aloft,
> And gains its height in Heaven.'

E. T.—You are right. The *blue stocking* was marked for correction, but by some oversight was missed; as was also the mention of Queen *Charlotte* instead of *Caroline*, and of *General Wolfe*.

G.—The publisher of *Snowball, and Other Allegories*, is Mr. Masters.

We are often asked to advise young ladies in search of an Essay Society. We now advise them to send two stamps, a penny and a halfpenny one, to *Mr. Robinson, Bookseller*, 86, *Lower Union Street, Torquay*, asking him to send them the current number of *St. Luke's Magazine*. There they will find questions, and directions where to send the answers for inspection.

J. E. can recommend to *A. P.*, as books of secular poetry for children, Mrs. Alexander's *Moral Songs*, and a very prettily illustrated book of poems called *Little Lays for Little Folk*.

G. F. S.—277, 'O Father, Who didst all things make,' is by William Beadon Heathcoate, in *Prayers for Children*, 1846, (except doxology.) [See reprint of *English Hymnology* articles.] 248 is really *anonymous;* so published, and publishers can tell nothing about it. 165, by the Rev. C. W. Everest, (American,) altered.—*L. C. B.*

A. E. P. M. asks the author of Hymn 330.

Madam,—It really looks as if Mr. A. H. Wratislaw sent his Bohemian hymns to *The Monthly Packet* only that he might, between the lines, obtain a wider circulation for his somewhat peculiar gleanings in ecclesiastical history. While lamenting that the Bohemians are, as he alleges, 'the best calumniated nation in Europe,' he consoles himself with the reflection that 'they can always appeal to the evidence of that branch transplanted to a foreign soil, which is so well known under the name of the Church of the Moravian Brethren. If the branch be good,' he adds, 'the root must have been good; and nowhere in Protestant Germany are the truest principles of Christianity more fully carried out in practice than among these Moravians, whether at home or in their missionary establishments.' There is no disputing the soundness of Mr. Wratislaw's proposition, which may be transposed thus:—'if the root was bad, the branch cannot be good.' But let us apply this test to the case of the Moravians, and then observe how the matter stands. The Moravian Brethren—or Hernhutters, as they are sometimes called, from Hernhuth in Moravia, where they had one of their earliest establishments—have for a rule of faith, as laid down by their apostle, Count Zinzendorf, an imaginary inward light, against which the true believer cannot sin. For this they are taught to wait, omitting prayer, the reading of the Scriptures, and other *works*. (See Wesley's *Journal* for a letter addressed to 'The Church of God at Hernhuth.') They deny that even the moral law contained in the Scriptures is a rule of life for believers, and are otherwise in many respects allied to the Anabaptists, Muggletonians, &c., who, by pursuing the same method of a supposed inward light, were led into the most impious and revolting practices. Should anyone feel disposed to examine in all its bearings the system of these unsavoury heretics, no surprise need be felt at the disgusting obscenity, mingled with blasphemy, which is to be found in the theological tracts of Zinzendorf. (See *Maclaine*, Hist., Vol. VI., and Bishop Warburton's *Doctrine of Grace* quoted by him.)—That Mr. Wratislaw is not a safe guide in the domain of ecclesiastical history, there is further proof still. Although the distinguished author who conducts *The Monthly Packet* represents, perhaps, as enlightened a constituency as any in England, it can scarcely be expected that every one of her readers should be familiar with the true story of the Hussite revolt in the fifteenth century. In the *Union Review* for September and November, 1871, will be found most interesting articles on the subject, from the pen of a writer who never slurs over facts, or misquotes his authorities—the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, Rector of East Mersea, Colchester. 'The Calixtons, (or Utraquists),' this gentleman observes, 'sober and sound in the Catholic faith, on account of one peculiarity, a refusal to give up the Chalice, were the sufferers for the crimes of the fanatics of Zisca,'—the greatest saint, next to Huss and Jerome of Prague, in Mr. Wratislaw's Kalender. 'These savages,' Mr. Baring-Gould continues, 'had filled Bohemia with rapine and murder, and they were abhorred by the orthodox Utraquists. Had not the Pope confounded both in a common anathema, they would have separated the moment Sigismund (their Emperor) put his foot upon Bohemian soil; and had their darling privilege (the Cup) been conceded them, they would have been his staunchest upholders. A piece of miserable infatuation and false policy had united the antipathetic parties, and, as in similar cases, the punishment fell on those least deserving it.' Contrast this brief passage, which is consistent with impartial history, with Mr. Wratislaw's partizan rhetoric on the subject, and observe the striking difference.—Mr. Wratislaw writes of the Bohemian nation of the present day, as though the entire people stretched forth their arms in an attitude of despair, to arrest the sympathy of evangelical Protestants of his own type. This is, however, a misleading representation, as the last census of the kingdom clearly shews. The following statistics exhibit the real strength of the different religious bodies in Bohemia at this time:—Catholics, 4,848,542; Lutherans, 341,189; Calvinists, 56,797. Indeed, according to Mr. Baring-Gould, Protestantism in Bohemia is steadily declining still, the Utraquists even having entirely disappeared. Prague itself, the metropolitan city, now contains no more than three Protestant places of worship altogether; while there are no less than fifty-five Catholic churches, and fifteen convents, within its historical walls. What, it may be asked under the circumstances, have the Bohemian people, as a nation, in common with Mr. Wratislaw, that he should take such a vast amount of trouble to enlist 'the sympathy of the countrymen of Wyclif' in their behalf.—It is painful to see a gentleman of Mr. Wratislaw's attainments reduced to an intellectual level with Mr. Whalley, whenever he has occasion to refer to the Jesuits. The Jesuits had no more to do with the alleged 'crusade against Bohemian literature' in the fifteenth century than Mr. Wratislaw himself, and for much the same reason—

their first founder, St. Ignatius, was not even in petticoats at that remote period. That a vast number of priceless MSS. did perish in the fifteenth century is, doubtless, true enough; but they perished in the smoking ruins of the towns and villages, which it was the custom of the amiable Zisca to set in flames for the purpose of illumining his bloody battle-fields.—*F.*

Mr. Editor,—Will you allow me to bring under the notice of your readers a Mission recently established in Great Wild Street, St. Giles in the Fields, by the Rev. H. A. D. Surridge, who has volunteered to devote a portion of his time and his services on Sundays, without pecuniary remuneration, to distinctively Church work amongst a population of six thousand people, the greater number of whom are living in the habitual neglect of every kind of religious ordinance, and amongst whom there is much flagrant vice and avowed infidelity.—During the last six months, good progress has been made in establishing various missionary agencies. The Mothers Meetings are so well appreciated, that there is not at present room for all who wish to come; a Provident Fund in connection with the Meetings has been very useful. Religious services are held; but hitherto the small size of the mission-room has prevented any increase in the number of the attendants. Those who get in behave devoutly, and are beginning to join heartily in the Litany, which was quite strange to them at first, and which usually forms part of the service held; many more persons would attend if there were room. To provide this a house has been rented, 14, Duke Street, St. Giles, with a work-shop at the back, which is being converted into a mission-room. Contributions are earnestly requested for this object, and for other beneficial agencies. Amongst them a lending library, (for which appropriate books and magazines are much needed.) A Maternity charity, already set on foot; a Crêche, or day nursery. The Saturday school, just being organized, for the religious education on Church principles of children who are receiving instruction under the London School-Board and at other schools for the rest of the week. Experienced teachers are very much wanted, both ladies and gentlemen. The school-hours will be from 9.30 till 12.30 on Saturday mornings. Instruction will be given in Singing, in the Old and New Testaments, the Church Catechism, (most of the dissent that there is among the poor arising chiefly from ignorance of the Prayer Book.)—It is intended to hold a service for children on Sunday; but as the mission room will be required for several short services through the day, it is apparently impossible to hold a Sunday school.—Anyone that will kindly assist or interest themselves in the Mission-work, can obtain full information from the *Rev. H. A. D. Surridge*, 21, *Berners Street, W.*, by whom contributions will be thankfully received; as also by the Treasurer, *Louis Samson, Esq.*, 48, *Sussex Gardens, Hyde Park.* Gifts of clothes, books, &c., addressed to *The Mission Room*, 14, *Duke Street, St. Giles, care of the Rev. H. Surridge*, will also be gratefully received.—I remain, yours obediently, *F. A. S.*

Eve would be very much obliged for any information about a club for promoting *bee-keeping* amongst cottagers in a country neighbourhood.

Declined with thanks.—*An Evening Prayer; The Only One; A New Year's Thought; M. M. L.*

Here is an earnest entreaty from one Correspondent, for *The Christian Year and New Lectionary* from our January number, printed on a leaflet; and another, less easily attainable we fear, from *M. C. T.*, for a New Testament series of poems from *C. F. A.*, like her beautiful hymns on the Old Testament.

E. H., Philadelphia.—*The Christian Year*, St. Barnabas' Day.

Can any Correspondent of *The Monthly Packet* inform *Anna* why the battle of Hastings is called by old French writers the battle of 'Senlac'?——Senlac was the original old English name of the meadow where the battle was fought.—Ed.

J. F. wishes to ask whether any reader of *The Monthly Packet* has a cock canary, linnet, or any other small singing-bird, that she would kindly give her to enliven a ward for infirm old women in a London workhouse, where such a gift would be truly appreciated. Should anyone be disposed to comply with this request, she is begged to communicate with *Miss J. Forsyth*, 61, *Rutland Gate, S. W.*

An Associate of St. John's, Washington, U. S., received with many thanks.

For the harmonized Confession, I beg to refer *E. A.* to *The Ferial Responses, with Litany*, as used at the Church of St. Andrew, Wells Street, edited by Joseph Barnby, and published by Novello, price 4*d*. *The Anglican Choral Service Book*, edited by Dr. Monk, Organist of York Minster, does *not* contain the Confession—at least, the edition I possess does not.—*M. D. J.*

O. would be much obliged to anyone who could answer either of the following questions. Is there an edition of the Prayer Book published now, such as I saw some years ago, in which the Psalms are each prefaced by a little explanation of their history and origin? Where am I to procure a small book called *Meditations and a Litany*,' for Lent, published in 1851 by Guillaume of Chester Square, who has retired from business? or does anyone know the name of the author? Address—*O., Southfield House, Great Malvern.*

H. J. G. will be very glad if anyone will inform her how to set to work to get a poor orphan boy in an asylum, where he would be educated, and afterwards placed out to some trade. Address—*H. J. G, Willby Rectory, Norfolk.*

Can any of the readers of *The Monthly Packet* tell me of a good book of stories on the Gospels for every Sunday in the year, suited for a class of boys about eleven and twelve years old. I should prefer their being stories of every-day life—*E. W.*—— We do not know of any stories exclusively on the Gospels for Sundays. Jackson's *Stories and Catechisings on the Collects* contain tales adapted to boys of the age mentioned; and Hodges' *Sunday Stories for the Christian Year* contain some excellent ones, but need selection and weeding, as a few injudicious ones have been allowed to appear among them.—Ed.

In *The Monthly Packet* for last October, I was informed by *M. R.* where the poem beginning 'Outstretched beneath the leafy shade,' &c., was to be found. As I do not care to have to get the book in which it is found for the sake of the one poem, would *M. R.* be so very kind as to copy it out, and forward it to the Editor of *The Monthly Packet*, where an addressed and stamped envelope will be awaiting it.—*C. A. V. Dorothea.*—— Either *M. R.* or some other contributor did kindly send the verses. They were too long to insert, and we had not kept the inquirer's address. We will keep it now; but we advise Correspondents to manage their communications with as little interposition of the Editor as possible—multiplicity creates so much confusion.—Ed.

E. H. F. wishes to ask whether any other poets besides Schiller, Southey, and Casimir Delavigne, have written about Joan of Arc. *E. H. F.* is aware that Shakespeare introduces her in 'Henry V.', and that Voltaire has written a book on her entitled *La Pucelle*, but she believes that the latter cannot be placed in the hands of young people.

St. Luke's, Burdett Road, Stepney.—Add to Donations to Church-House, (*The Monthly Packet*, December, 1870,) Miss S., £1; Rev. W. P. T., £5; Rev. W. H., £5; C. F., £2; M. S., from sale of work, 5*s.*; making £224 7*s.* 6*d.* The following for St. Luke's Schools are thankfully acknowledged: E. M. W., 2*s.* 6*d.*; Shrewsbury, 5*s.*; F. L., 10*s.*; E. L. C., £20; Leamington, 2*s.* 6*d.*

A Subscriber would be much obliged if any reader of *The Monthly Packet* would kindly tell her where she can find these lines:—

'If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou would'st forget;
If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep;
Go to the woods and hill. No tears
Dim the sweet look that nature wears.'

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Will the Editor or any of the readers of *The Monthly Packet* kindly tell *Lancastria* of a book on insects, illustrated, but not very expensive? Also, a book on English wild flowers, &c.?——Professor Westwood's *On Insects* is the only complete book we know of. The cost must be about £2, but we cannot tell with certainty. It is in two octavo volumes, and has illustrations of each genus, not coloured. There are plenty of cheap books on butterflies illustrated, but there are no cheap ones of other insects that we know of. Margaret Plue's *Rambles in Search of Wild Flowers* is good. We are promised some good botanical papers for our next half year's volume.

For more than thirty years I have owned and prized *Scenes in Our Parish*, by a Country Parson's Daughter; and very many years ago I imported another book by her, called *A Mother's Offering;* and have for a long time been endeavouring to find out where I can get another of her works, which her sister names in the touching memoir that precedes the edition of *Scenes in Our Parish* published in this country. She says, 'An edition was published in 1842, with three additional stories, and the title altered to *Old Hetty, and Other Realities of Life.*' You will confer a great favour upon me by telling me where I can procure this book, and also whether the sister who wrote the memoir of the author has written anything else.—Can you also tell me in your answers to Correspondents, whether the widow of Bishop Heber is still living?—AN AMERICAN LADY.——The widow of Bishop Heber died either two or three years ago.—ED.

Eleanor.—There was a very good and interesting *History of Ireland*, in two volumes, published by Constable (Edinburgh) thirty years ago, which perhaps could be had through a second-hand bookseller. Also, Bishop Mant's *History of the Church of Ireland* (two volumes) used to be on the S. P. C. K. list, but it only begins with the Reformation.

H. H. will be much obliged if any Correspondent of *The Monthly Packet* can tell her by whom the following lines were written, and where they may be found:—

> 'Possible loss means possible gain:
> Those who still fear are not quite forsaken,
> But not to fear because all are taken
> To the loneliest depth of human pain.'

No history of the May family previous to *The Daisy Chain* exists. *Aunt Cecily's Music Lessons* are ended.

S. W. asks whether the dream ascribed to Dr. Doddridge in *The Argosy* of January, 1870, is known to be authentic and correctly given. Its likeness and unlikeness to the dream of Gerontius are curious.

A. C. S., Mager Vicarage, Chepstow, begs for the rules of any Pamphlet Society that may have been found to answer.

Would you or any of your readers kindly inform me who is the publisher of a book of meditations on the Eucharist, by the Bishop of Carcassonne, from the French, entitled *The Three Doves*, and the price? Also, I wish to obtain some information as to the '*Kiss of Peace*,' a rite, I believe, not much in use in our own branch of the Catholic Church at present. On what occasion is it used, and how?—ALPHA.

F. E., K. F., and *S. J. S.*, inform *A Subscriber* that the lines, '*If thou art worn and hard beset*,' &c., are from one of Longfellow's *Earlier Poems*, entitled 'Sunrise on the Hills.'

I am happy to reply so far as I can to *Florie C.* It would have saved me some trouble if she would have given the hymnal from which she takes her first lines, as some of them are altered, and even a different spelling of the word Oh (O) may cause one to miss a hymn in hunting for originals. She wants S. P. C. K. hymns—130, (contributed anonymously, and now scarcely possible to trace,) 140, (Mrs. Toke,) 167, (altered from Edward Osler; see Hall's Collection,) 168 and 169, (both Anon.,) 173, (Thomas Kelly,) 174, (Bishop Heber,) 182, (Thomas Kelly,) 187, (Anon.)—Does *she* know the author's name of 267? I should be very glad indeed to learn it.—*L. C. B.*

M. P. T. asks where to find the lines—

'The hour is come,
The dungeon gates are open, and the breath
Of Paradise steals slowly through the gloom
That wraps the plains of death;
And through the opening door and eddying mist
The Patriarch Fathers throng the preaching of the Christ.'

Also—

'Time future is not, and may never be;
Time present is the only time for thee.'

The Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children acknowledges with thanks a box of toys and puzzles from *A Reader of The Monthly Packet.* (Huntington.)

From *E. M. W.*, 2*s.* 6*d.* in stamps for *Melanesia*, are acknowledged with thanks.

The thanks of the *St. Andrew's Waterside Mission* are due for many packages of books and periodicals for distribution among the Sailors and Emigrants. The following donors desire acknowledgement in *The Monthly Packet*:—*A. B. M.*, a quantity of books and 4*s.*; *C. A. C.*, a quantity of books; *Presteley*, a parcel of Church Services; *E. O.*, 5*s.*; *E. J. K.*, a large parcel of new books. During the month, upwards of 100 old Church Services have been received, and many volumes of the Lessons under the Old Lectionary. They are greatly appreciated by the Emigrants and Sailors. The Mission Bells have rung two parting peals to two large emigrant ships within the last few days.

Mission House, 14, *Duke Street, St. Giles's*.—Madam, Pray accept my thanks for the notice of my Mission Work in your April number, and allow me to acknowledge the receipt of £1 from *Clericus*, (Dunster,) £1 from *Mrs. Festing*, and of a packet of magazines, illuminations, &c. While thanking the donors for their kindness, will you permit me to say that I want some Lay-helpers—*viz.* two Teachers, who can give Saturday morning to religious instruction; and some gentlemen, who will take, in rotation, the oversight of a Workman's Reading-room and Library, to be open on Saturday evening in connection with a Penny Bank.—Yours very truly, H. A. D. SURRIDGE, Minister of the Great Wild Street Mission, St. Giles's.

Those who are interested in the Mackenzie Mission—and who ought not to be?—had better send four stamps by post to *Miss Mackenzie, Woodfield Havant*, or *Miss Barber*, 38, *Craven Hill Gardens, Hyde Park*, asking for a copy of '*In Zululand*.'

M. O. wishes to know how the 'four hundred years,' spoken of by St. Stephen in Acts, vii., (or four hundred and thirty years, as generally taught,) are reconciled with the date given in the Margin of the Bible, where Joseph is said to be sold into Egypt in 1729, and the date of the Exodus is given as 1491. She would be glad to know the explanation, as she has never met with it in any book.——The four hundred years are reckoned from the covenant with Abraham and the birth of Isaac. This is explained in Bishop Wordsworth's Comment, and many more.—ED.

Madam,—The Life of St. John Nepomuk will shortly be published, not by a Jesuit, but by an eminent Anglican clergyman, after which publication Mr. Wratislaw's perturbed spirit may, it is to be sincerely hoped, at length find rest. As regards the savoury Zinzendorf and his black sheep, amongst whom Peter Bohler, Wesley's evil genius, was not the sweetest, if the question were one of places instead of principles, Mr. Wratislaw's correction as to the exact geographical position of Hernhuth might possibly be a matter of consequence. One point alone in his communication in your May number calls for a reply. There is little doubt that the Bohemian party who set up the Elector-Palatine for their sovereign, to the exclusion of Ferdinand II., and who were subsequently worsted at the battle of the White Mountain in 1620, were compelled by the logic of events to 'go under,' as the term is. But has not this been the fate of the conquered in every age and country? For two centuries the kingdom had been deluged in blood. The Taborites had committed atrocities of such a nature, in the earlier part of this unhappy period, the rest of Europe stood aghast with horror at the spectacle it presented. To speak of literature in connection with these savages, is about as reasonable as it would be to associate a love of the Fine Arts with the followers of Wat Tyler in our own country. Their principles, like those of the pupils of Wyclif, for whom Mr. Wratislaw, a clergyman, cherishes such an inexplicable admiration, were utterly subversive of civil and religious order, and on this account their pestilent publications merited destruction at the hands of the common hangman. But what has been denied, and is still denied, is that any literary works of the smallest value perished at the hands of Bohemian *ecclesiastics*. Mr. Wratislaw's allegations in your columns are too vague, even when professedly supported by the Protestant historian Palacký, to admit of more than a contradiction in general terms. But, fortunately for the cause of truth, he has elsewhere made a definite charge on the subject against men still living in Bohemia; and that charge shall, with your permission, now receive, as it merits, a circumstantial refutation. In his preface to *A Diary of an Embassy*, published by Bell and Daldy only last year, he makes the following startling announcement:—'The *Diary*,' Mr. Wratislaw observes, 'was found in MS. in the archives of Budweis by Dr. F. Palacký, who made a copy of it for publication. . . . . But when he wished to make a second copy for his own use later, he found that the MS. itself had been spirited away out of the archives, and no one knew what had become of it. It is feared,' Mr. Wratislaw goes on to say, 'it has been destroyed, like many other documents, by some over-zealous and unscrupulous ecclesiastic.' Suppose some renegade Englishman in Bohemia were to charge the ecclesiastics of the diocese of London with abstracting a MS. from the British Museum, how indignant we should all feel here at such an imputation! Yet it is just as little likely to be well-founded in the one case as the other. The following extract from a letter lately received from the Bishop of Budweis, whom your readers at least will judge as incapable of fabricating a falsehood as Bishop Jackson, is conclusive on the subject:—'Documents have,' the Bishop observes, 'really been taken away from the archives, and it could never be ascertained when or through whom it happened. Many years ago a subaltern officer sold, with the waste paper, some things out of the archives on his own responsibility; and it is supposed this *Diary*, which was not a thing of much value, was in this way lost. But,' the Bishop continues, 'it was taken from the Town Archives, which are under the charge of a civil magistrate; *and our worthy Palacký has himself distinctly affirmed that its removal was not, and could not have been, effected by any ecclesiastic.* Madam, there is not the slightest disposition in any quarter to 'revile' Mr. Wratislaw; and if he has been somewhat roughly handled in *The Month*, it was not without abundant provocation. A sense of duty alone has prompted the present writer, who is connected with Bohemia by the double tie of religion and kindred, to investigate this charge against the Budweis clergy, and he only wishes that its author would be equally specific, as to time and place, in his other accusations against the Bohemian ecclesiastics generally. Mr. Wratislaw is a clergyman and a gentleman, who would probably as soon think of putting his hand in the fire as of bearing false witness against his neighbour. But alas! such are the fruits of sectarian animosity; we meet every day with perfectly honourable men, who the moment they take up a pen to discuss a semi-religious question, they are at once tempted to forget as well the precepts of charity as the claims of literary and historical justice.—*F.*

Can any of your readers inform me in what way a lady could best receive a thorough training as hospital nurse?—Absence.